Dec. 8, 1986

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THE NEW YORKER

My first list of what I like and don't like about Christmas.

My dislikes.

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My likes.

1. Women who hang around under the mistletoe.
2. I like having an excuse to express how I feel about poinsettias.
3. Santa.
4. I like those few moments when people with nothing to gain are nice to each other.
5. I like watching my dogs open their presents.
6. I like a Christmas list with something to it—a peerage, a trout stream, perfume. Mine, of course.
7. And I love when it's all over.

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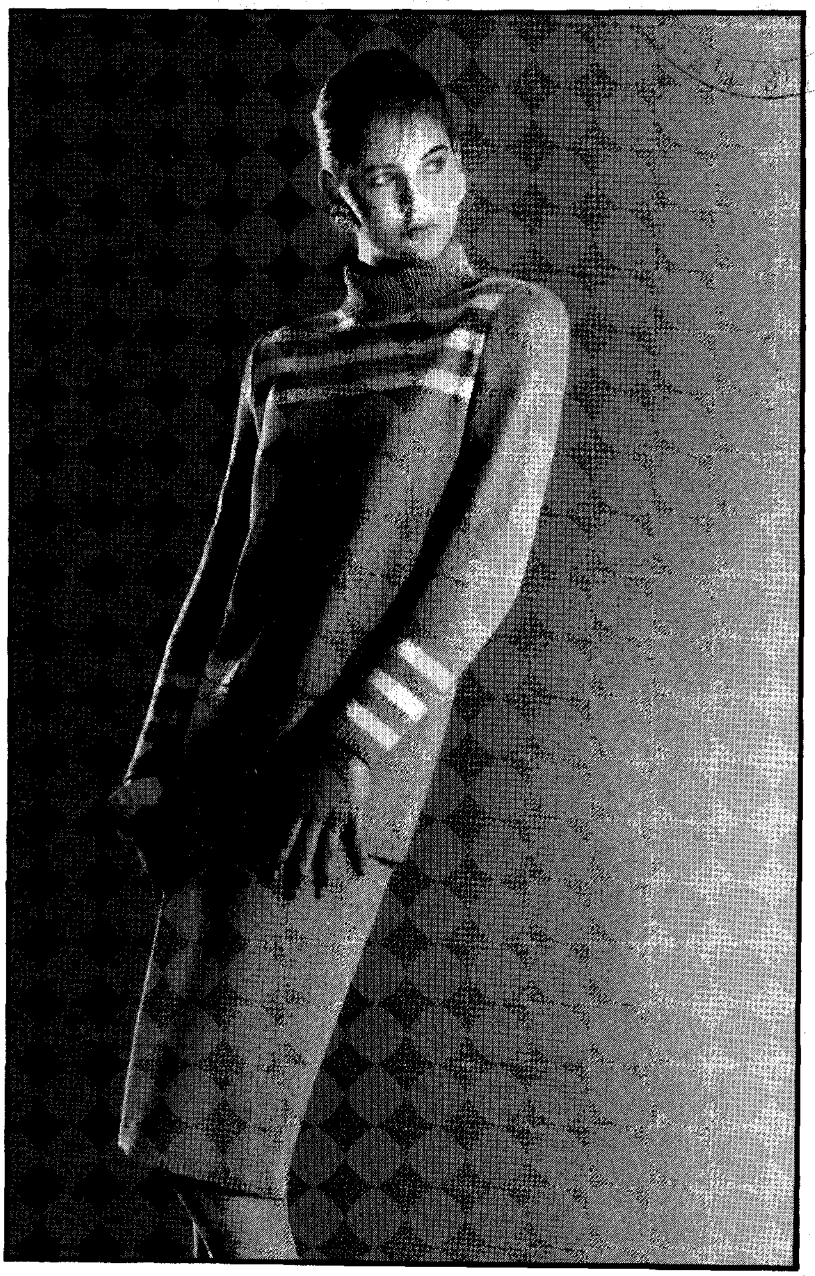

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts are the leading actors in this farce by Joseph Kesselring, which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still pretty funny, and suitable for an idle evening. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—The final installment in Neil Simon's trilogy of semi-autobiographical plays. Gene Saks is the director. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 6:15; thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Brownstone—A revival of a little musical about a New York brownstone and its tenants. The music, by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins, is pleasant, and it is well sung, but the words—lyrics and book—don't come to much. (11/17/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 6.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Tony Straiges and Dennis Parichy designed the distinguished setting and lighting. Carole Rothman was the able director. (12/1/86) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Michael Countryman, Nathan Lane, and Peter Friedman, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Boyd Gaines in **THE DOUBLE BASS,** a one-character comedy by Patrick Süskind, translated from the German by Eric Overmyer and Harry Newman. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4, and will rún through Sunday, Dec. 28. (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The third in this season's series of eight productions will be a revival of Lucille Fletcher's 1972 play **NIGHT WATCH.** Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Front Page—The rickety melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur about newspaper life and crooked politics in Chicago in the twenties is still funny, despite its arrant misogyny. Richard Thomas and John Lithgow head the enormous cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hands of Its Enemy—A play by Mark Medoff, starring Phyllis Frelich and Jeffrey DeMunn. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Have I Got a Girl for You!—A ham-fisted musical takeoff on "Frankenstein" and other horror movies of the thirties and forties. For camp followers only. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 9, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf pa-

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THE NEW YORKER

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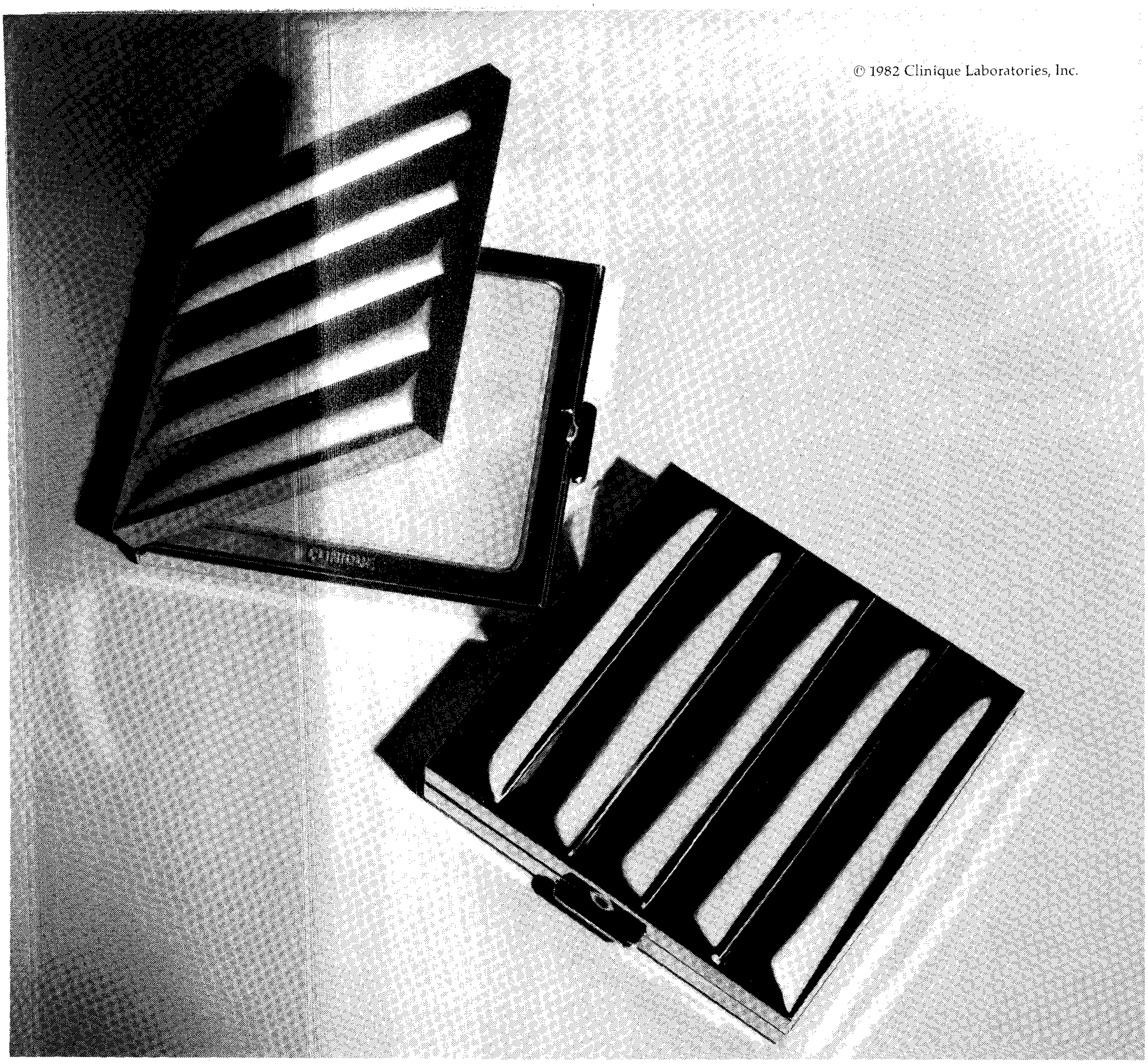

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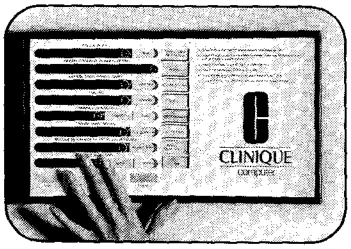

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trons. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of *Billie Holiday's* last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2287. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is in the role of a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston, Molly Ringwald is the sister, and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

A Little Like Magic—A production by the Famous People Players, a company of puppeteers from Canada. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with a superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—Roderick Cook, Catherine Cox, and Patrick Quinn in an evening of Coward song and Coward patter, first devised by Mr. Cook some fourteen years ago, with the approbation of the great man himself. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

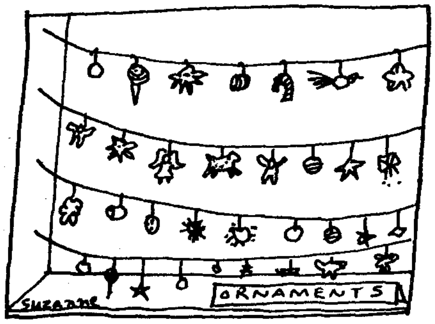
Shogun Macbeth—Shakespeare's play, set in thirteenth-century Japan, with Ernest Abuba and Freda Foh Shen. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 13.)

Smile—A teen-age beauty contest in Southern California is not the likeliest basis for a Broadway musical in 1986, especially if it is based on a 1975 movie. Music by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics and book by Howard Ashman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Social Security—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast includes Cliff Gorman, Maureen Anderman, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—A revue featuring songs by lyricist Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators, including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21.)

Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, and settings by Robert Randolph. Ann Reinking is the star. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Time Out of Time—A play by and with Clifford Mason. Directed by Al Freeman, Jr. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

You Never Can Tell—The Shaw play of 1896 has been given an agreeable production, with an exceedingly clever performance by Victor Garber as a lovesick intellectual (for whom read Bernard Shaw). Also in the cast are Uta Hagen, Philip Bosco, Lise Hilboldt, Stefan Gierasch, John David Cullum, and Amanda Plummer. The direction is by Stephen Porter. On Saturday, Dec. 6, John David Cullum's father, John Cullum, will replace Mr. Bosco. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**big river:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. With Mr. Miller as Pap Finn. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,072 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **the mystery of edwin drood:** Dickens' unfinished novel has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **penn & teller:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—The annual convocation at BAM of established avant-gardists—Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co. performing "The Animal Trilogy," a dance work consisting of "How to Walk an Elephant," "Water Buffalo: An Acquired Taste," and "Sacred Cow: Lifting a Calf Everyday Until It Becomes an Ox." (Opera House. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Flying Karamazov Brothers in an adaptation of Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." With two guest performers and musical accompaniment by the Kamikaze Ground Crew. (Carey Playhouse. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 3-6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 7.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

The Knee Plays—The title for the sequences that David Byrne wrote (words and music) to connect the sections of Robert Wilson's epic "The Civil Wars." Performed by a company of eight actors, seven musicians, and a narrator. Choreography by Suzuchi Hanayagi. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30 and 10.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Mondays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Tuesdays and Fridays at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 11 and 2:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 8.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 3, a benefit performance at 7:45; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, Tuesday, Dec. 9, and Thursday, Dec. 11, all at 11 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 12:30, 4, and 8; Sunday, Dec. 7, at 12:30 and 4; Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 7:30; and Friday, Dec. 12, at 1 and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. For information about tickets, call 391-0767; for benefit tickets, 391-0760.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting **the pirates of penzance,** by Gilbert and Sullivan. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. Saturdays, Dec. 6 and 13, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8; and Sundays, Dec. 7 and 14, at 2. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St.

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982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" *are being presented through* Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 6 and 13, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 7, at 1 and 5; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 9-11, at 6. Season through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, Dec. 3: "Divining," "Portrait of Billie," "Bad Blood" (New York première), and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 4, "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 5: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Speeds," and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 6: "Blues Suite," "Portrait of Billie," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 6: "The Stack-Up," "Speeds," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 7: "Divining," "Witness," "Bad Blood," and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 9: "Speeds," "Survivors" (New York première; with drummer Max Roach and singer Abbey Lincoln, guest artists), and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 10: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "The Lark Ascending," "Witness," "Bad Blood," and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ *Friday evening, Dec. 12:* "The Stack-Up," "Cry," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: "Divining," "Treading," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Speeds," "Bad Blood," and "Caverna Magica." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 28.)

Ballet Español de Madrid—A sixteen-member troupe, appearing here for the first time. (John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 14.)

Beverly Brown Dancensemble—New and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Pilar Rioja—The first four of eleven performances of Spanish dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8-9, and Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre/Phoenix—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Wednesday, Dec. 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 8.)

Bebe Miller: Dance—The first three of nine performances. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 11-13, at 8.)

Chiang Ching—A program of solo dances called "An Evening of Interpretation." (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 517-2742. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)

Joyce Theatre—Performances by two companies. **BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK:** Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 3-5, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **NORTH CAROLINA DANCE THEATRE:** Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 10-13, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 7:30. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A white-brick-faced all-blues bar and restaurant that's next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. Guitarist **JIMMY ROGERS,** a member of Muddy Waters' trailblazing electric band of the late forties and early fifties, holds forth on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, along with guitarist John Campbell, a tall, lean Texan who plays Lightnin' Hopkins-style country blues. Other bluespersons can be heard during the rest of the week. Music from about nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** who likes to concentrate on one songwriter or songwriting team at a time, is now devoting herself to Rodgers and Hart. William Roy is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow bar and restaurant that features nautical impedimenta and jazz musicians of every stripe. Singer-pianist Joe Derise and bassist John Dooley are here on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER,** pianist **KENNY WERNER,** and bassist Scott Lee come aboard. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find the meticulous, tiny-voiced **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing "Peel Me a Grape," "Pro Musica Antiqua," and "My New Celebrity." Rita Gardner sings at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Laurie Beechman has the mike at eleven Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in the breeze. **BUDDY RICH,** a high-pressure system of a drummer, drives his band forward through Sunday, Dec. 7; on Monday, Dec. 8, trumpeter Mark Morganelli brings in a combo; and on Tuesday, Dec. 9, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** arrives with his quintet. Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesdays, the loose-limbed, wavy-haired saloon singer and cutup **BUSTER POINDEXTER** and his **BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, Dec. 4, Kate Clinton and Deuce; Saturday, Dec. 6, comedian Bob Goldthwait; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 7-8, jazz-rock drummer **BILLY COBHAM'S** band; Tuesday, Dec. 9, Roomful of Blues, with Earl King; Thursday, Dec. 11, Phil Ochs Song Night, with the witty, un-Ochsian **CHRISTINE LAVIN** and other folkies; and Friday through Sunday, Dec. 12-14, **SUZANNE VEGA,** a new-wave folkie who sings her cool, photo-realistic lyrics in a cool, clear style. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven; and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **HILTON RUIZ** and **RAY DRUMMOND** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 6, and on Sunday, Dec. 7, **RONNIE MATHEWS** joins Mr. Drummond. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Tenor saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS** leads his trio through Sunday, Dec. 7, and on Tuesday, Dec. 9, Joey Cavaseno, a young all-around reed player who appeared here a few weeks back with Doc Cheatham, will settle in with his group. Music from nine every night except Monday. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is in the Café Carlyle, singing Porter, Coward, Arlen, and Rodgers and Hart, with expert musical support from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** and with a fair amount of giddy out-of-tune accompaniment from his admirers. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is presiding at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **OREGON,** the chamber-jazz-of-the-pastoral-world quartet, performs through Sunday, Dec. 7, and **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** the lighter-than-air Brazilian vocalist, begins a visit on Tuesday, Dec. 9. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Music from eight Tuesdays through Sundays and from nine on Mondays. Dining.

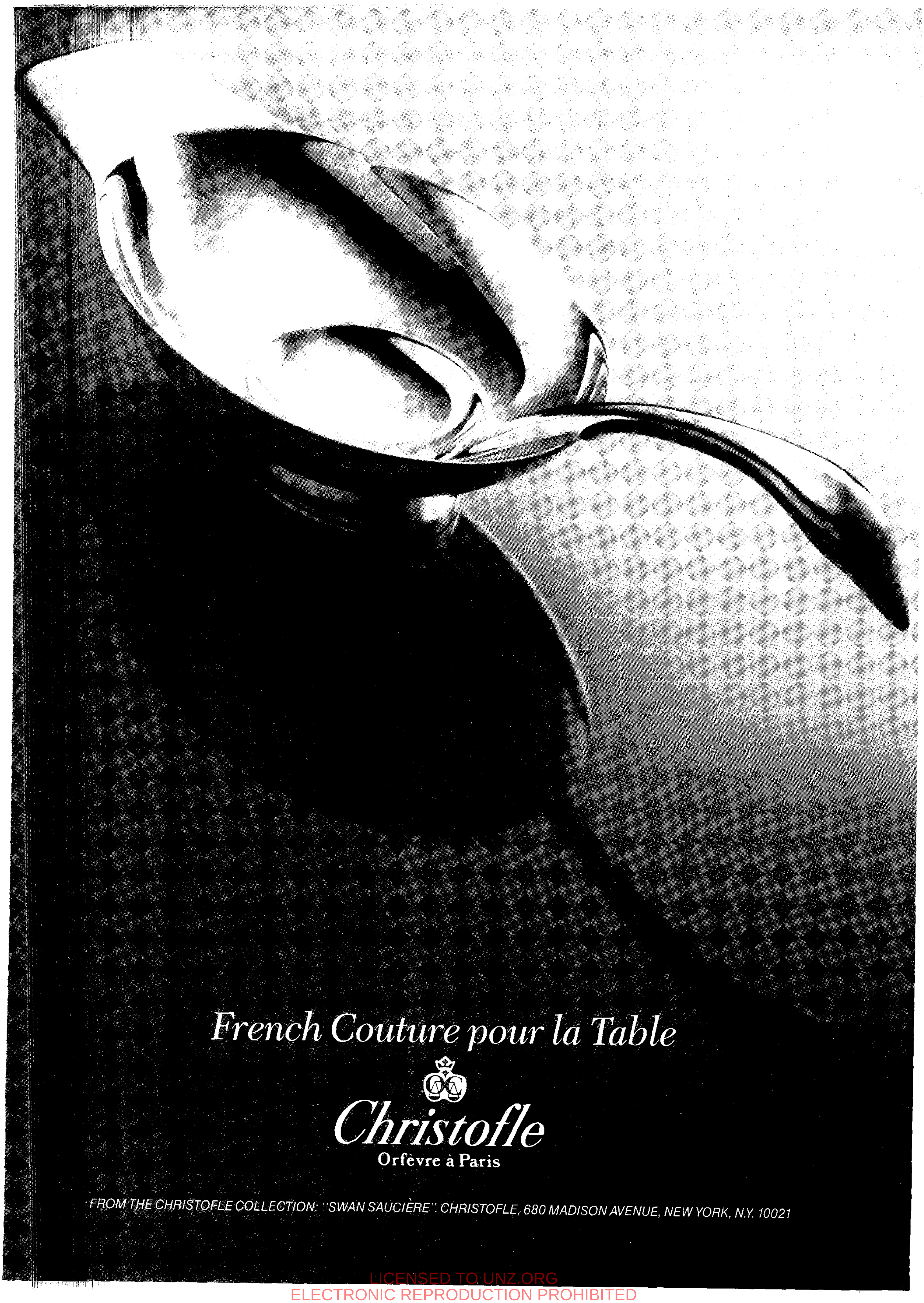
Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—The entryway, with its glossy photos of gorgeously coiffed singers, may remind you of a beauty salon, but you're actually in a supper club. Broadway star Donna McKechnie sings here on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: through Saturday, Dec. 6, **JACK WILSON;** Sunday, Dec. 7, Richard Shulman; Monday, Dec. 8, Peter Malinverni; Thursday, Dec. 11, and Saturday, Dec. 13, **KUNI MIKAMI** (with bassist **VISHNU WOOD** on Dec. 13). Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 9-10, and Friday, Dec. 12.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 3-6, Kitt Moran sings with accompaniment from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau; Sundays and Mondays belong to **BOB DOROUGH,** a wonderful twangy, bop-rooted singer and pianist, and to bassist **BILL TAKAS;** and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin at ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** a deft, baroque pianist who burrows into whatever she plays and usually emerges from it smiling, works with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, Dec. 6. **DON FRIEDMAN** sets sail on Tuesday, Dec. 9, and Esther Blue is on duty Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans, French tourists, and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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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others in search of *les bons temps.* Wednesday, Dec. 3, Zero and Max Creek; Friday, Dec. 5, bluesmen **ALBERT COLLINS** and **JOHNNY COPELAND;** Saturday, Dec. 6, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION,** Jerry Lee Lewis-era rock and rollers from Memphis; Sunday, Dec. 7, Ann Magnuson's Bleaker Street Incident; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8-9, **TOOTS & THE MAYTALS;** Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10-11, **JERRY LEE LEWIS** Himself; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, Pure Prairie League and the Soozie Tyrell band. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and popular-music authority Jonathan Schwartz on the dais hosting a Lorenz Hart symposium. **CAROL SLOANE** is his guest through Saturday, Dec. 6, and on Tuesday, Dec. 9, he will introduce Bobbi Rogers. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. Wednesdays, Big Dog; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio; Thursday, Dec. 11, singer Ellen Germaine, with the Francesco Centano band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, singer Gloria Lynne, with bassist **MICKEY BASS'S** group. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock (hard-core rock, soft-core rock, no-core rock) and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Wednesday, Dec. 3, Stones drummer **CHARLIE WATTS** and his *jazz* orchestra; Friday, Dec. 5, **EASTERHOUSE,** an Irish band with political stories to tell, and New Model Army; Saturday, Dec. 6, Slayer, Overkill, and Death Angel; Tuesday, Dec. 9, **TODD RUNDGREN;** Thursday, Dec. 11, Everything but the Girl; Friday, Dec. 12, Red Hot Chili Peppers; and Saturday, Dec. 13, **LONE JUSTICE.** Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, Caribbean music, and American music. Wednesday, Dec. 3, pianist Frank Ferrucci's Latin Jazz Ensemble; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, the Afro-Carib dance band **MIKATA;** Thursday, Dec. 11, the **SKATALITES;** and Saturday, Dec. 13, **LOREMIL MACHADO & SARAVA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the Cape Town pianist-composer who was known as Dollar Brand when Duke Ellington discovered him in Switzerland in 1962, performs with his septet, **EKAYA,** Tuesdays through Sundays. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**—whose ranks usually include **HOWARD JOHNSON** on tuba and penny whistle, **GEORGE ADAMS** on tenor sax, **CHRIS HUNTER** on alto sax, and **LEW SOLOFF** and **SHUNZO ONO** on trumpets—raises the roof. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but blues and rock is what the performers in the back room do. Wednesday, Dec. 3, **ELLIOTT MURPHY** and his band; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, **FENTON ROBINSON'S** blues band; Tuesday, Dec. 9, the Blue Jays and the Surreal McCoys; Wednesday, Dec. 10, Binky Phillips and guitarist **VERNON REID'S LIVING COLOUR;** Thursday, Dec. 11, the Mosquitos; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, honking, strutting R. & B. tenor saxophonist **BIG JAY MC NEELY.** Shows after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Thursday, Dec. 4, at nine-thirty, **DAVID MURRAY, CECIL TAYLOR, RICHIE HAVENS, PHILIP GLASS,** and others perform in the downstairs room for the benefit of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, which is celebrating its thirtieth year of existence. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and **JAMIL NASSER** engage in lively piano-bass duets every night except Monday, when **GAIL WYNTERS** (who has a big, bounding, raised-in-the-hills-of-Kentucky voice) sings with a duo. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are also present. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** plays his glinting vibraharp with pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **AL FOSTER** through Sunday, Dec. 7. On Tuesday, Dec. 9, **FRANK MORGAN**—a Charlie Parker-inspired altoist who surfaced in the mid-fifties and then dropped out of sight for thirty years—enters with his quartet. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a noninstitutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and good live jazz. The musicians: through Sunday, Dec. 7, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON'S** band; Tuesday, Dec. 9, the Steve Bargonetti Triad; and starting Wednesday, Dec. 10, the Chip White ensemble, with vocalist Vanessa Davis. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with paintings and drawings of many schools on the walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. Trumpeters are currently in ascendancy here. **JACK WALRATH,** a Mingus alumnus whose song titles ("Black Bats and Poles," "Ray Charles on Mars") have some of his mentor's whacky poetry in them, directs his septet through Sunday, Dec. 7, and on Tuesday, Dec. 9, the ballad-loving, feathery-toned **CHET BAKER** moves in with his quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), an elegant, high-ceilinged room with a grand piano in it, **KENNY KIRKLAND** and **ALEX BLAKE** (a humming, buzzing bassist whose solos usually include some flamenco-style strumming) hold sway every night but Monday, when **HUGH LAWSON** flies all by himself. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also *jazz,* which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist Carol Britto and bassist **MILT HINTON** work in tandem through Saturday, Dec. 6, and guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** take charge on Monday, Dec. 8. Sundays are reserved for guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Judy Collins—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Andre Morgan—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 854-5400. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.

Spyro Gyra—With Kevin Eubanks. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Hamiet Bluiett and the **Evan Parker Trio**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-3366.

Dave Brubeck Trio—With the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church choir, in a program of his own music. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The third in a series of four concerts, this one with Dave McKenna. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

New Order—With Shadow of Dreams. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 6 and 11.

Highlights in Jazz—Roy Eldridge, Marlene VerPlanck, Jay Leonhart, John Pizzarelli, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2027.)

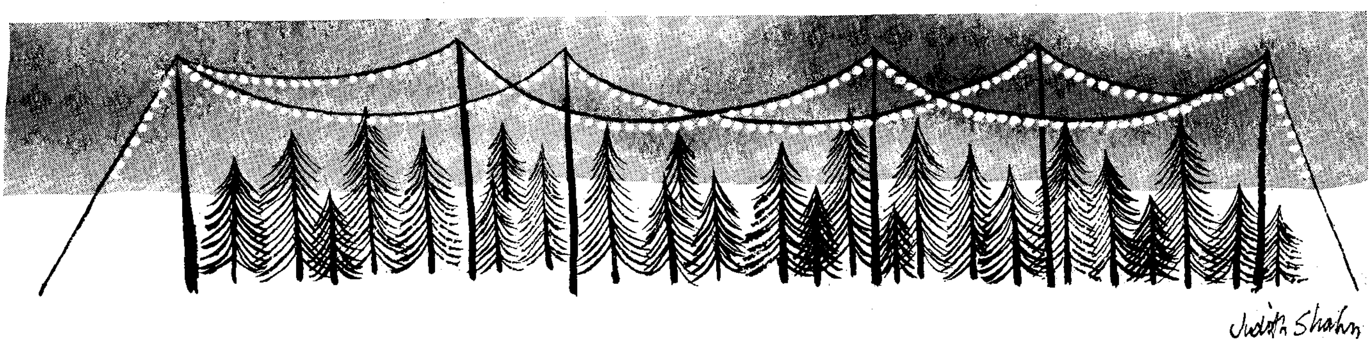
World Chamber Music Ensemble & Brian Smith Sextet—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 219-2845.

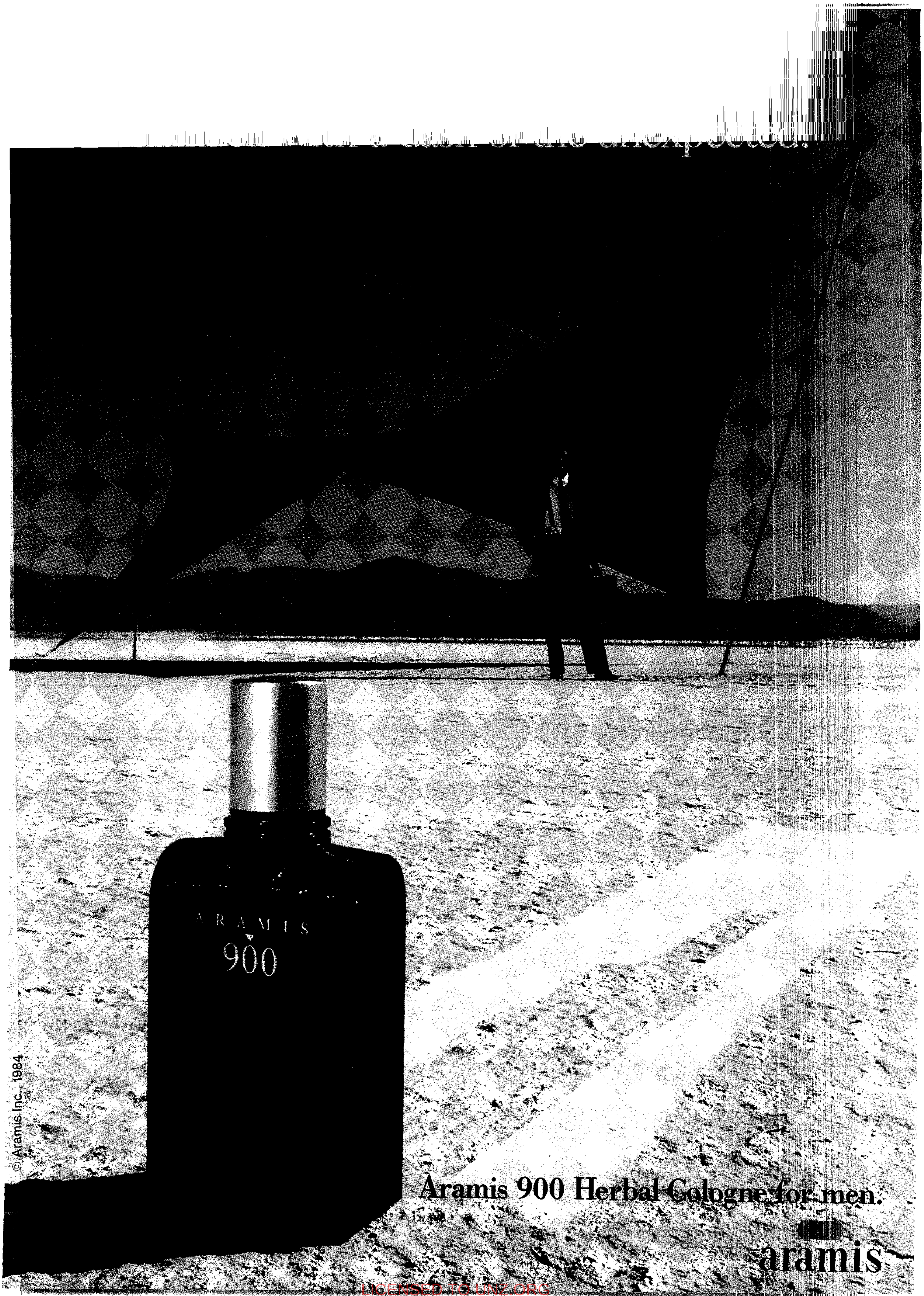
Music of George Gershwin—With Judy Niemack and Arthur Siegal. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Max Morath—Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 832-2240. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 21.

Jazz Center of New York—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, at 9:30 and 11: George Coleman quartet with Harold Mabern. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 8, at 9 and 10:30: Pierson Orchestra. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, at 10 and midnight: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13,

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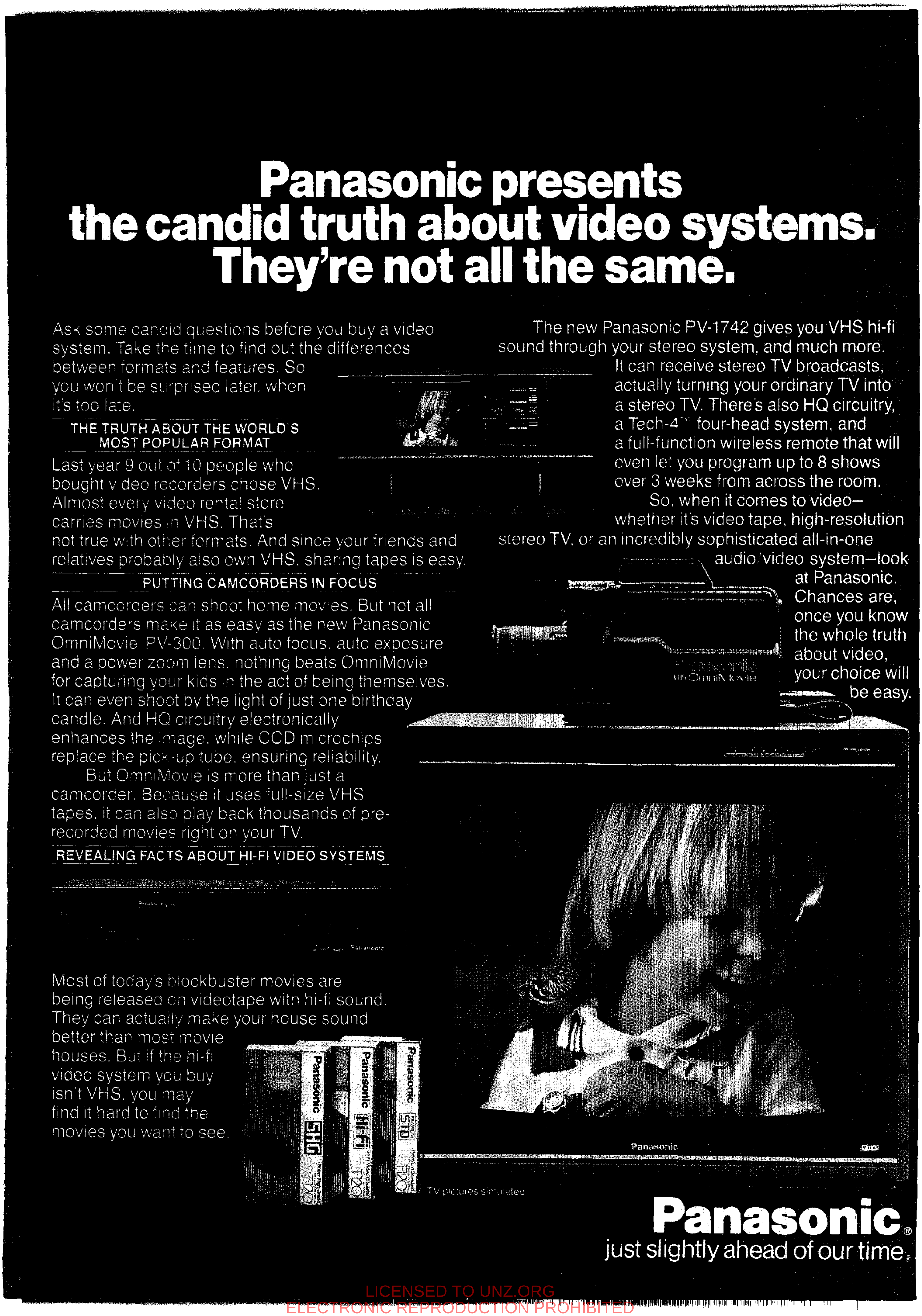

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But OmniMovie is more than just a camcorder. Because it uses full-size VHS tapes, it can also play back thousands of prerecorded movies right on your TV.

REVEALING FACTS ABOUT HI-FI VIDEO SYSTEMS

Most of today's blockbuster movies are being released on videotape with hi-fi sound. They can actually make your house sound better than most movie houses. But if the hi-fi video system you buy isn't VHS, you may find it hard to find the movies you want to see.

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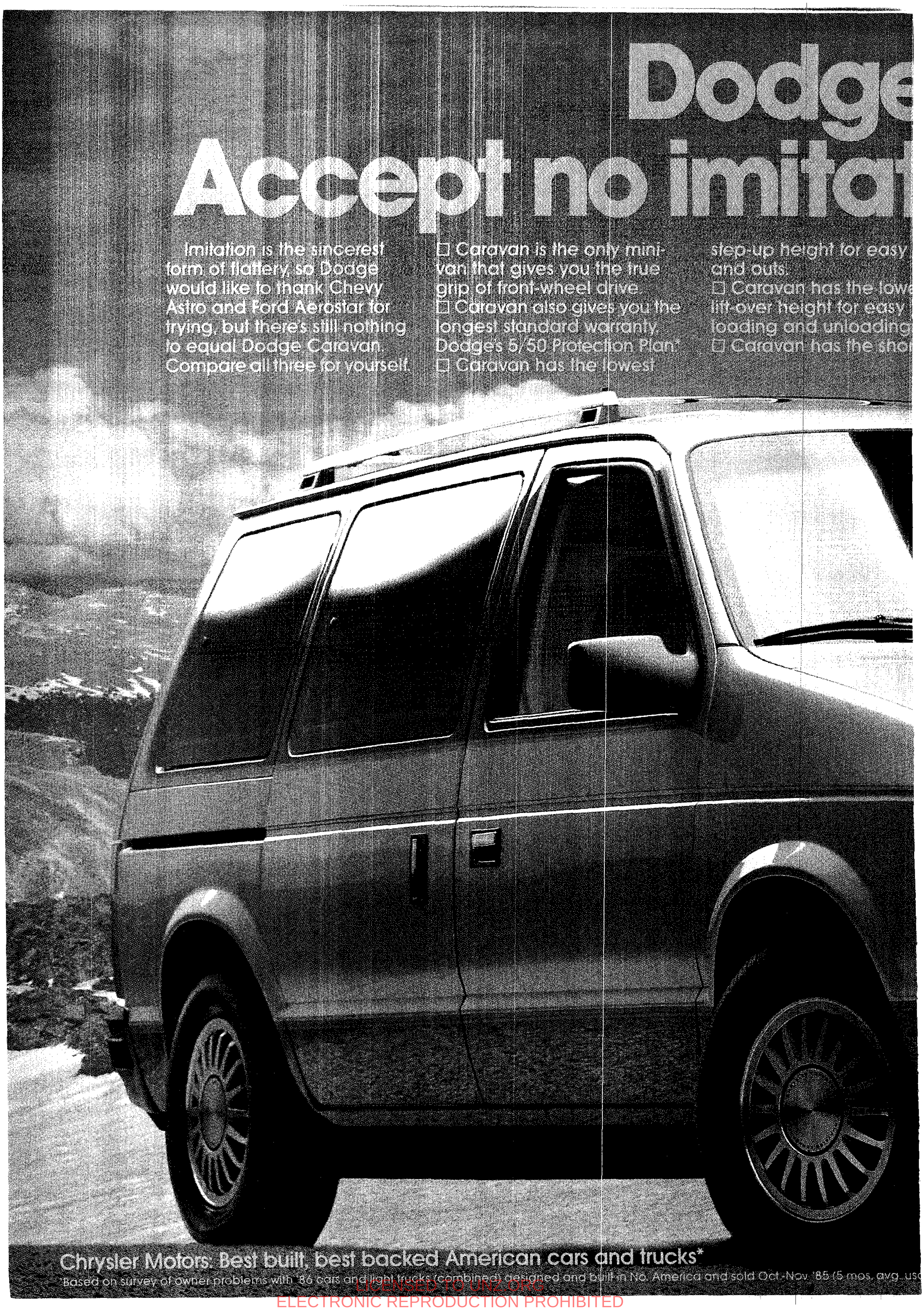

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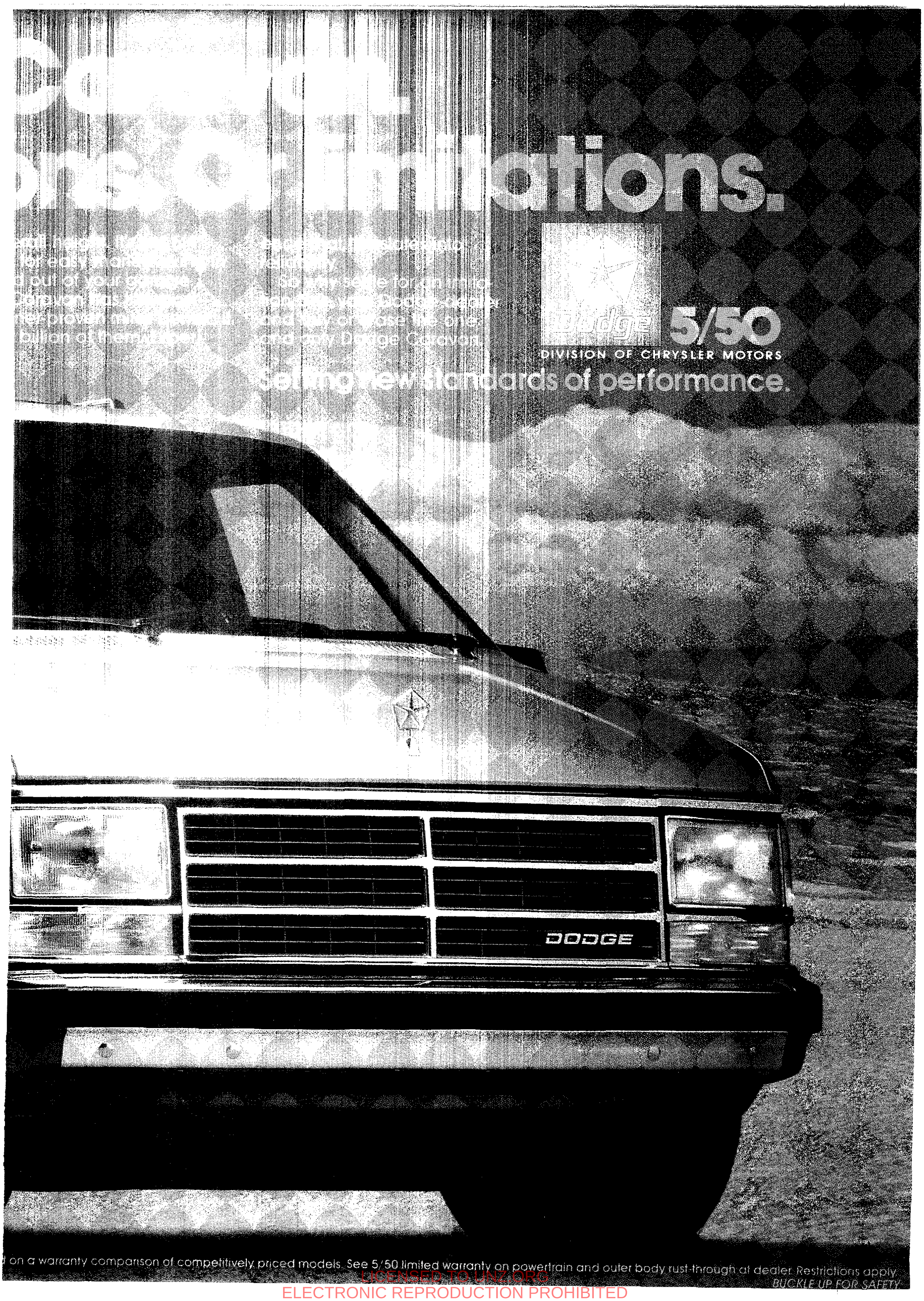

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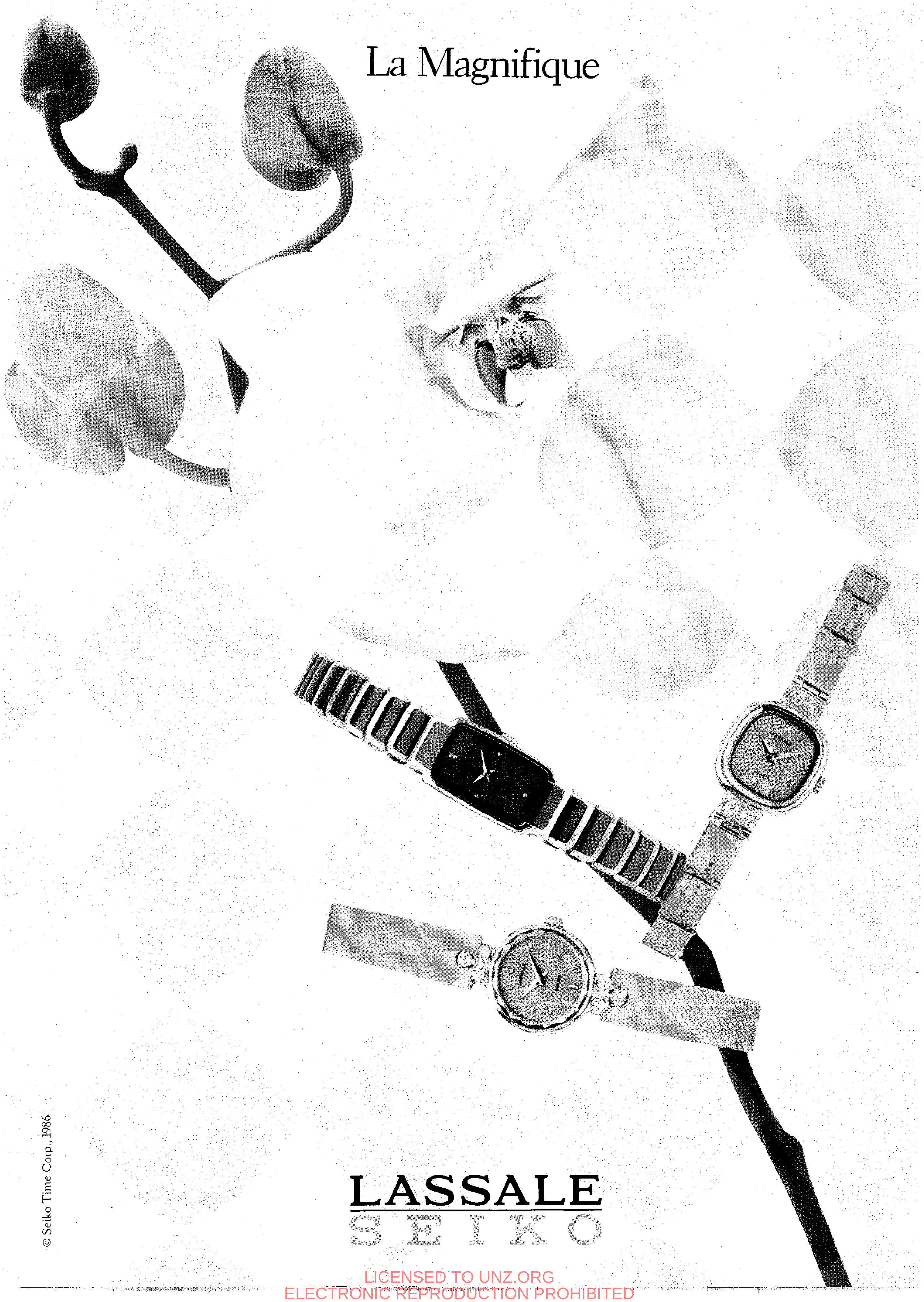
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at 10, 11:30, and 1: Vernel Fournier trio, with Masaki (Papi) Sato. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jacobo Borges—An accomplished Venezuelan-born artist who pays homage to Rembrandt by painting himself in the same poses Rembrandt took for some of *his* self-portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Robert Cumming—Recent sculptures and works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1874-1946)—Paintings. Through Dec. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Julio Larraz—Pastels and watercolors. Through Dec. 23. (Haime, 1000 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Giacomo Manzù—Sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Malcolm Morley—Paintings from the past two years. Through Dec. 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Paintings and drawings from the early forties. Through Dec. 20. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A benefit loan show of watercolors of Italian, French, and American vistas. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—More than sixty drawings completed between 1958 and 1968. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Joop Sanders—Paintings and drawings by an artist of the New York School. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases that fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—Tabletop-size bronze sculptures of classical doorways, arches, and columns, among which spheres, cones, and other geometrical forms are posed. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Collages by eighteen artists, Betye Saar, Joseph Glasco, and Romare Bearden among them. Through Dec. 31. . . . **GALDY,** 19 E. 71st St.: "The Brueghel Family and the Golden Age of Flemish Painting," including works by Pieter the Younger and Jan the Younger. Through Dec. 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KOUROS,** 23 E. 73rd St.: Paintings and sculptures by the Latin-American abstractionist Joaquín Torres-García and by his sons, Horacio and Augusto, not to mention artists who studied with Joaquín, among them Gonzalo Fonseca and José Gurvich. Through Dec. 31. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Six jaunty Miró sculptures, all in bronze, along with paintings and drawings by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Modigliani, and others. Through Dec. 23.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Nicholas Africano—In addition to building up figures in deep relief with painted canvas on canvas, this artist now sculpts them in the round, using translucent cast glass, wood, cloth, marble, and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Buck—Each work is in three parts: first a painting on unstretched canvas, then a painting on stretched canvas on top of that, and, last, a sentinel-like carved-wood figure standing guard in front. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Lithographs from the sixties and seventies. Through Jan. 23. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Federico Fellini—Working drawings in felt-tip pen for "La Dolce Vita," "Amarcord," and other films. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Paintings and sculptures, mostly from the fifties. Through Dec. 24. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—A large color monoprint of six dancing figures, a bronze head, chimeras portrayed in papier-mâché or terra-cotta sculptures and on paper, and more. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William King—A new group of his elongated, high-pocketed sculptured figures, all of them freestanding and overbearingly nonchalant. Through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Oils and monotypes by Mr. Kulicke, and jewelry by him in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 24. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—One of the works by this ascetic artist consists of thirty-six metal bowls filled with rice and lined up behind a small boulder; another is a large rectangle of gold-colored hazelnut pollen he gathered in his native Germany. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

David Lund—Landscapes of Maine and Italy that the artist paints from memory. Through Dec. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—A sizable group of characteristic paintings, such as a crystal goblet brimming over with cumulus clouds. Through Dec. 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Small watercolors, suggesting, in short brushstrokes, city life, sailing, figures, etc. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel (1900-84)—Works on paper. Through Jan. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Linda Peer—Bright-colored heads, of wood and fired-clay, some topped with headdresses. Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anne Truitt—Painted-wood columns executed between 1971 and 1983. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Painted sculptures. Through Jan. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Oskar Kokoschka and his contemporaries. Through Jan. 31. . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary German works—photographic installations by Bernd and Hilla Becher and Günther Förg, and architectural sculptures by Reinhard Mucha. Through Dec. 20.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Doug Anderson—Bright-colored paintings by an artist who fills his canvases with a variety of images (comic strips, dreams, whatever), which he often distorts until they are all but unrecognizable. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Bård Breivik—Black-granite and cast-iron sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Caranicas / Dan Sinclair—Recent paintings of Second World War artillery bunkers, depicted as an integral part of the landscape. / Small abstract sculptures. Through Dec. 30. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Francesco Clemente—Monotypes. Through Dec. 20. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Papo Colo—Recent paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 27. (Esman, 70 Greene St.) . . . ¶ A ten-year retrospective. Through Dec. 31. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Russell Connor—Diverting liberties taken with masterpieces: for instance, Manet's Mexican troops are firing at his little fifer in the red pants instead of at Maximilian, and Rubens' abductors on horseback are making off with Picasso's Demoiselles instead of Leucippus' daughters. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Grand Street Gallery, 93 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

Jiří Georg Dokoupil—Paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Drapell—Abstractions on canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Ellen Driscoll—Imaginative sculptures contrived of wood and copper and lead sheathing. Through Dec. 20. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Don Eddy—New paintings, among them a landscape of Golden Gate Park over which the artist has superimposed images of bowls of candy and plastic fruits, vegetables, and toys. Through Dec. 17. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Michael Gitlin—Abstract wall sculptures (irregularly shaped wood structures, with assorted mediums incorporated), plus drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Mike Kelley—Acrylic paintings on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Mr. Kelley will perform, with Sonic Youth, at Artists Space, 223 West Broadway, on Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.

Gary Kuehn—One of this sculptor's specialties is embedding one prong of a pickaxe in a block of wood and enlarging and converting the other prong into a ladder, say, or a chair, or a large swirl of wrought iron. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Roeder, 545 Broadway. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Molly Mason / Harriet Mishkin—Freestanding abstract stainless-steel sculptures. / Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

JoAnne McFarland—Recent mixed-medium paintings on Plexiglas, plus earlier abstract works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964)—A small show of watercolors, pencil drawings, and etchings by this lord of the bottles. Through Dec. 20. (Haller, a new gallery at 415 West Broadway.)

Gerry Morehead—Nostalgic and more or less impressionistic paintings of the Jamaican shoreline. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Richard Rappaport—Paintings. Through Dec.

17. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Open daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Joyce Robins—Small painted-ceramic sculptures that resemble thick pieces of rope twisted and knotted together. Through Dec. 20. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Wade Saunders—Sculptured vessels cast in bronze and treated with silver nitrate to give them the appearance of great age. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Joel Shapiro—Lengths of wood or bronze linked together in implausible-looking balance, plus related drawings. All new work. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Jonathan Silver—Sculptures from the past ten years, including the poignant "Wounded Amazon," an eight-foot columnar bronze, and a spooky installation representing the private chapel of Alexander Severus, a Roman emperor murdered by his troops. Through Dec. 24. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by artists who happen to be over the age of seventy—Herbert Ferber, Elizabeth Layton, Isabel Bishop, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through Jan. 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Sculpture—Forty artists contributed sculptured columns to this installation. Concrete, wood, electronic equipment, and paper are among the wide range of mediums used. Through Jan. 3. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

David Diao—Geometric abstract paintings. Through Sunday, Dec. 7. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Finn—Sculptures of casually posed figures with bodies constructed from refuse and heads covered with primitive masks. Through Dec. 24. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel—An engrossing installation, involving an artificial lagoon, whirling fans, a spinning ball, and other eye-catching devices. Through Jan. 24. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Ed McGowin—Airbrushed paintings, mostly of figures, in molded-plastic and heavy cast-metal frames. Also, a large archway cast in plaster. Through Dec. 21. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Andy Warhol—Large-scale paintings from 1978. Through Dec. 24. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Group Show—"Repulsion: Aesthetics of the Grotesque," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, photographs, and a video by contemporary artists, including Luis Cruz Azaceta, Joel-Peter Witkin, and others. Through Jan. 3. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Among other photographs, the artist has made new prints in a 30 x 40 format of works she did long ago—"The Flatiron Building," "Saints for Sale," and "The Hoboken Railroad Yards." Through Dec. 24. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Anton and Martin Bruehl—Advertising photographs from the thirties; the photographers, who were brothers, died in the past few years. Through Jan. 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt / David Seymour (Chim) (1911-56)—A retrospective. / Work from the thirties, including prints of the Spanish Civil War. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lee Friedlander / Len Jenshel—Framed individual prints from a book of photogravures of Japanese landscapes with flowering cherry trees. / Color landscapes of Texas photographed while the artist was working with David Byrne's production of "True Stories." Through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Nan Goldin—Cibachrome prints of the artist's friends. Through Dec. 31. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68)—Portraits of Derain, Ravel, Gary Cooper, and others, done on assignment for various magazines; travel photographs of Egypt; and other works. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

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Kaspar Thomas Linder—Conceptual photographs obscured here and there with patches of paint. Through Dec. 24. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Nicholas Nixon / Gustave Le Gray (1820–82)—Recent photographs of his family and elderly people. / Photographs of seascapes and trees. Through Jan. 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

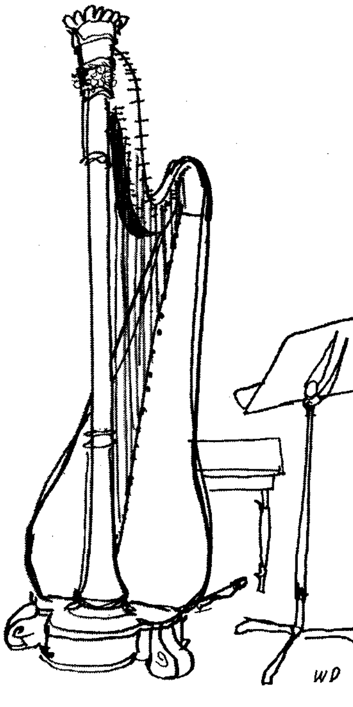
Doug Prince and Leonard Sussman—Italian landscapes: prints made from multiple negatives by the former, showing flowers and plants superimposed on landscapes and architecture; photographs of Tuscany and Umbria by the latter. Through Jan. 10. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Show—Vintage prints by artists whose reputations were established by their work in other mediums—René Magritte and Henry Moore, for instance. Through Dec. 31. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ An installation by Justen Ladda. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by Jean Dubuffet. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—While the museum installs a Kokoschka retrospective (opening Tuesday, Dec. 9), the only exhibit is of twenty-three sculptures and drawings from the permanent collections. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes) is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibit documenting the influence of Post-Impressionism on American and Canadian painters in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Thomas Hart Benton, Stuart Davis, and Emily Carr are among the artists represented. Through Jan. 19. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

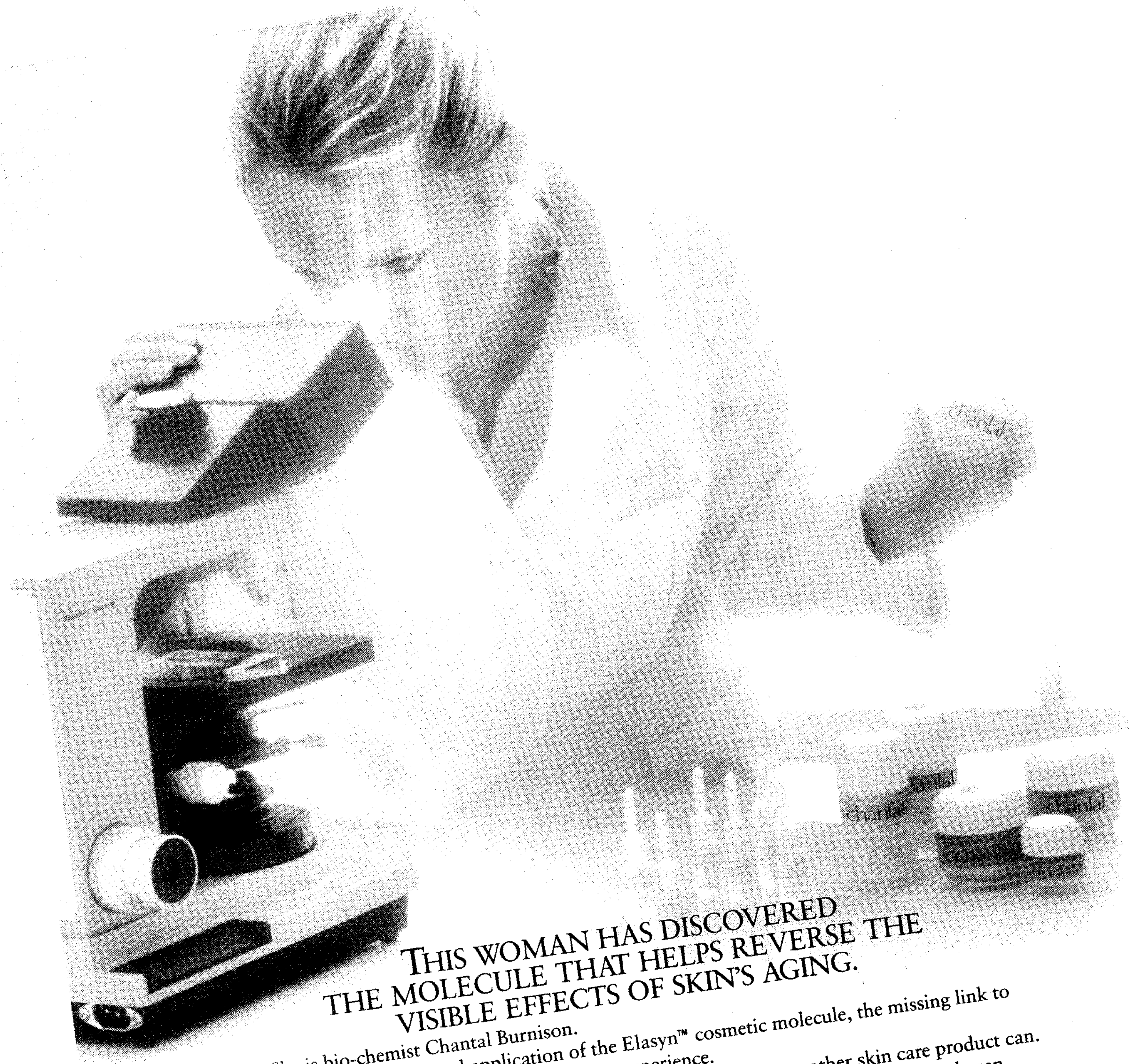
American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show sponsored by the purchase funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher, this year containing paintings, drawings, and prints by sixty contemporary Americans. A number of the works will be bought and donated to museums. Through Dec. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for the museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The museum has a full house of exhibitions to mark the end of its first ten years. The main show, called "Berlin 1900-1933: Architecture and Design," includes mass-produced objects (fans, kettles, porcelains), plus drawings and some familiar chairs, by Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, Behrens, and others. Through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Two other shows are "Perspective" (trompe-l'oeil drawings, textiles, and objects from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, depicting three-dimensional space) and a selection of recent additions to the collections. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display that chronicles the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of works that have entered the collections recently—drawings by Mantegna, Mondrian, and others; illuminated manuscripts; books; literary and music manuscripts; and a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of In-



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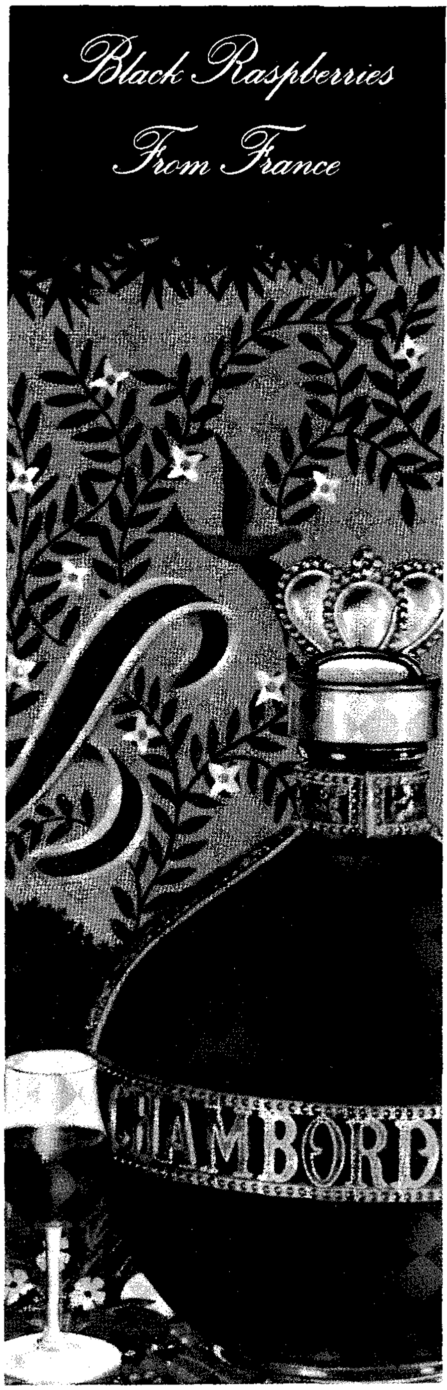

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dependence. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of antique toys—Teddy bears and dolls, including a Shirley Temple doll; trains, including a girl's freight-train set; cars, including a knockout six-foot replica of a Packard; games, including a Newport Yacht race game, circa 1891—from the Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson Collection. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ From the Berg Collection: an exhibit of letters and literary works by English and American women writers from the eighteenth century to the present. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Diane Torr (dance), Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8:30; Ann-Sargent Wooster (performance), Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Karen Finley (performance), Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 3-6, at 9; Victor Poison-Tete (performance), Thursday, Dec. 11, at 9; Lydia Lunch and Emilio Cubeiro (performance), Friday, Dec. 12, at 9.

Note—A performance work by Tom Murrin (Alien Comic). (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ The Urban Bush Women, Liz Lerman, Alyson Pou, Johanna Boyce and the Calf Women, Robbie McCauley and Thought Music, and many others will participate in an evening of performance works in honor of the publication *Heresies*. (Taller Latinamericano, 19 W. 21st St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 227-2100.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 7: A new production of Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Franco Bonisolli, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Rockwell Blake, Sherrill Milnes, and Julien Robbins; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Rockwell Blake, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Robert Schunk, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Matthias Hölle; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Diana Soviero, Alfredo Kraus, Vernon Hartman, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Rockwell Blake, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Robert Schunk, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Matthias Hölle; Christof Perick. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday, Dec. 5, and Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," in an English translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin. Staged by Rhoda Levine, with the Juilliard Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Michael Charry. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, and Friday, Dec. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz conducting a staged performance of Schütz' "Christmas Story," with the Grande Bande; the Court Dance Company; the Boyquire; and vocal soloists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: A Beethoven-Bruckner program, with Murray Perahia, piano, and Leonard Davis and Paul Neubauer, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 11-13, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30: Verdi's Requiem, with Maria Chiara, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Luciano Pavarotti, tenor; Matti Salminen, bass; and the New York Choral Artists.

Tribute to Gian Carlo Menotti, Miriam Gideon, and Virgil Thomson—Dino Anagnost conducting an orchestra, with vocal and instrumental soloists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3.)

New York Virtuosi—Kenneth Klein conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Mozart program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Prism—Robert Black conducting, with Robert Stallman, flute; Barbara Martin, soprano; and William Sharp, baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—David Gilbert conducting a program that includes works by Chou Wen-Chung, John Corigliano, and Alison Nowak, all of whom will be present. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

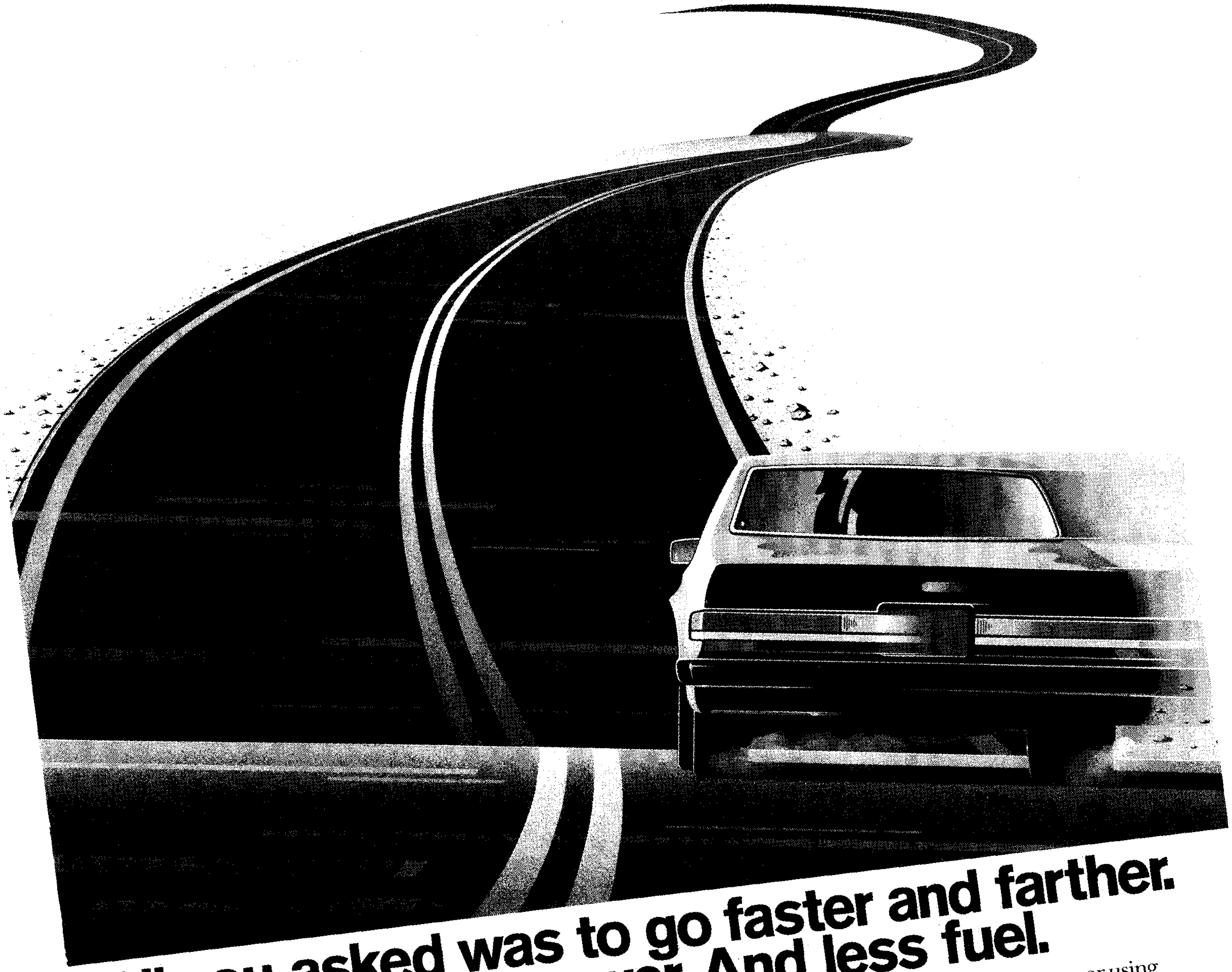
Mannes Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Chamber Orchestra and Contemporary Music Ensemble—Paul Zukofsky conducting a Webern-Prokofiev-Messiaen program. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8. For free tickets, call 874-7415 on Tuesday, Dec. 9.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Magen Solomon and Jonathan Babbit directing a Christmas concert. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 683-4220.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and the St. Paul's Chapel Orchestra—Peter Schubert directing a Christmas candlelight concert, with harpsichordists Kenneth Cooper, Claudia Dumschat, Elaine Sisman, and George Stauffer. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing. (Madi-



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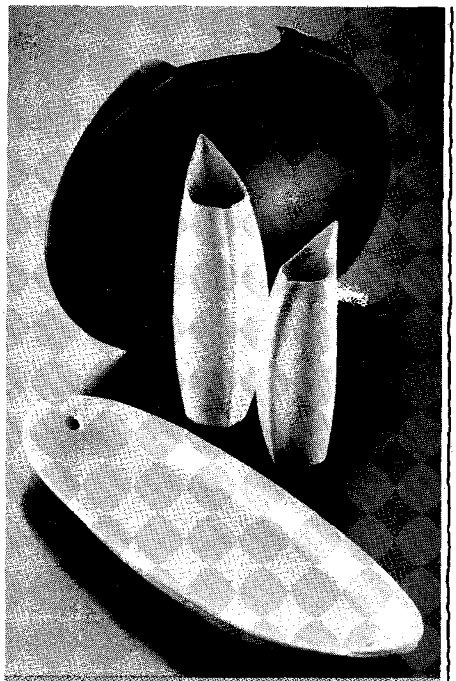

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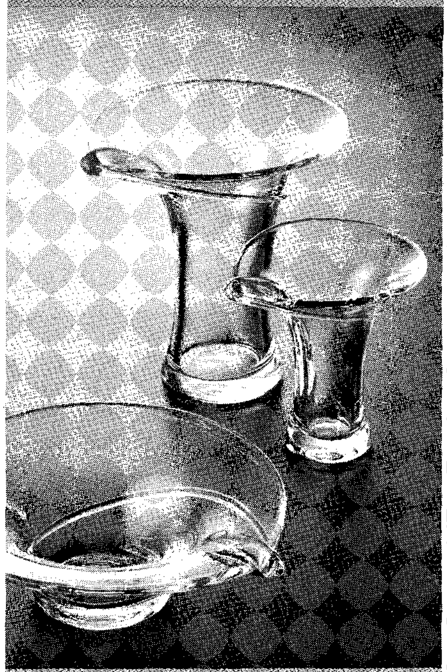

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son Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 935-2551.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—**MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with vocal soloists and Michael May, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30.) . . . **SING-IN AT RIVERSIDE CHURCH:** Directed by three choral conductors, including Sherrill Milnes, who will be doubling as baritone soloist. With Cynthia Madison, soprano; Martha King, mezzo-soprano; John Morrison, tenor; and John Walker and J. David Williams, organ. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

GRANT JOHANNESEN—The second in a series of three programs of piano music by Fauré and Schumann. With Ani Kavafian, violin, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

WILLIAM DOPPMANN—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

DANIEL BARENBOIM—The sixth and seventh in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 7:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—With André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 5.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—With Kim Kashkashian, viola, and Peter Wiley, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

CONTINUUM—A program of vocal and instrumental music by Luigi Dallapiccola. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

CLAUDE FRANK AND THE MUIR STRING QUARTET—An all-Haydn program of piano sonatas and string quartets. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

NEW YORK CAMERATA—With Paul Green, clarinet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2:30. Admission by contribution.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The fourth in a series of concerts, this one with Robert Barto, lute. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Dec. 7, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

ON ORIGINAL INSTRUMENTS—Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano, and members of the Gainsborough String Quartet, in an all-Mozart program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

MANNES PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE—Howard Van Hyning conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANHATTAN CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE—Claire Heldrich and Glen Cortese conducting a program that includes works by George Crumb and Mario Davidovsky, both of whom will provide introductory comments. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MARLOW FISHER & FRIENDS—The violist and seven others in a program of twentieth-century music. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ARTUR BALSAM—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin, in a concert postponed from Nov. 9. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

NINA SVETLANOVA—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

MARCY ROSEN—Cello, with Susan Walters, piano. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

MANNES BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Nancy Wilson conducting a Bach-Biber program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

THE ART OF THE EARLY KEYBOARD—A series of four concerts featuring Gwendolyn Toth and guest artists, this first one with Margaret Irwin-Brandon and Miss Toth, both harpsichord/organ. (St Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ELENA BASHKIROVA—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

VERDEHR TRIO—A program of recent works written for the trio. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—A program that includes three new compositions. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

IVAN MORAVEC—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

JUDITH PEARCE—Flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—A Haydn-Ives-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)

SHURA CHERKASSKY—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

MUSICA ANTIQUA KÖLN—A program of baroque concertos. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—A Mozart-Carter-Beethoven program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

SPOLETO FESTIVAL CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM—A program of works by Gian Carlo Menotti, who will be present, performed by Marvis Martin, soprano; Carter Brey, cello; Nancy Allen, harp; the Ridge String Quartet; and others. The first in a series of seven concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASKETBALL—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Detroit Pistons, Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30; Denver Nuggets, Friday, Dec. 5, at 8; Sacramento Kings, Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30; and Philadelphia 76ers, Friday, Dec. 12, at 7:30. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 7:30, and Atlanta Hawks, Saturday, Dec. 13, at 7:30.

FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 12:30.)

HOCKEY—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Dec. 4, at 7:35; Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 6, at 7:35; and Islanders, Thursday, Dec. 11, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:05, and Devils, Saturday, Dec. 13, at 7:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 7:35.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

TENNIS—Nabisco Masters: Boris Becker, Ivan Lendl, Mats Wilander, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 3-5, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1; Sunday, Dec. 7 [semifinals], at 7; and Monday, Dec. 8 [finals], at 8.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Wednesday, Jan. 7.

ET ALIA

POETRY READINGS—Linda Hunt reading from Emily Dickinson's poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Cornelius Eady and Marge Piercy reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

LECTURE—Virgil Thomson speaking about contemporary music. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Dec. 7, from 1 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10:15: Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco decorative objects. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 5.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 11: "Sudden Fear" (1952; directed by David Miller), with Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, and Gloria Grahame; and "Plenty" (†).
From Dec. 12: "Typhoon Club" (Shinji Somai; in Japanese).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), *an animated film.*
Theatre 2: "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 4: "Half Moon Street" (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine. From Dec. 5: "Modern Girls" (Jerry Kramer).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 4: "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle).
From Dec. 5: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 11: "Something Wild" (†).
From Dec. 12: "Crimes of the Heart" (Bruce Beresford), with Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Song of the South" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett. Dec. 5-11: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Dec. 12: "Crimes of the Heart" (Bruce Beresford), with Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "The Wraith" (Mike Marvin). From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 11: "Something Wild" (†). From Dec. 12: "Where Are the Children?" (Bruce Malmuth), with Jill Clayburgh and Frederic Forrest.
Theatre 2: "The Color of Money" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 4: (Matinées only) "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle); and (evenings only) "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
From Dec. 5: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†). From Dec. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret. From Dec. 5: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"True Stories" (†).

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Solarbabies" (Alan Johnson), with Richard Jordan. From Dec. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), *an animated film.*

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Rouge Baiser" (Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 4: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.
From Dec. 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "The Wraith" (Mike Marvin). From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 4: (Matinées only) "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle); and (evenings only) "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
From Dec. 5: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Half Life" (1985; directed by Dennis O'Rourke), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 11: "Porky Pig in Hollywood," a program of sixteen black-and-white Warner Brothers cartoons, directed by Tex Avery, Friz Freleng, Bob Clampett, Frank Tashlin, and Chuck Jones. From Dec. 12: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Mother Teresa" (Ann and Jeanette Petrie), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong. *From Dec. 5: "The Color of Money" (†).*

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"True Stories" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 11: "Solarbabies" (Alan Johnson), with Richard Jordan. From Dec. 12: "Crimes of the Heart" (Bruce Beresford), with Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 2: "Round Midnight" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "The Color of Money" (†). From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Song of the South" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Song of the South" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Nutcracker, The Motion Picture" (Carroll Ballard), with the Pacific Northwest Ballet.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Dec. 4: A program of Israeli films, in Hebrew, with English subtitles.
From Dec. 5: "Place of Weeping" (Darrell Roodt).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Decline of the American Empire" (Denys Arcand; a Canadian film, in French), with Dominique Michel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

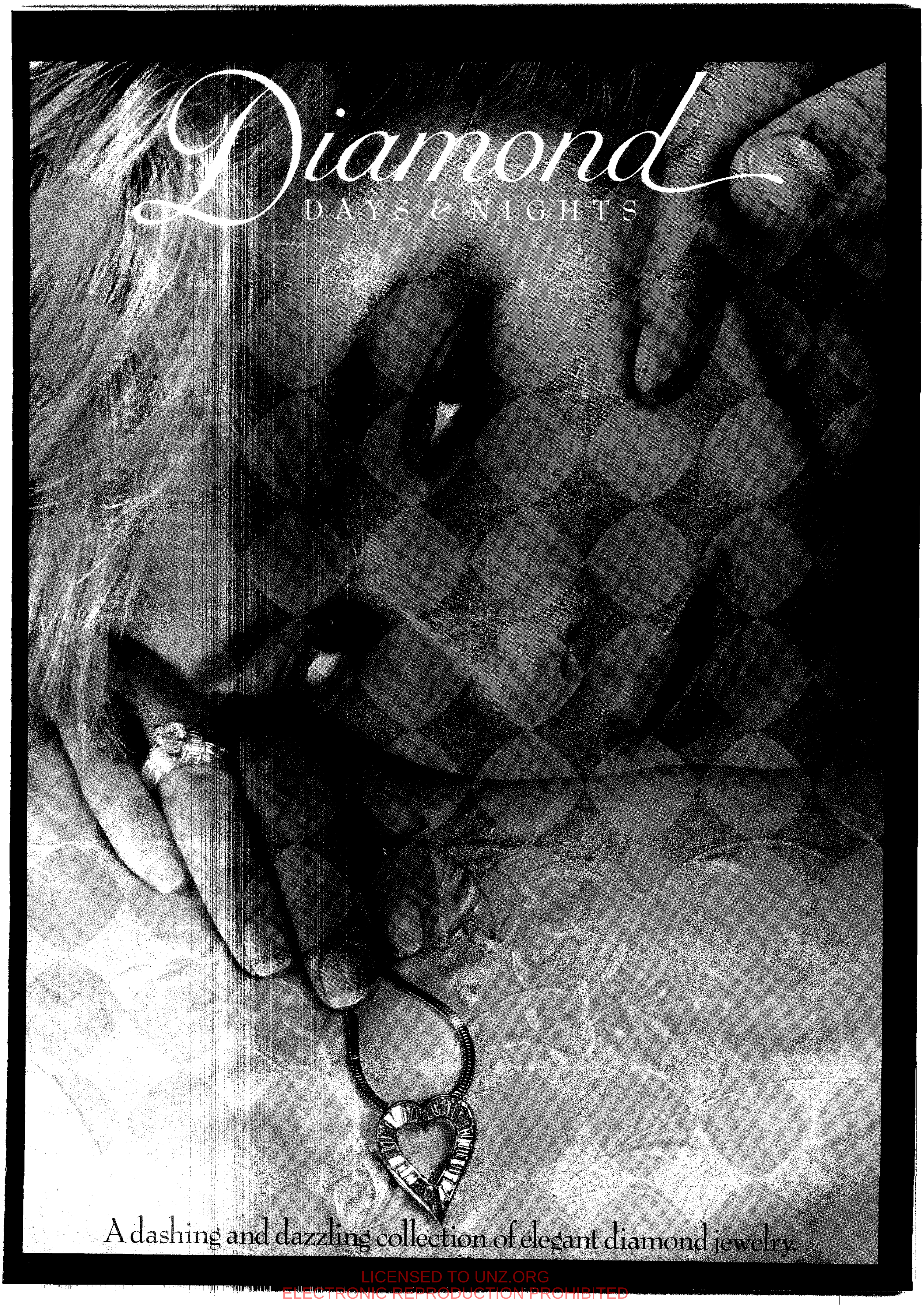
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.
Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tangos: The Exile of Gardel" (Fernando E. Solanas; in French and Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Ménage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 4: "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 4: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and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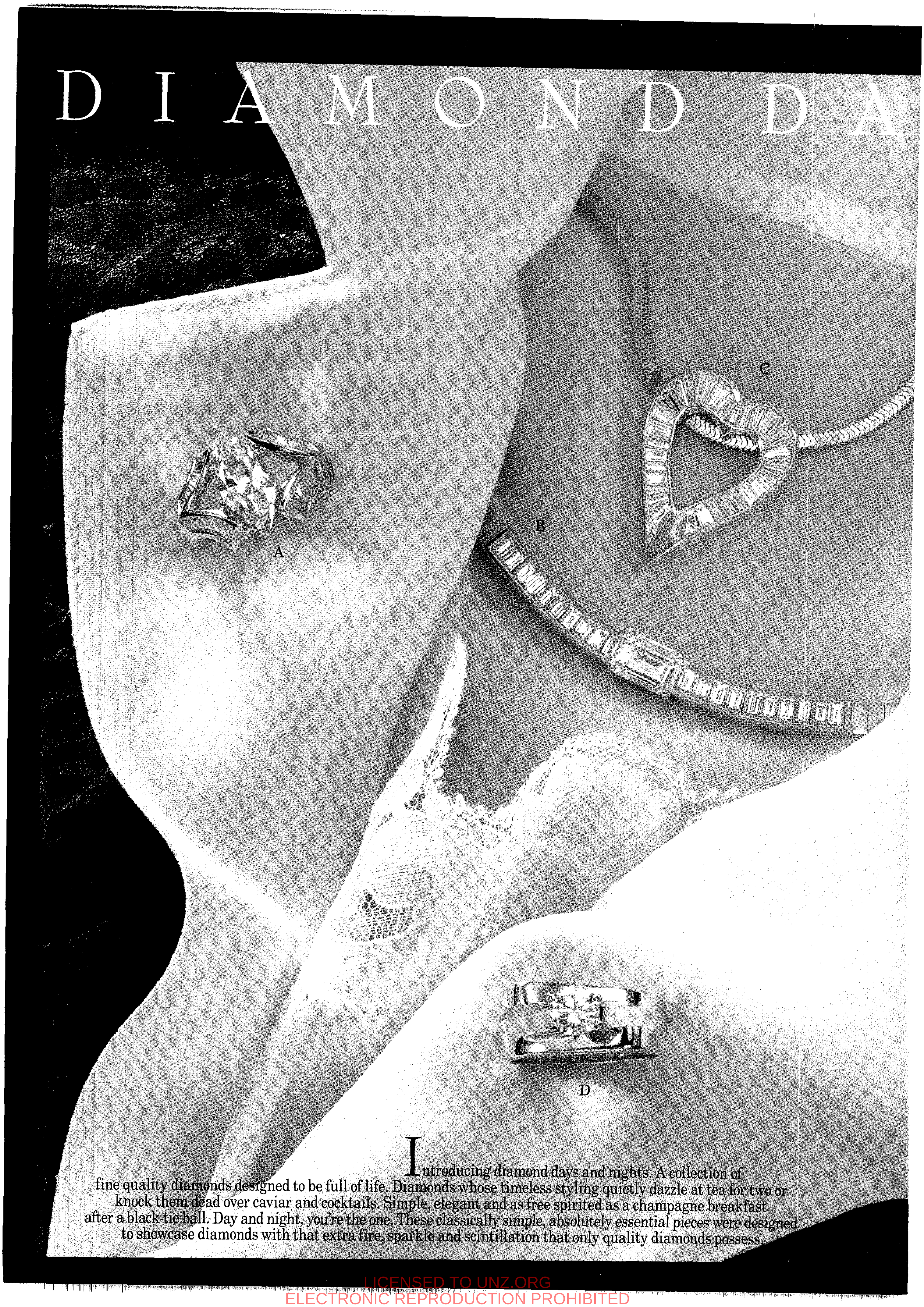

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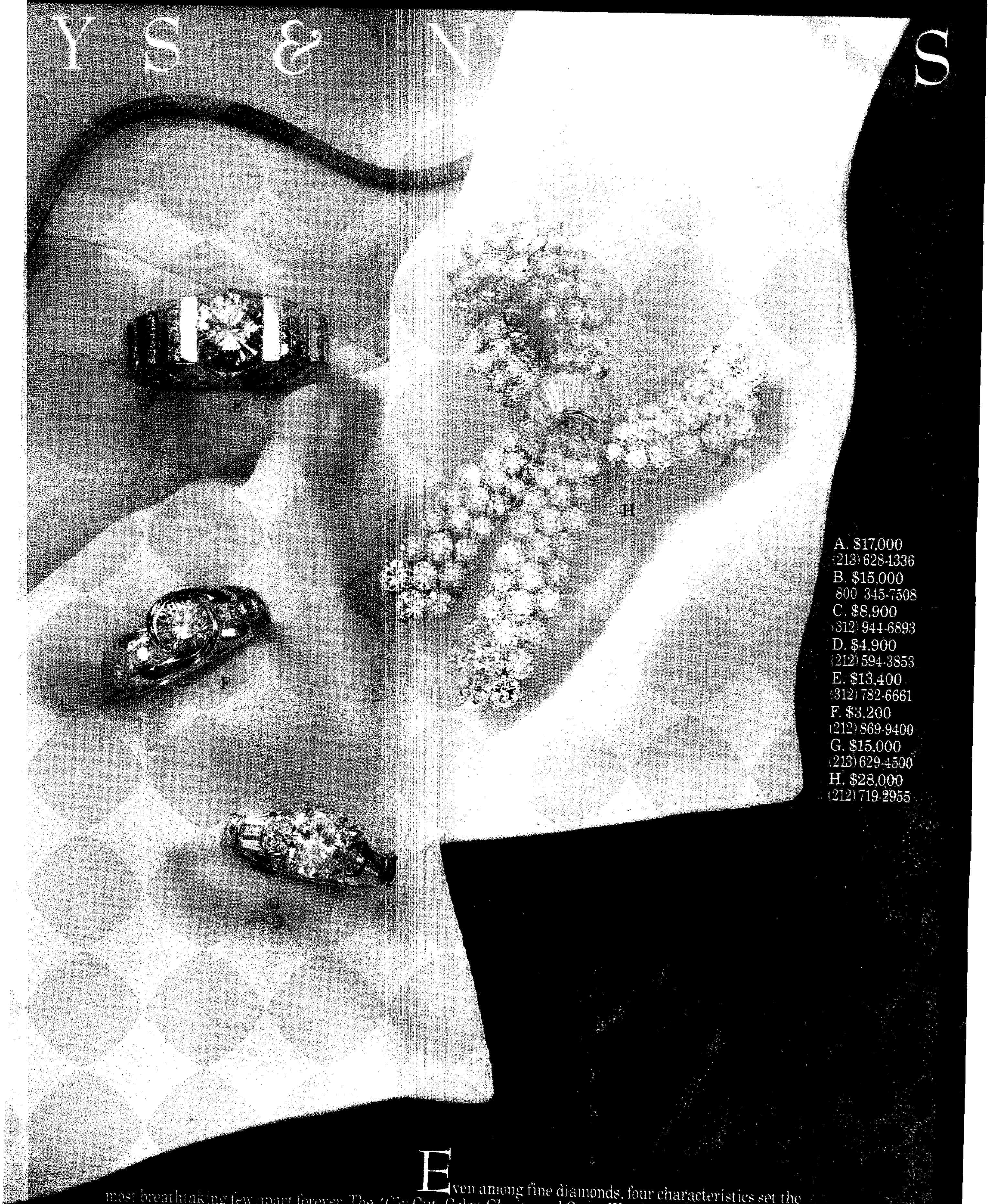

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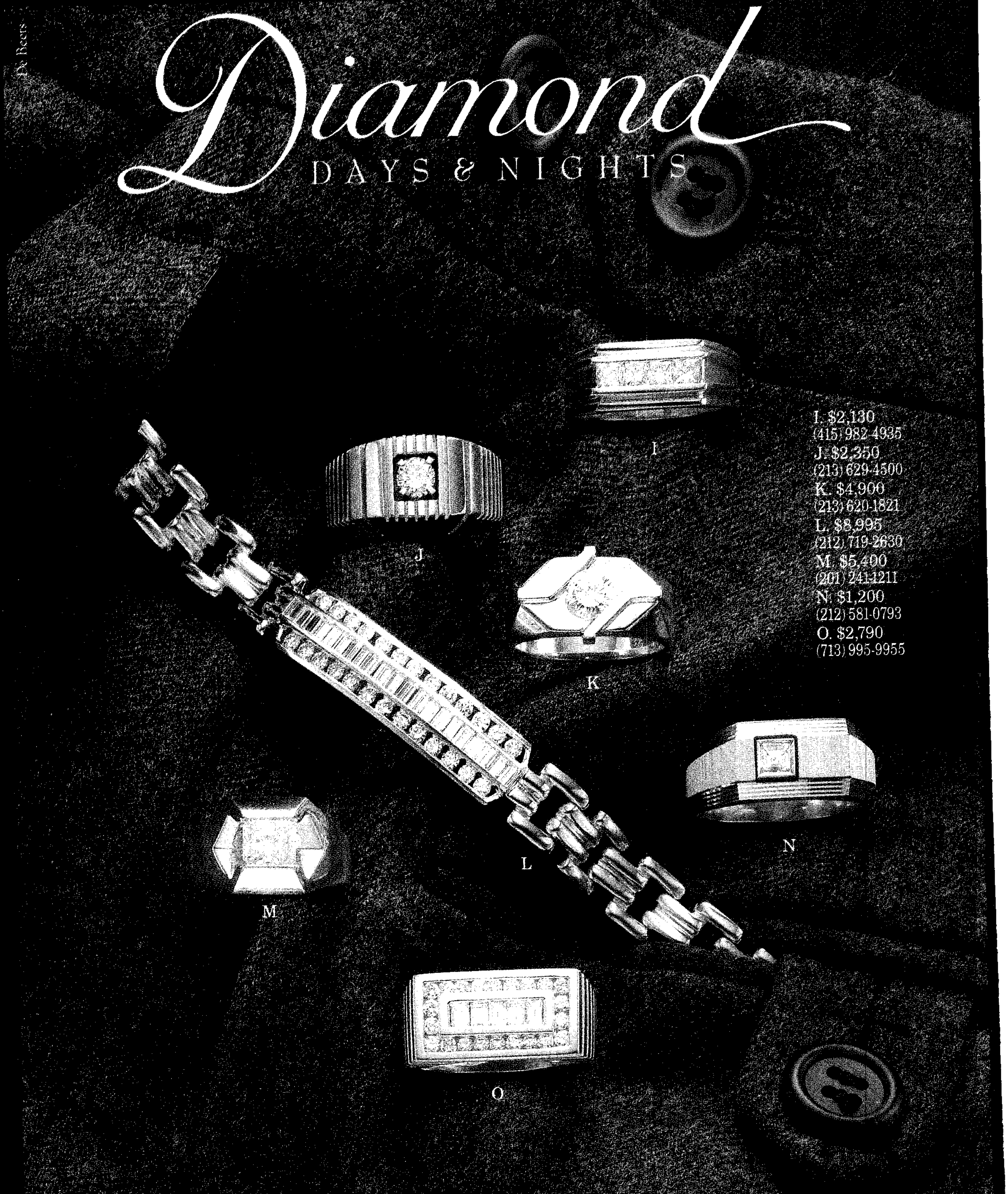

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Rae Dawn Chong. From Dec. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 6: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "True Stories" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "Song of the South" (†). From Dec. 5: (Matinées only) "Song of the South" (†); and (evenings only) "Rebel" (Michael Jenkins), with Matt Dillon.
Theatre 3: "Stand By Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 4: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett. From Dec. 5: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "Solarbabies" (directed by Alan Johnson), with Richard Jordan. From Dec. 5: "Modern Girls" (Jerry Kramer).
Theatre 3: "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 5: "Streets of Gold" (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 6: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 4: "Stand By Me" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"Song of the South" (†). No performances Tuesday, Dec. 9.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "The Wraith" (Mike Marvin).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle). From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett.

U.A. Twin I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Eye of the Tiger" (Richard C. Sarafian). From Dec. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret. From Dec. 5: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 4: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; directed by Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Parting Glances" (1986; Bill Sherwood).
Dec. 5-6: "Re-Animator" (1985; Stuart Gordon), with Jeffrey Combs; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
Dec. 7-9: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Les Compères" (1983; Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Dec. 10-11: "The Brother from Another Planet" (1984; John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles; and

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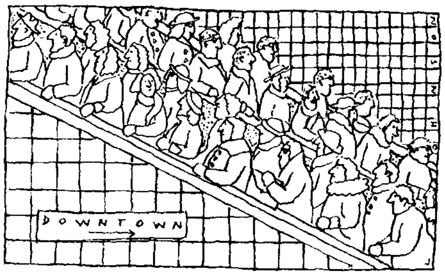
"Last Night at the Alamo" (1984; Eagle Pennell).
Dec. 12-13: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†); and "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, Lukas Haas, and Josef Sommer.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 3: "Men Are Not Gods" (1937; Walter Reisch), with Miriam Hopkins, Gertrude Lawrence, and Rex Harrison; and "Lydia" (1941; Julien Duvivier), with Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, and Alan Marshal.
Dec. 4-6: "Fire Over England" (1937; William K. Howard), with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and Raymond Massey; and "Anna Karenina" (1948; Julien Duvivier), with Vivien Leigh and Ralph Richardson.
Dec. 7-8: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942 †) and "The Divorce of Lady X" (†).
Dec. 9-10: "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan; and "Hobson's Choice" (†).
Dec. 11: "The Private Life of Don Juan" (†); and "Forever Yours" (1937; Stanley Irving and Zoltán Korda), with Beniamino Gigli and Joan Gardner.
Dec. 12-13: "Richard III" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 3: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).
Dec. 4: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.
Dec. 5-6: A thirty-eight-hour marathon (starting at 2 P.M. Friday) of twenty-six horror films, from 1919 to 1977.
Dec. 7: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), a short film.
Dec. 8-9: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
Dec. 10: "Broken Blossoms" (†) and "Abraham Lincoln" (†).
Dec. 11: "Ride in the Whirlwind" (†) and "The Shooting" (†).
Dec. 12-13: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford, Rutger Hauer, Brion James, Joanna Cassidy, and Daryl Hannah; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Dec. 4: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
Dec. 5-6: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "Quest for Fire" (1982; Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.
Dec. 7: "Down and Dirty" (†); and "Forbidden Music" (1943; Carlo Campogalliani; in Italian), with Tito Gobbi and Maria Mercader.
Dec. 8-11: A program of homosexual films.
Dec. 12-13: "Blood Simple" (†); and "F/X" (1986; Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.



Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 3: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.
Dec. 4: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Jade Mask" (1945; Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.
Dec. 5-6: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
Dec. 7-8: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.
Dec. 9: "Beyond the Forest" (1949; King Vidor), with Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian; and "Deception" (†).
Dec. 10: "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "Dishonored" (†).
Dec. 11: "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire; and "Second Chorus" (†).
From Dec. 12: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Christmas in Connecticut" (1945; Peter Godfrey), with Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, and Sydney Greenstreet.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre I: Dec. 4 at 2:30 and 6: "Sisters of the Gion" (1936; directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles).... ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Piccadilly" (1929; E. A. Dupont; a British silent film), with Gilda Gray, Anna May Wong, Charles Laughton, and Jameson Thomas.... ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "High Treason" (1929; Maurice Elvey; a British silent film, with French intertitles), with Benita Hume and Jameson Thomas.... ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: "Trunk Crime" ("Design for Murder;" 1939; Roy Boulting).... ¶ Dec. 6 at 5: "A Place of One's Own" (1945; Bernard Knowles), with James Mason, Margaret Lockwood, and Dennis Price.... ¶ Dec. 7 at 2: "Green for Danger" (1946; Sidney Gilliat), with Trevor Howard, Alastair Sim, Sally Gray, and Rosamund John.... ¶ Dec. 7 at 5: "I See a Dark Stranger" ("The Adventuress;" 1946; Frank Launder), with Deborah Kerr, Trevor Howard, and Raymond Huntley.... ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster and Susan Sarandon. Mr. Malle will be present.... ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Strange Boarders" (1939; Herbert Mason), with Tom Walls, Renée Saint-Cyr, and Googie Withers.... ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: "Brief Ecstasy" (1937; Edmond T. Greville), with Paul Lukas, Hugh Williams, and Marie Ney.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30 and 6: "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Dame May Whitty.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 6: "Odd Man Out" (1947; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Kathleen Ryan, Robert Beatty, Cyril Cusack, and Fay Compton.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 2: "The Upturned Glass" (1947; Lawrence Huntington), with James Mason and Rosamund John.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 5: "Corridor of Mirrors" (1948; Terence Young), with Eric Portman and Edana Romney.

Theatre 2: Dec. 4 at 3 and 6:30: "I Love $" (1986; Johan van der Keuken), a documentary.... ¶ Dec. 5 at 3: "Günter Wallraff—At the Bottom" (1986; Jörg Gfrörer; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6:30: "Stammheim" (1985; Reinhard Hauff; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Record" (1984; Daniel Helfer; in German, with English subtitles), with Uwe Ochsenknecht. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5:30: "The Blind Director" (1985; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles), with Armin Müller-Stahl and Jutta Hoffmann. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Stammheim." . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5:30: "Günter Wallraff—At the Bottom." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 3: "Sherman's March" (1986; Ross McElwee). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6:30: "Charleen" (1978; Ross McElwee) and "Backyard" (1982; Ross McElwee). Mr. McElwee will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Now or Never" (1986; Christel Buschmann; in German), with Eva Mattes and Werner Stocker. Christel Buschmann will be present at the 6:30 showing. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 3 and 6:30: "Beyond Sorrow, Beyond Pain" (1983; Agneta Elers-Jarleman), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 3: "Le Brasier Ardent" (1923; Alexandre Volkoff and Ivan Mosjoukine; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Mosjoukine and Nathalie Lissenko. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 6:30: "L'Hirondelle et la Mésange" (1920; André Antoine; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Pierre Alcover. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Les Films de Lumière, 1895-98," compiled by Vincent Pinel of the Cinémathèque Française. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30: "Le Brasier Ardent."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Silver Lake with Dolmen Music," an installation by Meredith Monk, including "Dolmen Music" (1980). Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Abraham Lincoln (1930)—Walter Huston played the lead in this D. W. Griffith sound film, made from a script officially credited to Stephen Vincent Benét (though apparently it was tampered with). Griffith was ill at the time and unable to supervise the final work or the editing, and he was (understandably) unhappy about the results. (Parts are first-rate, other parts arch.) Una Merkel is Ann Rutledge; Kay Hammond is Mary Todd Lincoln. With Ian Keith as John Wilkes Booth, Jason Robards, Sr., as Herndon, and Hobart Bosworth as Lee. (Thalia; Dec. 10.)

Blood Simple (1985)—This splatter-movie art movie was directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan, who was the producer. A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The one real novelty in the conception is that the audience has a God's-eye view of who is doing what to whom, while the characters have a blinkered view and, misinterpreting what they see, sometimes take totally inexpedient actions. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/25/85.) (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 12-13.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Waverly, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Dec. 5.)

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film that is one of his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, possibly, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampanò-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Thalia; Dec. 10.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Dec. 5.)

Deception (1946)—Blissfully foolish—a camp classic. Alex Hollenius (Claude Rains) is the greatest composer in the United States; his febrile mistress (Bette Davis) can escape him only by shooting him. Considering that he has set her up in the finest apartment in Manhattan, swaddled her in ermine, drenched her in champagne, and taught her to play the piano with a skill approximating that of Arthur Rubinstein, some might regard this as rank ingratitude. But he's a venomous genius, and an epicure besides, given to wearing velvet jackets. He treats the cellist (Paul Henreid) whom she loves very shabbily—badgering him until he gets so nervous that he can hardly handle a bow. Irving Rapper, who had directed this trio in "Now, Voyager," let them run rampant this time, especially the leering Rains, who outdoes Davis in bravura. (She doesn't look young or glamorous, either; she's a rather pufty-faced femme fatale.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9.)

Dishonored (1931)—The dullest of the Marlene Dietrich films directed by Josef von Sternberg. Dietrich plays a "woman of the streets" who is given the chance of spiritual redemption by serving her country; she becomes the glamorous spy X-27, but falls in love with an enemy agent (Victor McLaglen). McLaglen is a hopeless mistake—he's meant to be dashing, but he's a grinning buffoon, with zero sex appeal. Dietrich goes through her repertory of teases, lowering her eyelids demurely and raising them amusingly; she's charming, but she's playing all alone. Her ironic, spacey gallantry—the way she keeps her firing squad waiting while she takes out her lipstick and touches up her mouth—is the only real entertainment in this lamely directed movie; the lines are so stiffly paced that they're like failed epigrams. With Lew Cody, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Warner Oland, and Barry Norton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

The Divorce of Lady X (1937)—Expensively produced attempt at a sophisticated romantic comedy; it's rather foolish and a little draggy, and is mainly of interest because of the cast—Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes. They don't do much in the way of acting, but their arch romping is, at least, a curiosity. Tim Whelan directed. (Regency; Dec. 7-8.)

Down and Dirty (1976)—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 7.)

Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Hobson's Choice (1953)—Charles Laughton is superbly vulgar in this whack at the backside of Victorianism. He makes a great vaudeville turn out of the role of an egocentric, prosperous bootmaker who doesn't want to part with his three marriageable daughters because they are too useful as unpaid labor. As the oldest daughter, Brenda de Banzie is so right that when she marries her father's best workman and puts belching, drunken old Dad out of business, one feels the good old-fashioned impulse to applaud. John Mills is the fortunate young man whom she overpowers. David Lean directed this English comedy. (Regency; Dec. 9-10.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she

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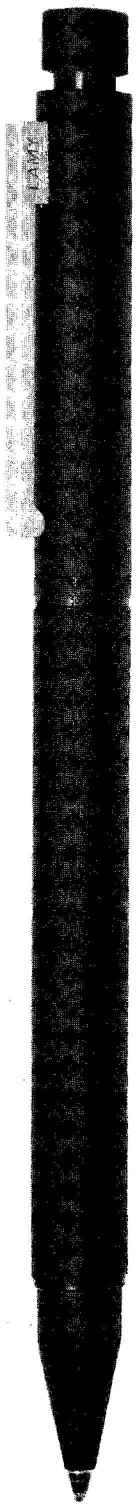

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the *man who introduces himself on television as* Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Dec. 4.)

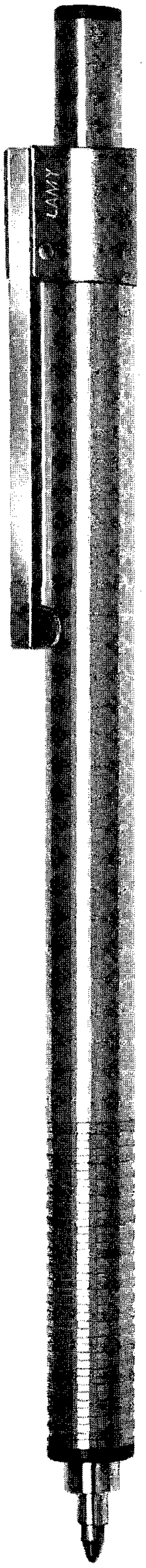
PLENTY (1985)—After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. She keeps exercising her gift for cultured, sardonic invective, and her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. As Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. Fred Schepisi directed; David Hare adapted his sick-soul-of-England play. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Public Theatre; through Dec. 11.)

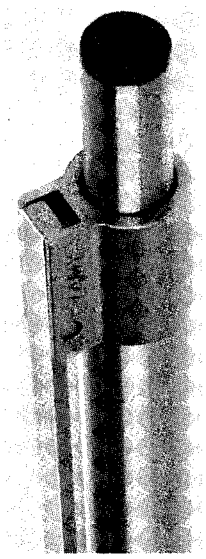
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN (1934)—A relatively motionless Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a rueful, satirical movie analogy to his then domestic problems. His Don Juan, past his heyday, is in his forties and has to watch his diet and sneak in a masseur. The story is about how he frees himself from the demands of philandering. It's one of those films that lumbers along and never really takes off, though the gimmick—he is believed dead and comes back in disguise—appears promising. With Merle Oberon, Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, and Melville Cooper. Directed by Alexander Korda. (Regency; Dec. 11.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. But it doesn't matter very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." With Stanley Baker, Norman Wooland, Pamela Brown, and Alec Clunes. (Regency; Dec. 12-13.)

RIDE IN THE WHIRLWIND (1965)—Monte Hellman directed this film and "The Shooting" (see below) in Utah during a seven-week period on a budget (from Roger Corman) of a hundred and sixty thousand dollars for both. Jack Nicholson, who acts in both, was also Hellman's co-producer, and wrote the script for this one. The cast includes Millie Perkins and Cameron Mitchell, and the story has something to do with three cowboys on the run—a metaphysical run. The picture was a critical success in Paris, but Hellman (he later made "Two-Lane Blacktop") bakes the Western in the sun too long for most Americans. Maybe the person who wrote the subtitles in the French version added something to the austerity and the bleak riddles. (Thalia; Dec. 11.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary





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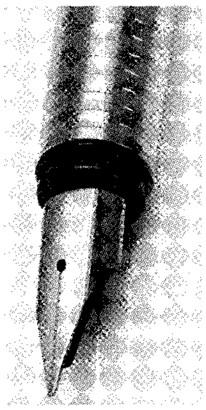

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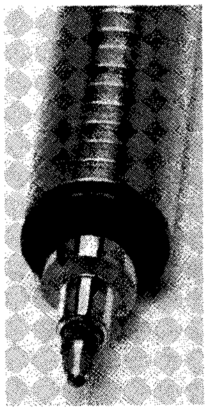

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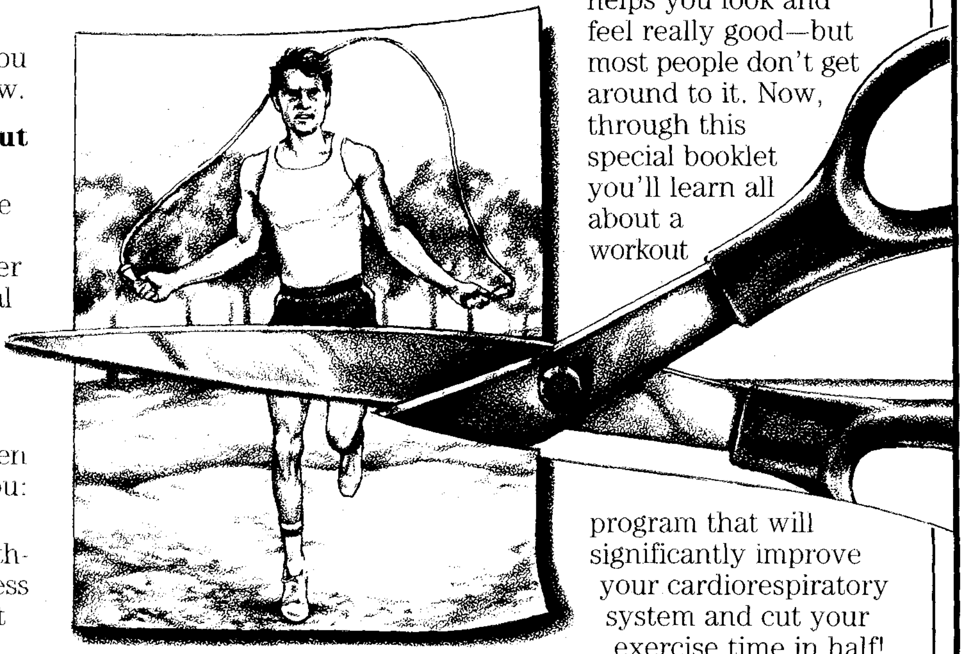

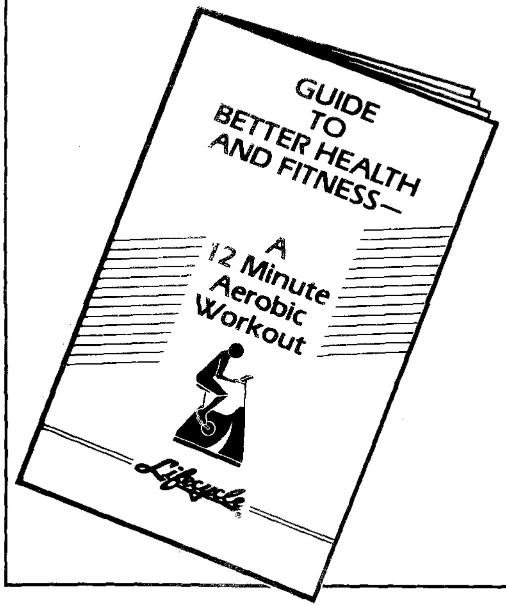
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Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. Soon he has become a friend of the black American giant. (Gordon is six feet five or six.) Cluzet follows him around, takes care of him, and rescues him when he goes on a bender and is hospitalized; Cluzet becomes Gordon's keeper, treating the expatriate with the respect he didn't get in his own country. He treats him as the artist he is, and Gordon flowers into a courtly, gentle fellow, and begins to compose again. But his self-destructiveness runs very deep, and so the picture is one crisis after another, with the saintly groupie running through the streets, searching for the imperilled saintly bopper. The way the picture is conceived, the musician is always on the verge of collapse or death. (Afterward, in the lobby, a woman said to her friend, "I'm worn out from worrying about him.") The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. The film is "respectfully dedicated to Bud Powell and Lester Young." Tavernier clearly identifies with the fan, and he probably cast Cluzet in the role because of his resemblance to Truffaut. (We're being told that Tavernier loves American movies as well as American jazz; he even shows us Cluzet making home movies of his idol.) Tavernier seems to be enshrining his own idolatry. His moviemaking is rhythmless. And there's nothing visceral in his appreciation of jazz: the music itself has none of the mysterious teeming vitality of great bebop—it's lifeless, commemorative. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, who shakes things up when she sings a good low-down version of Bessie Smith's "Put It Right Here," and Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians, including Herbie Hancock, who arranged and conducted the music. The script, which attempts to achieve a musical flow (and allows for improvised dialogue), is by David Rayfiel and Tavernier. (Plaza, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin.)

Second Chorus (1940)—A misbegotten Fred Astaire musical. At the time, it was generally considered his worst picture, and Astaire himself later concurred in the judgment. He plays an overage undergraduate—a swing bandleader who keeps flunking his exams so that he can stay in college. The band is actually Artie Shaw's, considerably augmented. Astaire's romantic and tap partner is Paulette Goddard, who manages the band, and his rival for her affections is Burgess Meredith. The funnymen, Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Conlin, don't compensate for the scarcity of good numbers. The most memorable song is the one known by the line "I ain't hep to that step but I'll dig it." H. C. Potter directed; Bobby Hackett dubbed Astaire's trumpet, and Billy Butterfield dubbed Meredith's trumpet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

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The Shooting (1965)—The low-budget Monte Hellman film shot in Utah at the same time as "Ride in the Whirlwind." Carol Eastman, who sometimes uses the name Adrien Joyce and who later wrote "Five Easy Pieces," did the enigmatic script. Millie Perkins, on horseback, is searching for something unspecified in the desert; she has a gunman riding behind her, on a leash. The cast includes Jack Nicholson, Warren Oates, and Will Hutchins. They use a dialect that may be authentic to something but is largely indecipherable. To lift from Henry James, Monte Hellman asks a lot for the little he gives. (Thalia; Dec. 11.)

Something Wild—Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The script—a first by E. Max Frye—is like the working out of a young man's fantasy of the pleasures and punishments of shucking off middle-class behavior patterns. The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it's really screwball: it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie. Starting with David Byrne and Celia Cruz singing Byrne's "Loco De Amor" during the opening credits, and ending with a reprise of Chip Taylor's "Wild Thing" by the reggae singer Sister Carol East, who appears on half of the screen while the final credits roll on the other half, there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed onscreen by The Feelies. The score—it was put together by John Cale and Laurie Anderson—has a life of its own that gives the movie a buzzing vitality. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta as the dangerous, menacing Ray; Dana Preu as the kook's gloriously bland mother; Margaret Colin as bitchy Irene; and, tucked among the many performers, John Waters and John Sayles. (11/17/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Baronet; through Dec. 11.)

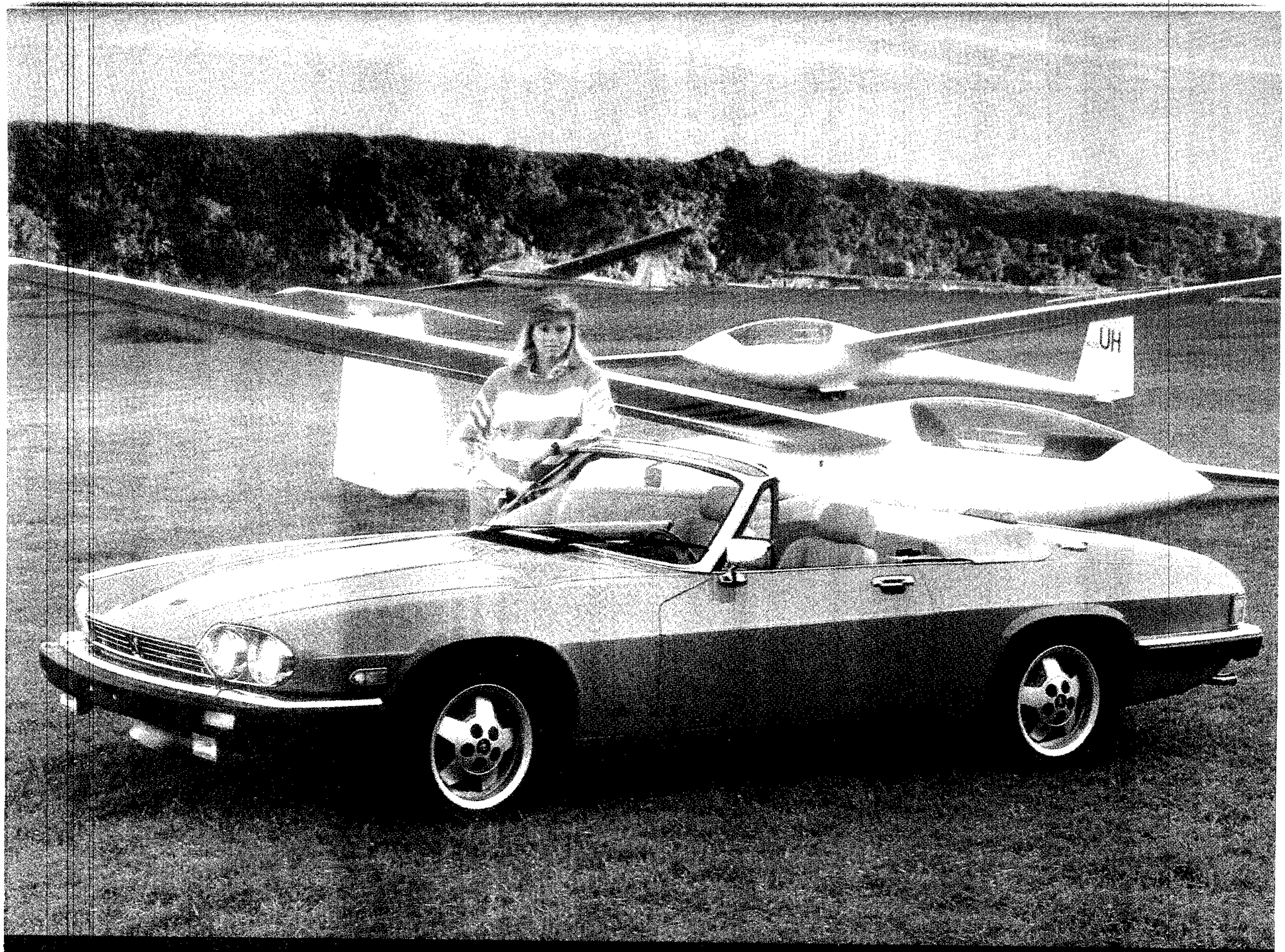
Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Guild. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad. Starting Dec. 5, matinées only. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street. No performances Tuesday, Dec. 9.)

Stand By Me—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Ernst Lubitsch, who directed, starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers yowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is more crudely gleeful than funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, and Tom Dugan (as Hitler). It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Regency; Dec. 7-8.)

True Stories—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism. Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us. With John Goodman, Jo Harvey Allen, Tito Larriva, Roebuck (Pops) Staples, Swoosie Kurtz, Spalding Gray, Annie McEnroe, and Alix Elias. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (Beekman, 8th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema.)

The Year of Living Dangerously (1983)—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt, as the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman, brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. The emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. But movie squalor has its own glamour, and scene by scene this film is fascinating; despite a certain amount of mystical-East blather, it's alive on the screen. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's 1978 novel. (Cinema Village; Dec. 12-13.)



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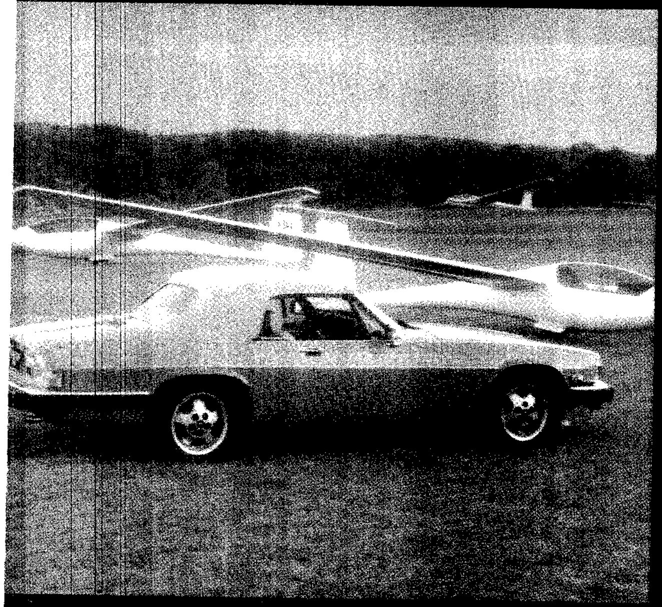

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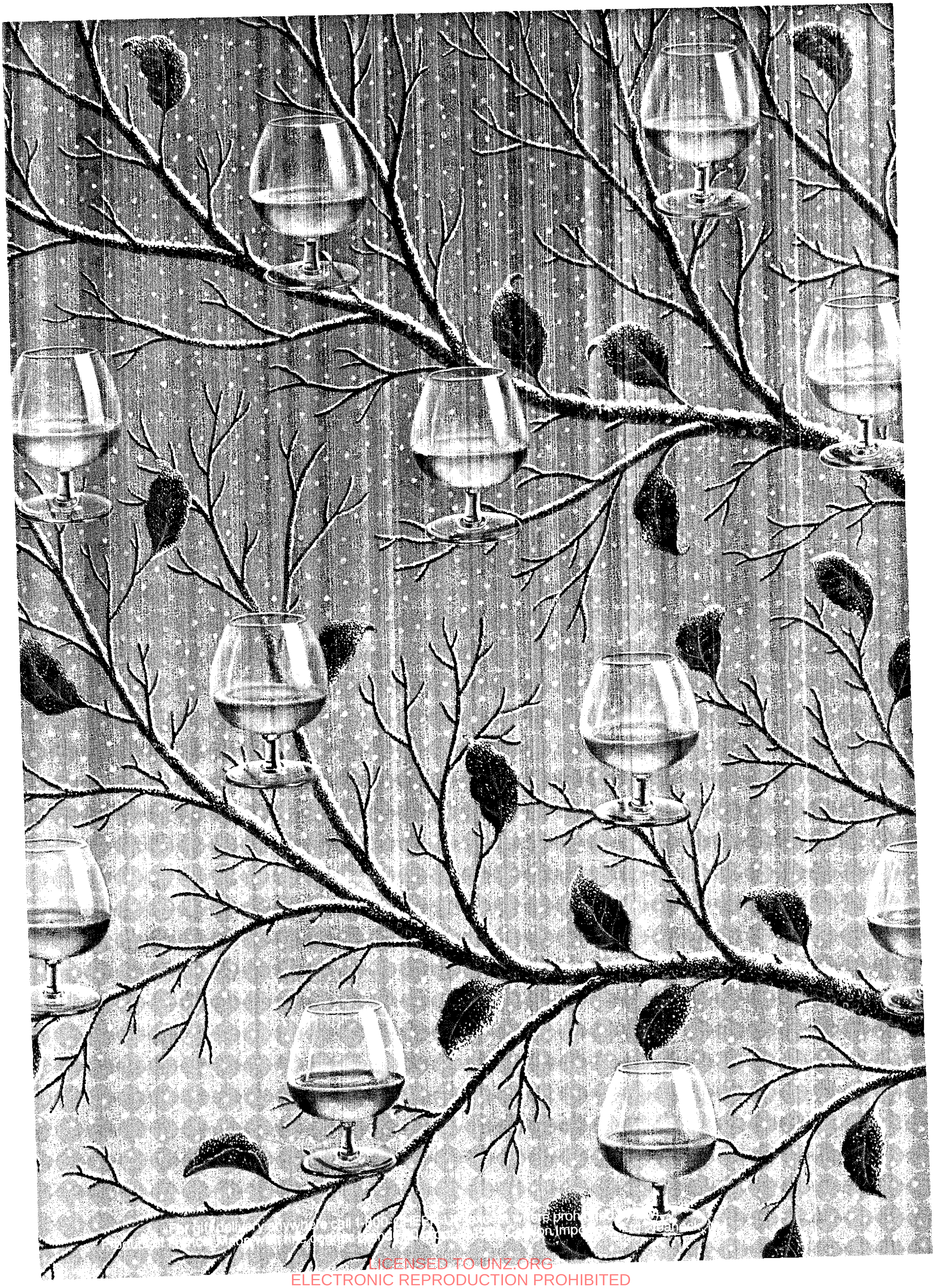

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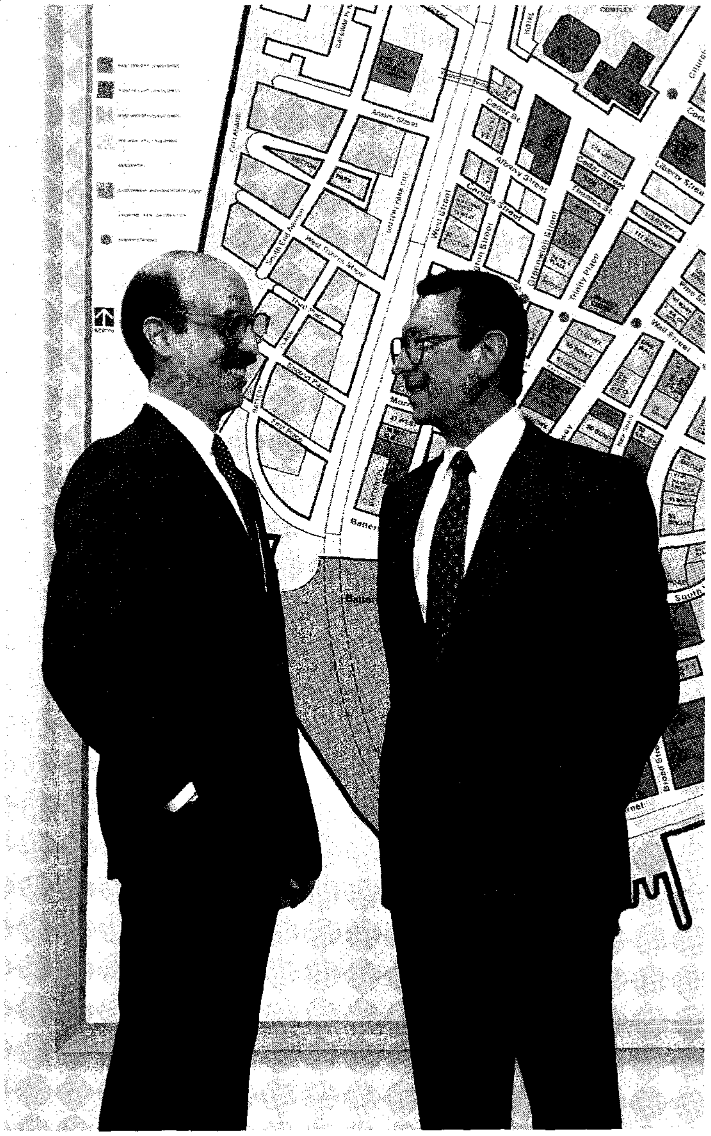

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Notes and Comment

"SHE is involved in terrorist activities," Elliott Abrams, the Reagan Administration's Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, was telling Harry Reasoner on "60 Minutes" the other night. "She is a member of the M-19 terrorist organization in Colombia. She is an active liaison between that terrorist organization, which is in the business of murdering people, and the Cuban secret police. That's why we don't want her here in this country."

Abrams was on "60 Minutes" to set the record straight regarding Patricia Lara—a thirty-five-year-old star reporter for the largest, most widely respected newspaper in Colombia, *El Tiempo;* an alumna of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism; and a frequent visitor to these shores (she spent an utterly uneventful vacation here in March, 1985)—who was detained at Kennedy Airport this past October 12th by the Immigration and Naturalization Service as she was attempting to pass through customs, valid visa in hand, on her way to receive an award in a ceremony at her alma mater.

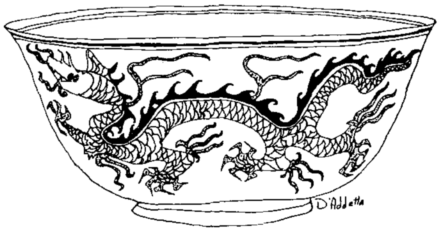
Detained and held: first overnight at an airport hotel, under the supervision of two private security guards; then for two days at an I.N.S. detention center; and then for two days, under *maximum-security* conditions, at the Metropolitan Correctional Center, a federal prison in Manhattan, where she was kept in solitary confinement pending a brief legal proceeding. Following the legal proceeding, she was summarily expelled from the country. All this because her name had appeared in the I.N.S.'s lookout book of "undesirable aliens."

The case caused quite an uproar back in Colombia; the young imprisoned journalist was referred to in banner headlines there as "Patricia Daniloff." She was not an unknown quantity to Colombian readers: her reporting from Cuba had been popular and well regarded, and a book of hers—published in 1982—that consisted of interviews with members of the M-19 guerrilla movement had been a best-seller. In 1984, she had publicly lauded the tentative mutual truce in the guerrilla war, and then, in 1985, she had criticized the M-19 guerrillas for their reversion to violence in the disastrous attack on the Palace of Justice in Bogotá. Although she regularly criticized United States policy in Central America as well, she hardly seemed a threat to United States national security.

Elliott Abrams was there on "60 Minutes" to correct that impression. He insisted that the Administration was in possession of "very good intelligence information on her, going back nearly ten years." He declined, though, to share anything but the most generalized characterizations. "In a terror network, such as the one the Cubans and the M-19 have, not everybody shoots guns or throws bombs," he explained. "Some people have more administrative tasks to perform. She hasn't been one of the bomb throwers, but her role is every bit as important."

How, Harry Reasoner asked, could she be fooling so many of her countrymen? Was she that good?

"She's not that good," Abrams assured the viewers of "60 Minutes." "There's been a lot of sort of rumor back and forth in Colombia about people who suspected that she wasn't just visiting Cuba very frequently and writing pro-Cuban articles just out of ideological commitment; maybe there was a little more of a sort of active involvement. And obviously we've been following her for a long time." Abrams paused, then continued sagely, "Now, one of the things that happens when I say this to you is that the game is now up. That is, she knows she is being watched, so she will have to desist from some of her activities."



Patricia Lara, on the same broadcast, denied Abrams' charges point by point. During the ensuing days, Colombian Cabinet officials backed her up, declaring that they were in possession of no incriminating intelligence concerning her. "We don't know where the U.S. government obtained such information," the Colombian Foreign Minister said. And earlier this year former President Belisario Betancur, an authority on M-19 if ever there was one, and someone unlikely to be favorably disposed toward any of its agents (his Presidential tenure was virtually wrecked by M-19's assault on the Palace of Justice), in writing an introduction to a new edition of Lara's book, praised "her brilliance, her intellectual honesty, her professional dedication," placing her "in the first ranks of her profession" and predicting that she would come out "exalted from the petty persecutions" of "officials who do not bring honor to the ideals of freedom sought and proclaimed by the founders of the great U.S. nation."

She may come out exalted. She may come out exonerated: her lawyer is currently pursuing a suit on the ground of abuse of due process, and he may soon be adding slander charges to his brief. Or she may come out dead: according to Amnesty International, during the first six months of this year over six hundred people in Colombia were assassinated by right-wing death squads hot on the trail of supposed radicals and Cuban agents (and the rate of this activity has been increasing, with over eighty such killings taking place during the first twenty days of September in just one city). In such a political climate, simply to be labelled a guerrilla is to be placed at risk. Time will tell what becomes of Patricia Lara.

• •

Reading

A WOMAN in New Hampshire writes:

I crept into the back of a school auditorium to watch David McCord do what he loves best—read poetry, his own and others', and talk about it with children. He became eighty-nine years old last month, but he still visits as many as twenty-five schools during a year. The reading I attended, at the Ray School, in Hanover, New Hampshire, was sponsored by the town's Howe Library. The children's librarian introduced him as "the author of 'Rhymes of the Never Was and Always Is,' a great poet who loves words almost as much as he loves children."

"I'm going to tell you a little about my life," Mr. McCord said to the children. "When I was born, in New York City, streetcars were drawn by horses. I got malaria at three and was always sick, but Mother was a good teacher. I learned the Ten Commandments and Ohm's law of electricity when I was seven years old, and she had me tutored in Latin and astronomy. After Father lost every nickel we had, we went to live on a ranch on the Rogue River, in Oregon. From age eleven to age fifteen, I had practically no schooling and didn't see more than five other kids a year—just the ones who came by in a wagon—but I taught myself the Morse code and got a radio license, so I could talk in code to kids all over the state. I used to pan for gold, fish, and hunt wild animals. Once, I hit a jackrabbit in full flight, and on my fourteenth birthday I killed a bobcat, but shortly after that I stopped hunting altogether. My mother sweet-talked my way into Portland's Lincoln High School, and in three years I was ready for college. Those days, you only applied to one college, and if you didn't get in you didn't go. I tried for Harvard but made a fifty-two on the physics exam and flunked. Then came the letter from the admissions office that changed my life. Because so many failed physics, they had lowered the passing grade to fifty."

The children laughed when he told them that his great-uncle was bounced out of Dartmouth in the eighteen-fifties for playing the banjo on Sunday. He also told of a friend who got arrested for speeding while driving a Stutz Bearcat in a cemetery. He said he hoped they were learning poetry by heart. "I've done it all my life," he continued. "I possess a blurred photographic memory and lots of patience. Patience is what you need to learn the Morse code, or to memorize or to write poetry. Patience is what life calls for."

His bright, blue eyes peered mischievously through horn-rimmed glasses as he recited, in a gravelly voice, a Richard Armour poem, "Going to Extremes":

Shake and shake
  The catsup bottle.
None will come,
  Then a lot'll.

The children laughed again, and he tried a poem by Harold T. Meryman, a cryobiologist:

I have no doubt I could freeze
My mother-in-law with the greatest ease.
The only thing that gives me pause
Is, what would happen when she thaws?

Some children recited poems they had composed in his honor. Isobel Cooley, a fourth grader, had written:

Down behind the dustbin
I met a dog called Jim.
He didn't know me
And I didn't know him.

Mr. McCord responded to each one. "Read slower," he said to one boy. "That's what's killing poetry right across the country—speedy reading." He suggested that the boys and girls learn the lost art of writing thank-you notes. "The sooner written, the shorter they can be," he said. "The best one I ever read was eleven words: 'Some parties deserve a letter. Some don't. Yours does. Here's mine.' "

Half a page in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is devoted to David McCord. He was once asked to be the editor of Bartlett's, and he now wishes he had accepted. "Think what I could have learned!" One of his poems, "Epitaph on a Waiter," is reprinted in its entirety:

By and by
God caught his eye.

David McCord lives at the Harvard Club in Boston, and holds court there for generations of Harvard graduates. Although he describes himself as "a Republican dry-fly-fishing bachelor," others might call him the Compleat Harvard Man. He holds two Harvard degrees, and in 1956 he was awarded Harvard's first honorary L.H.D. He was the editor of the Harvard alumni magazine, and for thirty-seven years was the executive secretary of the Harvard College Fund. When he graduated, in 1921, he delivered the Ivy Oration (no public-address system), and at the college's three-hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday party, last September, he read to twenty-five thousand people in Harvard Stadium (his face projected on a huge screen) a salute to Harvard: "She is permanently for change, but always with an eye to the unchanging values of the human spirit . . . and most important: she has faithfully stood for freedom of the mind and the dignity of the individual."

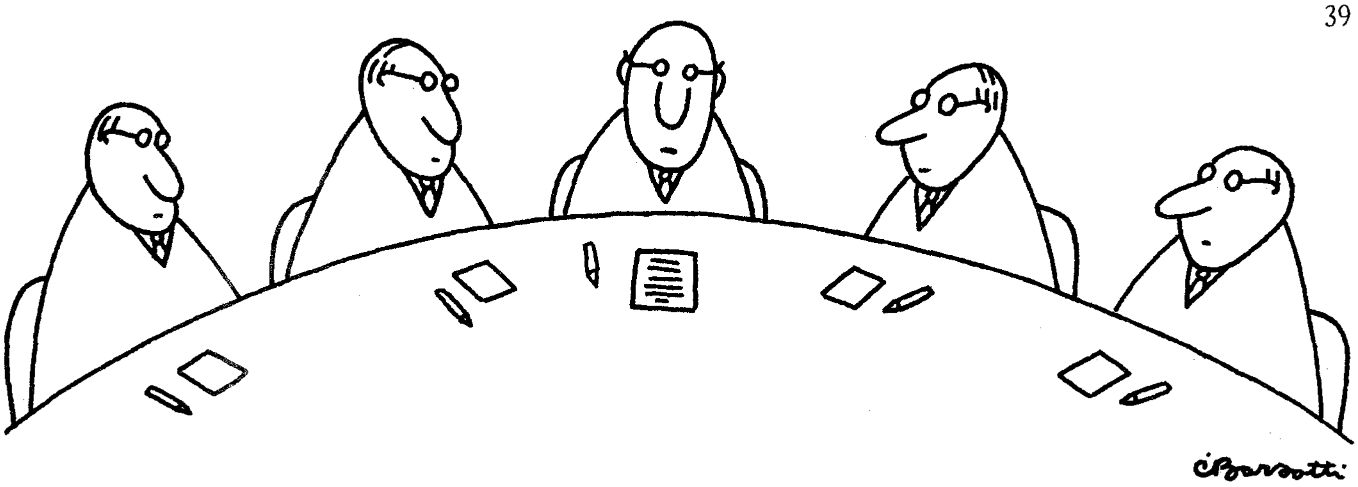
The three-hundred-and-fiftieth's printed program exasperated him by referring to "purebread" white show horses. "Nobody can read proof anymore," he complains. "An author I know thanked his editor for excellent 'poof-reading.' "

He has written or edited fifty books, the most recent of which, "All Small," illustrated by Madeline Gill Linden, was published this year, by Little, Brown. Of the poems it contains, he especially likes one that goes:

Melvin Martin Riley Smith
Made do without what we do with.
For instance, did he have a kite?
He didn't, but he had the right
Amount of string to make one fly,
And lots and lots and lots of sky.

He has a grant to do another book—a collection he tentatively calls "Shelf of Myself" and describes as "just things I think worth saving." The Boston Public Library has reserved two rooms to house the six thousand books he owns—when or if he decides he can part with them. "I can't do it yet," he says. "It would be like giving away your children."

David McCord is a walking Bart-



"Then it's agreed. We'll close our plants in Raleigh, Scranton, Kansas City, Toledo, Newark, Sacramento, Wheeling, and Houston. Thank you, gentlemen. It was a very productive meeting."

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lett's. "A quote I use a lot that children like," he says, "is from 'Moby Dick': 'It is not down in any map; true places never are.' Another, from Willa Cather's 'My Ántonia,' a book every American should read, is 'That is happiness; to be dissolved into something complete and great.' " He is asked if Cather's sentence might describe his relationship with Harvard, and he replies, "Harvard *is* great. But what is greatness? Heaven is probably great. You have to watch it."

Energy

GALVANIZED by our New Hampshire friend, we went down to the New York Open Center, in SoHo, one night last month to hear Andrew Loog Oldham, the original manager of the Rolling Stones, speak. It's a good thing that between twenty and thirty Hell's Angels didn't show up to help with security, because almost all the chairs were filled, and anyway everyone was polite. Andrew Loog Oldham, who had been working for Brian Epstein, the man who discovered the Beatles, discovered the Rolling Stones. He got them onto "Thank Your Lucky Stars," the British pop program, though they protested when he made them wear matching checked jackets with dark trousers and ties. Later, on a concert tour of England, they kept spilling chocolate pudding on their uniforms until Andrew Loog Oldham finally said they didn't have to wear them anymore. He made Keith Richards drop the "s" from the end of his name. On the cover of their first American album Andrew Loog Oldham wrote, "The Rolling Stones are more than just a group—they are a way of life."

It took Oldham a while to get started down in SoHo. His people were setting up a video camera and arranging for signs to give him if he was speaking overtime. But at last he walked up onto the stage. He held a bottle of Évian mineral water in his right hand—a big bottle. And he said, "Would you like to start with a few questions, or do you want me to ramble?"

People asked questions: How was it he had met the Stones? What were they like?

Oldham's tremendous answers, the ones he gave before we left, were a little hard to hear, because he didn't really *enunciate* his words. The trouble was less enunciation, maybe, than projection. His words wandered out of his mouth like cigarette smoke and disappeared, leaving behind a general impression of coolness. At one point, he said (we think), "When you meet them and work with them, you know your life is going to be changed forever." In the early days, "we weren't press agents, we weren't producers," he said. "That's why it worked." He said something about the employees of major recording studios being "civil servants." He said he was "in the same ocean" as the Stones for a while but never had "this same thing they do, this great thing, whatever it is, to fall back on."

We hesitate to even bring this up, because, heaven knows, writers have done enough damage to the fragile truth by stuffing events into precast molds. Writers are always defining times—the Middle Ages, or B.C., or whatever. Was Europe any different on January 1, 1501, from the way it had been the day before? No (at least in the Julian calendar). But, with that caveat, we'll go ahead and blurt out the thought that wandered into our mind as we watched Andrew Loog Oldham. Is it possible that maybe some of the energy from the nineteen-sixties has begun to dissipate? Does it seem to anyone else that some new and different era might be on the way? He seemed just the littlest bit *tame*—the man who tried to name the twenty-second Stones album "Necrophilia." The social-awareness thing, and the wild rock-and-roll thing, and the communal thing—those will survive, of course. And tie-dye is here to stay. But maybe—and, really, this is only a thought—some of that energy might be fading.

What could be causing this? We had little or no idea until we talked one day last week to James Post, who is the sales manager for Jolt Cola, a Rochester-based concern quickly expanding nationwide. "Over the last twenty years, they've been taking things out," Mr. Post said. "They thought sugar and caffeine were bad. We're saying, 'Enough's enough.' " Jolt Cola is a cola product with nearly twice the caffeine of regular old Coca-Cola or Pepsi, and also with a full dose of real cane sugar, not some corn sweetener. Mr. Joseph Rapp, who had spent a lifetime in the soft-drink business, conceived of Jolt in 1978, but it hit the market only this April. "He felt that soda wasn't fun anymore," said Mr. Post. "Soft drinks originated as a treat, but now they don't even taste good. We get so many letters. I've got some here. I've got a letter from a man who says he drinks it to help him wake up in the morning, because he's tired of coffee. The college crowd loves it—and we've got exam week coming up, which should be great. We got a call from a lady in Columbus, Ohio, who said, 'How can you be doing this to kids?' And Anne, our office manager, said, 'Would you rather have them drink this or beer?' We're turning the negative of caffeine into the positive of non-alcoholic. This woman in Ohio later organized a school coffeehouse where they served Jolt. It's perceived as naughty enough. Kids don't *like* beer."

Art Life

SHEILA METZNER is a happy woman. Twenty years ago, at the Frick gallery, she said to a companion, "I want to make big portraits of women" (she was looking at portraits by Whistler and Sargent), and now she does make such portraits, which are photographs, and people seem to like them. Sheila Metzner, right now, combines several ways of looking happy. She has very curly, very black hair; she wears leather; and at the opening of an exhibition of her portraits the other night she kept one hand next to a pocket in her leather dress where she had stashed admission cards to the second phase of the exhibition, which was to take place later that night at the Palladium. Whenever in the course of talking to one of the many, many people who were at the exhibition she found that her enthusiasm for that conversation was reaching fever pitch, she would put her hand in her pocket and pull out an admission card and hand it to the person she was talking to. That is, she is a kind of sixties woman: late sixties; possibly in public relations for a major star. But she is the star! The party is for no one but her. So add to the excitement vibration some other, less jittery form of pleasure. Her husband was there, after all, and two of their five daughters. She looked conventionally happy—happy in an ordinary way. Ordinary happiness is, as a few people know, a part of the avant-garde now. People have friends; people touch hands; people love their clothes.

As for the large portraits, they are not as large as Sheila would like. This is because the photographic process she uses has its limitations. These gals should be floor to ceiling. They are gathered under the rubric "Objects of Desire," a post-feminist title, at the Daniel Wolf Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and they come in three sizes, the largest of which, "oversize," is just a little more than three feet high. This counts the frame; the image is much smaller, because Sheila uses white space around her images. The women in the portraits are well dressed; the dress matters. The portraits of women are fashion photographs; many of them appeared in *Vogue*.

But there is architecture, too, and physical nakedness. The frames are handsome; many of them are made of curly maple, and have patinated copper at the corners. It is as though all conceivable sorts of nineteenth-century work had been brought together and violated.

"This is the woman who's on the cover of the book," Sheila said in introducing us to Joko, the person she had just been talking to. (There is a book of these portraits, also called "Objects of Desire.") "This is Passion."

"Hello, Passion," we said.

We asked Passion what color lipstick she was wearing.

"You shouldn't ask her that; she's very intelligent," Mrs. Metzner said.

"I'll write it down for you," Passion said. She wrote down these words:

Secret Rose

"I called Sheila up and asked her, 'What's your favorite movie?' She said 'Jules and Jim.' I knew it had to be 'Jules and Jim.' I knew she should be the one to photograph Jeanne Moreau for us. I could have given it to Avedon or Annie Leibovitz, and Moreau might have come out haggard, with pouches under her eyes." This is something a man said.

Uma was there. Uma, a wonderfully pretty blond model, who understands that ordinary happiness is a part of fashion now, appeared on the invitation to "Objects of Desire." She is the daughter of Nena von Schlebuggre, who was an important model in the fifties and sixties.

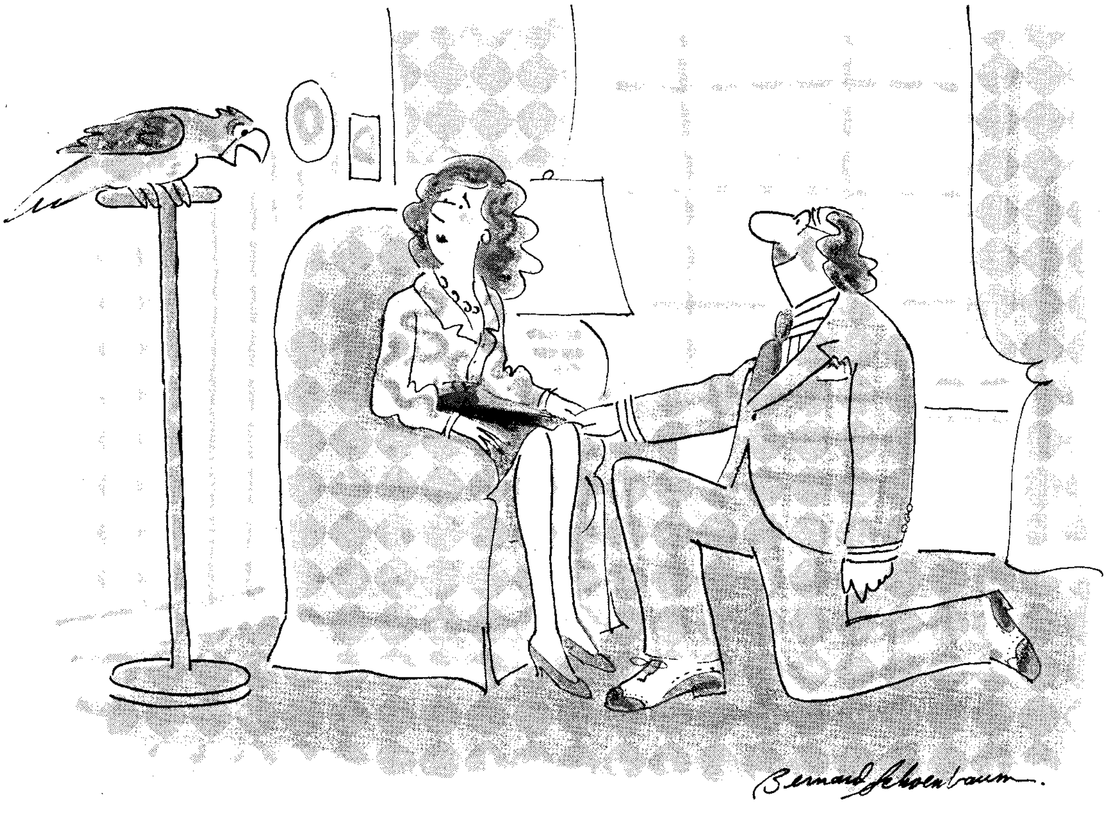
"And the tradition goes on?" we asked Uma.

"Somewhat."

"But not wholeheartedly?"

"Wholeheartedly enough; halfheartedly."

We encouraged Sheila Metzner to turn around and look at one photograph, just behind where she was standing. When she did, she told us, "It's a Chanel black



"For heaven's sake! He'd like your hand in marriage and I'd like a cracker."

velvet dress, 1985. Lagerfeld. Kathleen is the model." Then, in a gentler tone, she said, "These are wonderful prints—carbon process. I searched for it for nine years. I knew that it had been done in the past and that there was no trace of it in America. It's the only process that has black. Ordinarily, you have three colors. This has four colors: you have black. The prints are made by Michel Fresson, and his grandfather invented the process, in 1895."

"What's he like?" we asked.

"Michel Fresson? Why, he's in Paris—a very quiet man and a great craftsman."

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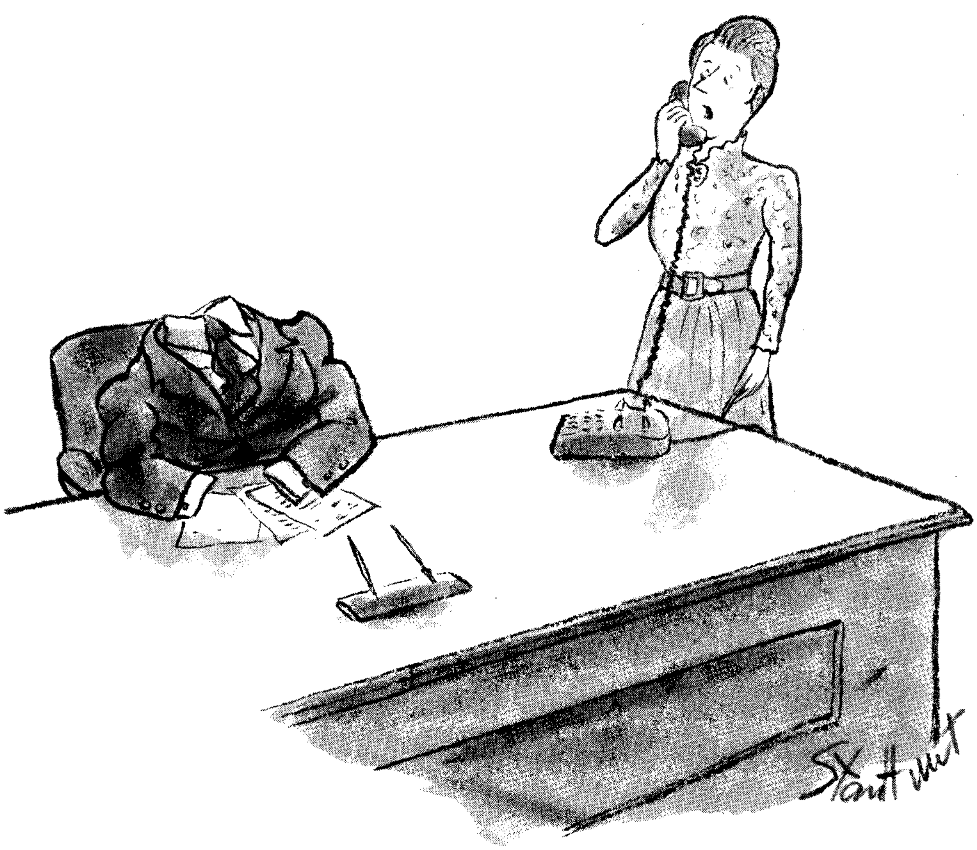
PUBLIC talks abound. Richard Louv, author, columnist, and futurist, spoke on the topic "Arts Environment—Population and Cities" at the Fifteenth Annual National Conference of FEDAPT, the Foundation for the Extension and Development of the American Professional Theatre, at a West Side hotel. He was sombre in tone. This was in contrast to the speaker just before him, who had said that when her organization abandoned its three-year plan, acknowledged the accepted limits, she had found the experience "incredibly liberating," and was also in contrast to another speaker, who had spoken about change itself, attitudes toward change itself. In these two speeches change was presented as a sort of celebrity, currently very hot, who should be accommodated at all costs or he/she would be very cross, and, in any case, he/she would take what he/she wanted. Accepting change was the idea, except that in the case of the woman who had accepted limits it seemed that what she had to adapt to was no change for the better.

Mr. Louv did not give the impression of being in a crosswind. He was very simple and direct. He is the author of "America II," a book that postulates two Americas: America I is the old center city, and is no longer in contention for anything, and America II is a nervous system of malls and private residential communities, like the Towers of Quayside, in Florida, which has a sophisticated community-television capability, and which is guarded by a laser light going along on top of a high wall. America III is something that might happen, but no one's giving odds. America III is America II but *humanized*—perhaps, Mr. Louv implied, by the Professional Theatre. One or two people in the room remembered how hard it had been to try to humanize America I, and where did that end up but out the door? Perversely, during Mr. Louv's speech ("This has to do with the fading away of something that you may hold dear," he said, "to be replaced by something quite new and alien"), we looked at the notes we had made during the speech about attitudes toward change. We found these notes:

How not to be threatened by change.
How to view change as an opportunity.
Change can be frightening. It can paralyze powerful executives.

We looked up to find Mr. Louv discussing something called festival malls. Festival malls incorporate some of the features of the old downtown, but in the form of organized surprises. In the end, Mr. Louv was optimistic. "America II yearns to be illuminated, and will pay money for it, eventually," he said.



"Mr. Beloit seems to have stepped out for a moment. May I have him call you?"

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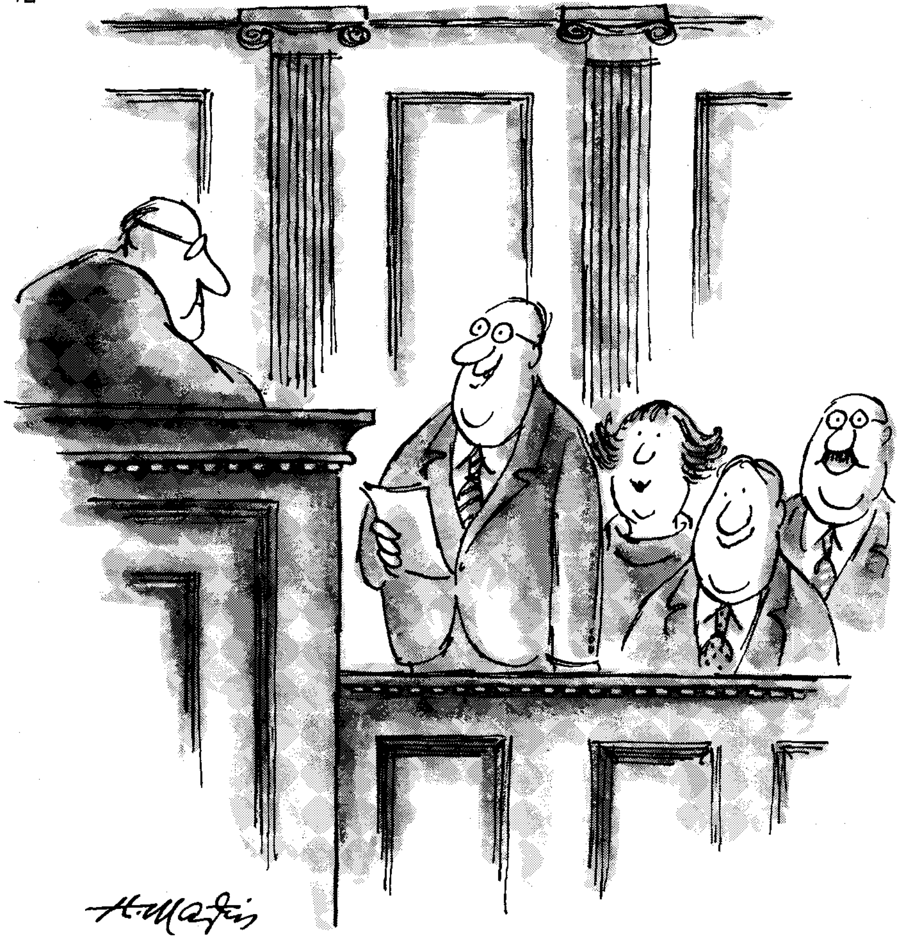
THE Art Cars are BMWs with which certain artists have been allowed to interact. They can be seen at the BMW Gallery, on Park Avenue. You cannot buy a BMW at the BMW Gallery; it is not a showroom. You can visit a BMW at the BMW Gallery—say hi, as it were, establish contact, get to know the feeling—but *buying* has to be done elsewhere.

We stood next to a BMW that Frank Stella had put his hand to. Another work of Mr. Stella's was on a nearby wall. This was:

Playskool Clamp, 1983
Patinated Cast bronze,
fabricated aluminum,
plastic, steel, etched
magnesium honeycomb,
screenprint, hand colored
39 x 24 x 20 inches
Edition 5
Tyler Graphics Ltd.

We were at the BMW Gallery to spend some time with the BMWs—the simple ones, with which no artist had had hands-on contact. We stood all alone with the BMWs. There was music in the background, very cool. The BMW we were next to stood on square granite paving stones: not polished granite; a little gritty to the foot. It was an L7. The license plate said, "The Ultimate Driving Machine;" that is, a manufactured item, metal, presumably, in the shape of a license plate, like a license plate, but conveying different information from what a license plate



"Your Honor, the jury finds the defendant, Willis Rairdner, guilty as charged and, in the spirit of the season, wishes everyone in the courtroom a happy holiday."

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would, speaking directly to the viewer of it, said, to the viewer, "The Ultimate Driving Machine." Could not this item, this contrived reference to a license plate, be seen as art itself? It would have to be removed from the car; that's all that would have to be done.

We asked the pianist who was playing the cool music what the tune was he had just been playing. The pianist was Mark Morganelli, a young man. We chatted with him. He had found the song on an Ella Fitzgerald album from 1957, the year both he and his wife were born. The tune was "There's a Lull in My Life," from "Wake Up and Live."

Rowing

THE health club we periodically visit installed a video rowing device recently. You sit on a sliding seat and tug on a handle attached to a rope; with each stroke, a little boat on a TV screen moves a notch ahead on its video river (with changing video landscape). A pace boat at the bottom of the screen runs alongside, pulling into the lead if you drop below the recommended number of strokes per minute (and at that point an electronic coxswain urges you to catch up). A couple of Sundays ago, rowing at a difficulty level of thirteen (out of just fifteen!), we pasted the damned pace boat, finishing eleven boat lengths ahead over a sixty-five-hundred-metre course. How did we do it? Hard work—sheer hard work. We hate the pace boat, and just won't let it beat us.

A crowd gathered a few days later in the New York Yacht Club to give a rousing sendoff to Ned Gillette, a forty-one-year-old business-school dropout (one day of classes was all it took to dissuade him from a career in finance) who leaves from Cape Horn shortly before Christmas in an attempt to row, with three other men, to Antarctica—something that has never been done. "What do we expect to find at the other end?" Mr. Gillette said. "Palm trees, beautiful women, champagne." Actually, if all goes according to plan the four explorers will wash up at one of the sixteen scientific research stations operating in the area of the Antarctic Peninsula, unpack their cross-country skis, and set off on a jaunt. "I've skied the six other continents," said Mr. Gillette, who since appearing in the 1968 Winter Olympics, in Grenoble, has made a career of adventuring. "My friends and I skied the Pamirs of Central Asia—there were nomads racing horses and living in yurts. We climbed one twenty-five-thousand-foot mountain and skied off the top." A few years later, Mr. Gillette and a friend skied and climbed around Mt. Everest at a high altitude. "Why attack Everest horizontally rather than vertically?" Mr. Gillette asked, addressing himself. "It's a comment on adventuring in the nineteen-eighties," he replied. "You can't be the first to explore the blank spots on the map or to climb the mountains. It has to do a lot more with style." Because of his style, corporations have helped sponsor most of Mr. Gillette's trips. "I've applied ordinary business principles to adventuring," he said. "Differentiation is key. I was doing cross-country skiing before other people got onto it."

Mr. Gillette now has the Antarctic-rowing field pretty much to himself, perhaps because he is unfazed by the prospect of encountering a fifty-foot wave in the Drake Passage. (A Soviet marine atlas, he said, had reported occasional waves in excess of a hundred feet off the continent.) Mr. Gillette showed some pictures of his twenty-eight-foot rowboat, the Sea Tomato, which he tested off Cape Cod last winter. Perhaps his slide-show narration was a bit corny ("Antarctica, lying in icebound exile guarded by the world's stormiest seas"), but no one minded. He projected a few slides of his earlier trips, too. Most were of the sore-and-blistered-feet, smiling-natives-with-bad-teeth, can-of-Budweiser-at-top-of-mountain variety. A few, though, showed lost mountain ranges, the sun refracted off the camera lens into a Christmas star, blankets of deep white crossed by a lone pair of ski tracks. These gave some idea of why he does what he does.

What, we asked ourself, linked us as we churned at our video rower to him as he plunged through the freezing brine of the Drake Passage? Nothing, we concluded.

KIM, WE HARDLY KNOW YE

WELL, for one thing, he has this self-sealing skin, like the fuel tanks in a fighter plane, is the best I can describe it. That's why he always pulls that firing-squad thing at parties, as kind of a joke.—*Forensic pathologist.*

He'll just walk through the place and our yield of bituminous will double for about five hours after. Never saw anything like it.—*Staff accordionist, Mine No. 34.*

I personally saw Kim Il Sung architect an entire new city on a cocktail napkin once. With a pencil. And the napkin was all wet and soggy. That "Great Draftsman" moniker, it came out of that.—*Cocktail waitress, Pyongyang.*

You get used to things like this happening up there north of the 38th Parallel all the time; it gives the D.P.R.K. its special sort of tang. Here's an example, not atypical: I get on the No. 1 bus—the only bus in town, as a matter of fact—and the driver, why, it's Kim Il Sung. Not someone who looked like him but old K.I.S. himself. But that's nothing. I go back to find a seat and there are three other passengers, and, you know, it was creepy almost, because *they're* all him, too. —*Diplomat, Belgrade.*

There was, and, for all I know, there still is, just one camera in the country, and, of course, Kim owns it. A Zeiss out of East Germany. That's how he got to be the "Great Lensman." So he fools around and he takes a lot of self-portraits, and they're the only photographs you see in the country, because they're the only photographs *in* the country. Funny thing is, Kim is a lot handsomer than he self-photographs.—*Housewife.*

Kim never rides around in one of those big Chaika limousines. He has a street-sweeper some Bulgarian delegation gave him as a gift, back in the fifties. A workingman's vehicle, one that doesn't just take you places but makes itself useful on the way. That's why every street scene of Pyongyang that you see is so empty. They move out all the cars and trucks so Kim has a good clean run at the gutters on his way to work in the morning and, of course, again on his way home at night. "Here comes the Great Sweeper!" They have sound trucks running a block or two ahead. "Here comes the Great Sweeper!"—*Traffic militiaperson.*

Mao swimming in the Yangtze—that was one famous photograph a few years back. Answer this: Did you ever notice all the little bubbles around Mao? Who do you think was underwater, holding Mao up?—*Documentary filmmaker.*

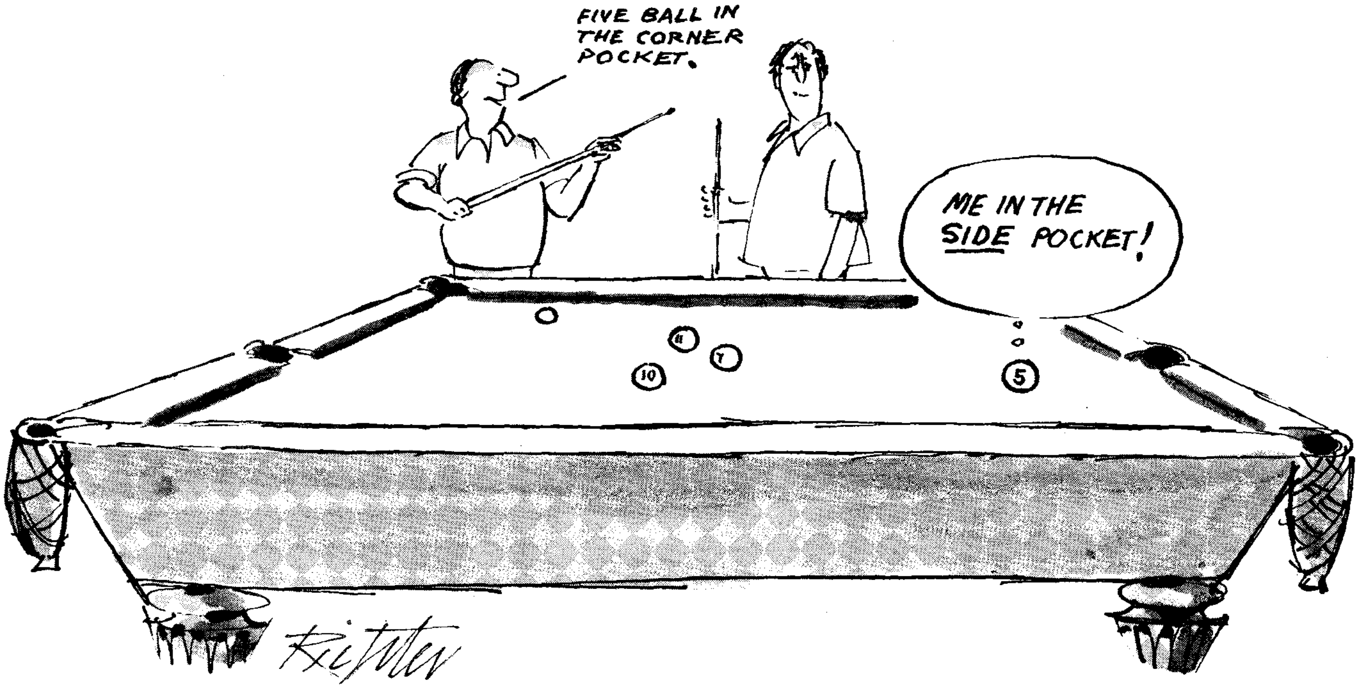
Those loudspeakers blaring across the border down there at Panmunjom—that's only Kim, throwing his voice. Kim introduced ventriloquism to the countryside. Before Kim, ventriloquism was unknown outside the towns and villages.—*Megaphone designer.*

Neil Diamond has all his records. He did some backup on some of the early Don Hos. He is maybe the ultimate cabaret singer. He can take anything and sing it. "Red River Valley," now—he can bring a lump to your throat, and we're talking a cappella here.—*Talent booking agent.*

Kim's idea of a weekend is to bronze himself and go stand in the square of a village that can't afford its own statue. Standing stock-still for hours. Then he'll make one little move. Scratch his nose, say. Bang his scroll on his knee. Just one little move. The village will go berserk.—*Gypsum broker.*

This is a very shy guy. One time a whole planeload of his best pals came into Pyongyang to surprise him on his birthday, or one of them—they make him have five or six a year; one just isn't enough. Anyway, there was the whole pack—Frank, and Enver Hoxha, Billy Martin, Joey Heatherton, a lot of others, and they brought him this fresh hot pizza from his favorite pizzeria in New York, and up on the stage of his private night club they go to present it to him, and the guy was just speechless, he lost it. Couldn't go on. This is just a modest, modest, shy sort of guy.—*Developer.*

—BRUCE MCCALL


FIVE BALL IN THE CORNER POCKET.
ME IN THE SIDE POCKET!
10
11
7
5
Ritter

THE FIRST WEEKEND

THE Saturday Scott moved in with me, I was kind of tense. On the way to pick him up in Cambridge, I had to drive around the Alewife Rotary three times before I dared to plunge out of the circle and into the oncoming traffic. I was afraid I would get to Scott's and he would say that he had changed his mind, that he didn't want to move in, after all. Or he wouldn't be there, and no one would know where he had gone. Neither of those things happened, though—Scott was sitting on the front steps, waiting for me. He kept waving at me as I parked, as if I were sailing into a harbor and he were standing on the dock, welcoming me into port. When I opened the car door, we kissed, and he said, "You're here."

We only had to make two trips to my house, using my car, because Scott's had died on Storrow Drive the week before. He had sold his bed to the woman who took over his room, and his bureau was missing two drawers, so he threw it out. As we were driving, Scott kept saying, "I'm excited. Are you?" I would say, "Yeah, me, too." On the second trip, I said, "I've never lived with anybody before. A boyfriend, I mean, and on purpose." We had already talked about this; we were just chattering out of nervousness.

When we got to my place, we put his stuff away, meaning we stacked his boxes on top of mine. After three months in the apartment, I still hadn't got around to unpacking everything.

For dinner, I made pancakes, which had always been one of my specialties. This time, though, they kept sticking to the pan. When I finally made a good one, I put it on a plate, set out some butter, syrup, a napkin, and a fork, and said, "Scott, dinner."

"Andrea, it's a work of art," he said. "God damn," and sat down and ate it. Every once in a while, he would say, "Mmm, great." He took small bites to make it last longer.

While I was clearing out some space in the bathroom for Scott's stuff, I heard him doing something in the kitchen. I thought, One pancake is sort of a meagre dinner. About ten minutes later, he walked into the bathroom with a sandwich on a plate and handed it to me. "Bacon and peanut butter on toast," he said. "Old family recipe. It's the only thing I know how to make."

I sat down on the toilet lid and ate it while Scott watched me. "You like it?" he said. "Really?" When I finished, he took the plate and said, "You know that pumpkin you have on the kitchen windowsill? Well, it's getting kind of soft."

"We'd better throw it out, then," I said.

"Right, Chief," said Scott. A few seconds later, I heard the pumpkin thump into the garbage can.

Before I met Scott, I was going to carve that pumpkin for Halloween. I bought it in a hardware store, where I went to get curtain rods for my new apartment. I thought that with a jack-o'-lantern at least I would have a friendly face at home to look at. But I never got around to making it.

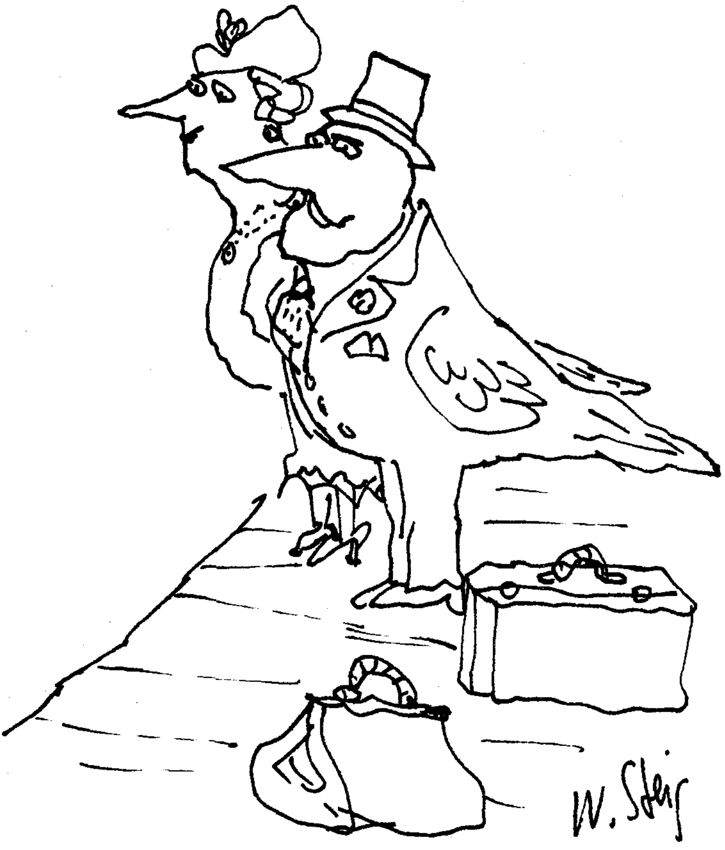
The last group house I lived in had split up in August, because of marriage, new jobs—that kind of thing. I found an apartment over a dentist's office in Watertown. One of my housemates, Charlie, offered to help me move in. Then when the day came, he grumbled about what a hassle it was and made fun of the gold wallpaper in the bathroom. Years ago, Charlie was my boyfriend, then he was my friend, but recently our relationship had reached an all-time low. He rented a house by himself in New Hampshire, saying that just once in his life he would like to be able to open the refrigerator and know for sure that nothing he wanted to eat would have someone else's name on it.

While all this moving around was happening, I realized that I was sick of my job. I had worked for twelve years for the Case & Holland Publishing Company as an editor of college textbooks. At the time, I was working on a geology book targeted for the junior-college market. During the meeting to launch the project, Art Rogers, our marketing manager, announced that the book was to include no words over three syllables.

I pointed out that the word "geology" had four syllables.

Art paused to empty two packets of Sweet 'n Low into his coffee. Then he said, "Andrea, what I want you to do with this book is sex it up." He described ideas for boxes and chapter-openers about earthquakes, gold mines, and landslides, but I wasn't listening. I was thinking, How has it happened that my purpose in life is sexing up a geology book? How has it happened that at age thirty-four I live alone in a one-bedroom and don't even have my own couch?

On the way home on the subway and bus, I listened to Bruce Springsteen on my Walkman. I had it turned up to 8. It came to me then that you didn't have to be in prison, a steelworker, or a laid-off lumberyard employee to be desperate enough to want to burn some-



Heading South for the Winter

thing to the ground or get in your car and drive away until everything you ever knew was gone forever. You could get just as desperate sitting in a cubicle next to the supply room at the Case & Holland Publishing Company as any one of those guys named Eddie or Wayne that Bruce sings about.

The next day, when I saw a notice in our employee newspaper that there was an opening for an editor in the department that published biographies, I took it down the hall to my friend Eileen. "Read this," I said. "I want that job."

Eileen looked at it, took off her glasses, and said, "You want to know what will happen? They'll interview you about thirty times and then hire somebody from Houghton Mifflin."

"But I guess it's worth a try," I said.

"Not really," said Eileen. "Not when you think about how disappointed you'll be when you don't get it. I'm just being honest, Andrea."

That night, Charlie called. When I told him about the biography job, he said, "Now you're talking! So long, chapter summaries and study guides. Hello, human race!" We stayed on the phone for half an hour, going over what I should include in my résumé and highlight in my covering letter. "Remember," he said, "don't settle for anything less than a big office with a river view and your own secretary."

I got the job. My office was a tiny cubbyhole overlooking the parking lot of the steakhouse next door, and all eight of us shared one overworked editorial assistant who didn't know how to type. But now I felt so much better that I decided I would try a few other things that I had never even considered before.

I called Cambridge Learning Center and asked them to send me their course list. My first choices, Cooking with a Wok and Stress Management, both had waiting lists, so I ended up with Poetry Writing for Beginners. There I met Scott. During the second class, he handed me a piece of paper that at first I thought was a poem. It said, "Want to go out for coffee after class? Scott Ware, behind you and to your left." When I turned around, he lifted a hand off the desk, smiled at me, and turned bright red. I had recently promised myself to say yes to every invitation, just in case it might change my life forever, so I nodded and smiled back.

We went to a coffee shop on Mass. Ave. and sat there, talking, until twelve-thirty. When he drove me home, we sat in the car for about an hour, still talking, with the engine running for the radio and the heater. Then I said, "Well, I guess I'd better go. Work tomorrow, you know." He touched my wrist with the tips of his fingers, and we started kissing. It was almost three before I finally went upstairs. From my bedroom window, I watched his little red tail-lights all the way down Mt. Auburn. I was in love.

The next day, Eileen and I were eating falafels in a conference room with the door shut. I told her about Scott. Eileen said, "Go for it, Andrea."

"He's young," I said.

She said, "Chronological age is a meaningless concept. How young?"

"He's only twenty-three."

She said, "Go for it," again.

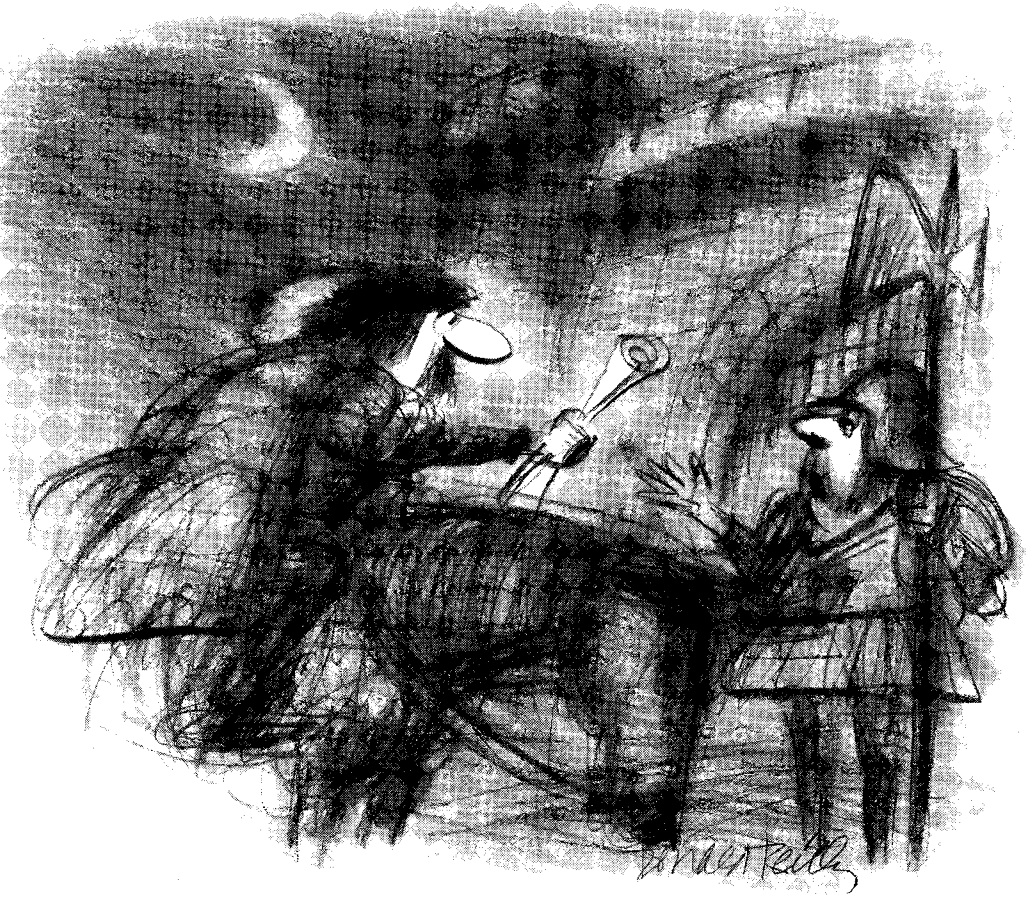
For the next couple of months, Scott and I saw each other every day. At work one Monday morning, I walked over to the College Text Division with my coffee. "Eileen," I whispered at the entrance to her cubicle, "I'm thinking of asking Scott to move in with me."

"Do it," she said. "You're in love, he's in love. Do it."

"What about his parents?" I said. "They might freak out when they find out how old I am. For that matter, what about my parents?"

"To hell with all four of them. They're already married."

I felt a little bit guilty about falling in love when Eileen was still alone. She was pretty and had a great personality. Also, she had gorgeous red hair, which was supposed to drive men nuts, I had always thought. Despite her



"Before I trouble the kitchen to set another place, is it good news or bad news?"

• •

AT THE GRAVE OF GEORGE ELIOT

Laid in unconsecrated ground, a scandal
still—note how good Gerard Hopkins
recoiled from what a queer, awkward girl,
frail-shouldered, massive, rickety,
volcanic, out of an unconsecrated
attachment, a marriage that was
no marriage (one would have added,
till opprobrium intervened, *but*
something better), to a pockmarked
lightweight of a drama critic, saw blossom:
this domestic improbability, this
moonflower. They were happy.

Happiness: *that*—as it always has been—
was the scandal. As for the unembarrassed
pursuit of same, run giddily
amok, by now, among the lit-up
purlieus of a game show (died
of a conniption, beaming), time
spared her that, though not the cold shoulder,
the raw east wind, fog, the roar that issues
from the other side of silence; not headache,
kidney stone, the ravages of cancer—or
of grief foreseen, met with, engulfed by,
just barely lived through.

Nature (she'd written, year before) *repairs*
her ravages, but not all. The hills
underneath their green vestures bear
the marks of past rending. Johnny Cross,
younger by two decades, a banker,
athletic, handsome, read Dante with her,
fell in love; repeatedly, distressingly
spoke of marriage, was at last accepted.

Another scandal—in the eyes of the devotees
who looked on marrying at all with horror
as for the breathing fishbowl of appearances.
Grotesque, my dear. An episode in Venice
on their honeymoon (who knows what makes any
of us do what we do?) was somehow weathered.
But in six months she was dead.

At Highgate, the day she was buried,
a cold rain fell, mixed with snow. Slush
underfoot. Mud tracked inside the chapel.
Her brother Isaac, twenty-three years estranged
(a ravage never healed), was there
among the mourners—hordes of them,
the weather notwithstanding. Edith Simcox,
crazed with devotion to this woman who'd been,
in her ill-favored way, so beautiful, arrived
with a nosegay of violets, wandered off distracted
into the dusk, came to herself finally
at a station she didn't recognize,
somewhere in Hampstead.

In rain-wet May, not quite a century later—
cow parsley head-high, the unkempt
walks a blur, faint drip of birdsong,
ivy taking over—the stone is hard to find.
Herbert Spencer, a creature of exemplary
good sense, however ill-equipped
for rapture, lies buried not far off,
his monumental neighbor a likeness
of Karl Marx, egregious in granite—
godfather of such looked-for victories
over incorrigible Nature, his memory red
with nosegays ribboned in Chinese.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

many attractive qualities, though, Eileen was fat, and she had never had a serious boyfriend as long as I had known her. As I turned to leave, she said, "Just do it, Andrea."

I also talked to Charlie about what I was planning. This conversation didn't go as well. First, I told him I had a boyfriend. I said, "You'll like him. He's really funny and nice."

"What does he do?"

"Well," I said, "at the moment he's working in a photocopy place, but he plans to go to graduate school next fall."

"Oh, yeah?" Charlie said. "How old is he?"

I considered using Eileen's line about how age is meaningless, but I knew Charlie would just give me a hard time. "Twenty-three," I said.

"Christ, Andrea. You're kidding, right? Please tell me this is a joke."

I said, "Scott's moving in next weekend. I wanted you to know about it."

Charlie said, "Maybe you're not ready to hear it now, but this is going to be a big mistake. You're important to me, Andrea. I don't want you to make a fool of yourself."

"Can I tell you something?"

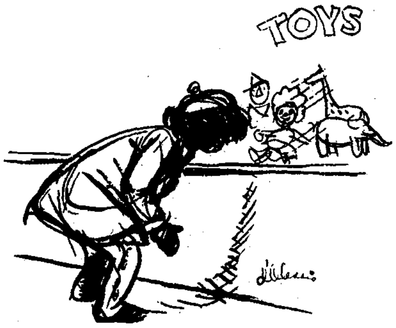
"Go ahead."

"I'm happy."

"Bull. You could have lived with me, you know." He hung up without saying goodbye.

THE morning after Scott moved in, Eileen called. "How's it going?" she said.

I was watching Scott pound a nail into the kitchen wall to hang up a framed poster. A long crack in the plaster was making its way to the ceiling. "Great," I said. "Fine."



"Maybe I'll come over in a while and visit."

Scott turned around to mouth the words "Who is it?" I tried to mouth back "Eileen," but he didn't get it. He tipped his head to one side and lowered his eyebrows: "Who?"

"Eileen," I said out loud, and then into the phone, "Please do. Any time."

After Scott took my car to go to Cambridge and look at bookshelves, I lay down on the floor and took ten deep breaths, in through my nose and out through my mouth. I was trying to relax. Living together wasn't as easy as it looked. When the doorbell rang, it made me jump so suddenly that I heard something snap in my neck.

It was Eileen, carrying a plant. "Hi," she said, thrusting the plant in my direction. "Late housewarming."

"Wow," I said. "Nice. Thanks,

THEY GOTTA GO!
CATCH NEW CAR Fever!
WEBER

"Remember, now. Don't buy this car just to please ***me****."*

• •

Eileen. You didn't have to do that."

"I know," she said. She was out of breath from the stairs. "But I wanted to." She took off her coat and scarf. "I saw Scott out front. He said he was going to look at bookshelves. Very homey. So where's all his stuff? Your place looks exactly the same to me." I pointed to the boxes. "That's *it*?" she said, laughing.

I made some coffee, and we sat down in the kitchen. "Where do you think we ought to look for a bureau for Scott?" I said. Eileen prided herself on always knowing where to shop for things.

"I'd definitely go secondhand on that one," she said. "Look in the *Phoenix* and get something from a B.U. or Harvard student. You don't want to invest too much, in case—well, whatever."

I had been counting on Eileen not to assume that Scott and I would break up. When she changed the subject to complain about the author she was working with, I didn't bother to change it back. I made more coffee and put the plant between the two windows in the living room. Before she finished her second cup of coffee, Eileen said, "I have to go." She took her coat down from the hook, put it on, and looped her scarf around her neck. She seemed to be studying something on the floor. I looked, too, expecting to see a bug or a quarter. Then I realized that there was nothing on the floor and that Eileen was crying.

"Eileen?" I said. "Is something wrong?" Stupid question. It was like saying, "Did you hurt yourself?" when somebody stubs a toe on a coffee table and shrieks in pain.

Eileen managed to squeak out, "Yes," making it a three-syllable word. She put her hand over her mouth and sobbed. I took her by the shoulders and steered her into the living room to our chair.

"What is it?" I said. Eileen and I had spent a lot of time together, but I had never seen her cry.

"I'm never going to meet anybody," she said.

"Oh," I said, "don't be silly. Of course you are. That's the dumbest thing I ever heard." I sounded exactly like my mother. Before I met Scott, I cried a lot, too. When I really hit bottom, I used to call my mother. Sometimes it helped and sometimes it didn't. "Take off your coat," I said to Eileen. "We'll talk about it."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm really happy for you. I'm just sad for me.” Her face contorted again and a fresh batch of tears rolled out.

“Eileen,” I said. “You’re going to meet somebody really great. Soon. I know you are.”

“Why is it taking so long?” she said.

“I don’t know,” I said, patting her back. I leaned down to try to see her face, but she buried it deeper into her hands.

“Because I’m fat.”

“If you were perfect, you’d just be intimidating.” She didn’t look up.

We didn’t hear Scott on the stairs—he wanted to surprise us. He flung the door open, leaped into the room, came to a very loud landing beside us, and said, “I’m back, and I’m bad.” Then he saw Eileen’s face, blotchy red and streaked with mascara. “Oh,” he said. He looked at me. I tried to make a face that would express the idea “She’s a little depressed. She’ll be O.K. soon.” Scott didn’t get it. I wondered if after many years of living together our nonverbal communication would improve. Scott pointed to his chest, pointed to the bedroom, and went there, closing the door behind him.

“I’m thirty-eight,” said Eileen. “I haven’t been on a date in a year and a half.”

“It’s not easy to meet people in Boston,” I said.

“You did.”

“That’s a good point. It’s possible. I’m thirty-four. I already have a varicose vein. I didn’t think I was going to meet anyone, either, but I did.”

“That isn’t going to happen to me, and you know it,” said Eileen.

“*It could.* Sure *it could.* Maybe *you* should take a poetry course,” I said, smiling. She didn’t smile back. “Maybe some other kind of course, then. Or a club. You could join a club of some kind.” Eileen just stared blankly at her hands. “You have to be open to *it*, *Eileen*. You *can’t* just keep telling yourself it’s never going to happen.”

“I’ve tried that,” she said. “I’ve tried expecting to find someone; I’ve tried *not* expecting it. Nothing works.” She looked up, as if challenging me to contradict her.

The phone rang. Scott came out of the bedroom and went into the kitchen to answer it. I heard him say that I was out at the moment; then he closed the door.

“It feels hopeless, but it isn’t,” I said. I patted her again, and we listened to Scott’s muffled voice in the other room. Then, as he came out of the kitchen, I said to Eileen, “I’ll get you some Kleenex.”

In the bedroom, Scott said, “What happened?”

“She’s afraid she’ll never find a boyfriend,” I told him, taking the Kleenex box from the bedside table.

“Oh,” he said. “That’s rough. Poor Eileen.”

“Who was on the phone?”

“Charlie,” he said. “I invited him to dinner tonight. He said he’d bring dessert.”

“Are you crazy?” I said.

“Don’t jump down my throat. He sounded lonely. What was I supposed to do?”

“Next time, try taking a message. The only reason he agreed to come over is so he can call me later and dump on you.”

“Very positive attitude you have there, dear. Maybe he just wants to be friends.”

“Don’t call me ‘dear’ in that sarcastic tone. I hate it.” We stared at each other for a couple of seconds. “I *have* to get back to Eileen.”

While Eileen was blowing her nose, I said, “Scott invited Charlie over for dinner.”

“You’re kidding,” said Eileen. “That’s nuts. Charlie will sulk the *whole time.*”

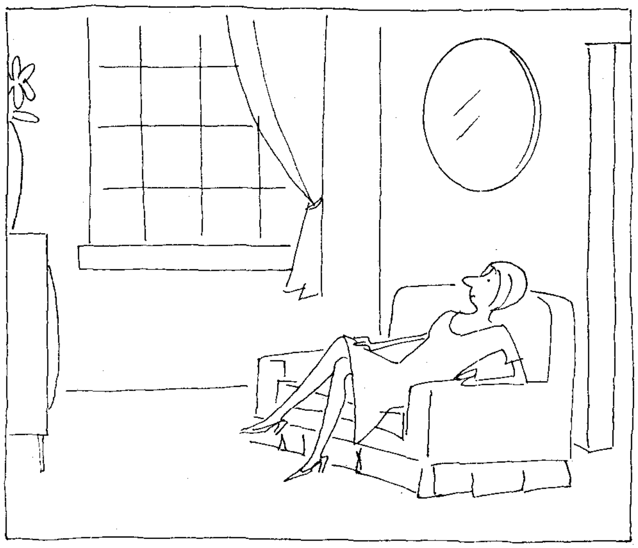
“Maybe I could call him back and cancel,” I said.

“Don’t,” said Eileen. “That will only make it worse. Charlie would never let you get away with it anyway. You’re stuck.” She laughed, then she patted me. “I have to go. Sorry about the melodrama.”

When Scott heard us at the front door, he came out. “Hey, Eileen,” he said. “We’re having Charlie over for dinner. Maybe you could come back and join us. I’m making my famous spaghetti.”

Eileen looked at me. I smiled. “Well, sure, I guess,” she said. “O.K. It beats staying home and misting my plants. See you around seven or so? Great.”

Scott and I said goodbye and waved. After I shut the door, I glared at him.

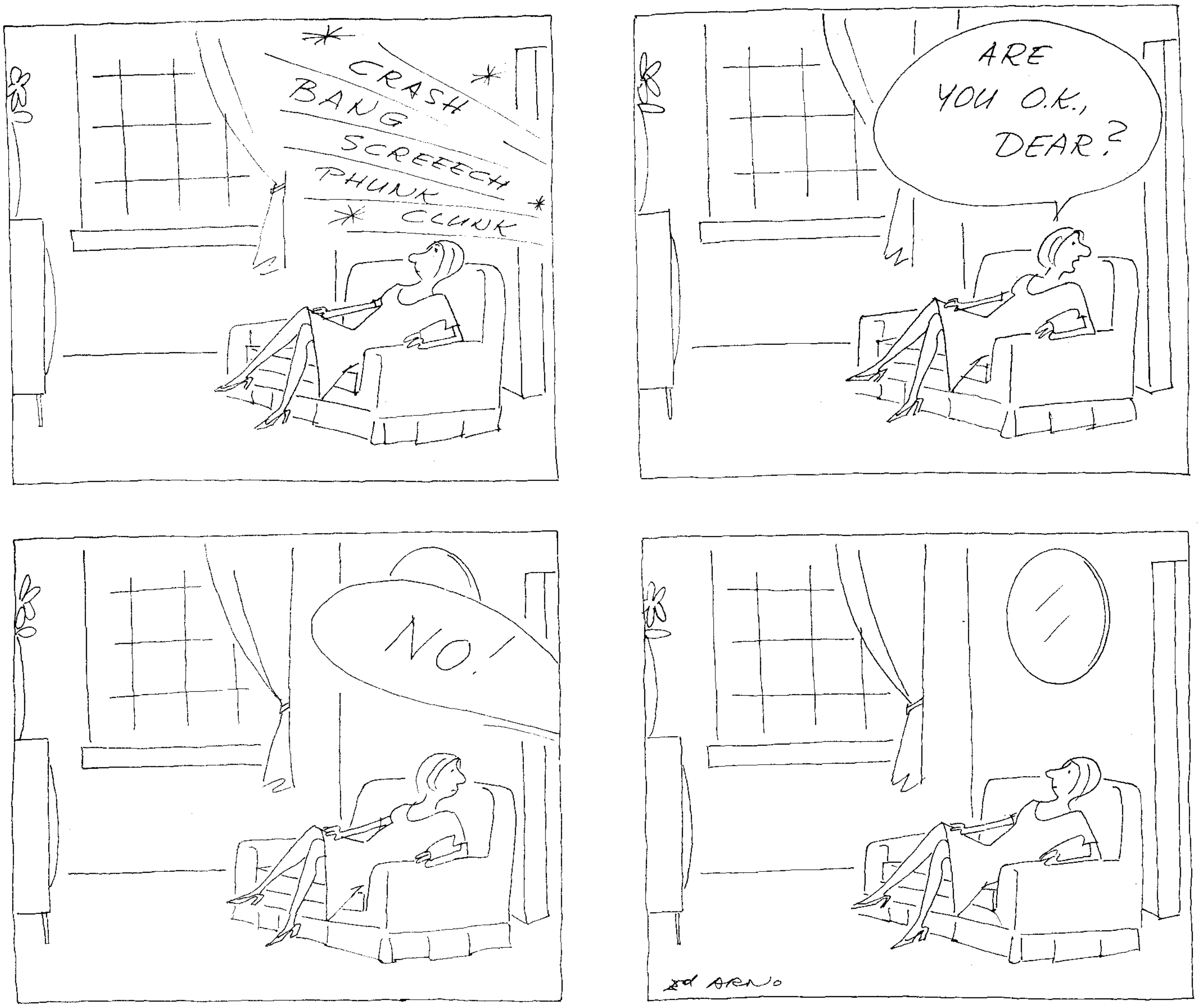


“Oh, come on,” he said. “I just want to be friends with your friends. It’ll be fun.”

CHARLIE and I hadn’t really been in love, except maybe briefly at the beginning. We saw each other a lot the first year I was at Radcliffe, and even after things cooled off between us we never managed to let go of each other completely. When he needed a date or bodyguard for some terrifying family function, I would go with him. In the last couple of years, if he was low on money sometimes Charlie did free-lance work for me at Case & Holland. Often when I complained to my mother about not having a boyfriend, she would warn, “It might be hard to meet anybody new with old Charlie hanging around.” For a while, I was seeing a man named Hank, one of my other free-lancers. One morning when I came home from Hank’s, Charlie burst into my room, collapsed face down on my bed, and cried for half an hour.

For all the time we spent together, it wasn’t always clear where we stood. Once, long after Hank, I tried to get into bed with Charlie. I walked into his dark room and sat down next to him, lifting the covers and sliding my hand down his warm, bare back. Charlie said, “Give me a break, huh? You don’t want to do this. Go back to bed, Andrea.” I felt like a fool, retracting my arm from under his blankets, so I never told him that that night he was the only person I could imagine being with forever.

Our house gave a party before we all went our separate ways. I had to go outside at one point to divide the bot-



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tles and cans from the rest of the trash. Charlie followed me to the garbage cans, though at first I didn't realize it. The music was loud, and I was worrying about complaints from the neighbors. Charlie said, "Andrea?" He walked toward me, leaned very close, squeezing my shoulder, and said hoarsely, "You're the best friend I have."

"Hey, take it easy," I said, and pushed him away from me. I thought he was drunk. I watched my hands, fingers spread, sink into the cable-stitch pattern of his sweater. As he walked quickly back up the porch steps, I realized that I had made a mistake. Charlie wasn't drunk; he was probably just feeling lonely and sad because the house was breaking up, and wanted me to tell him that he was my best friend, too.

After the party, he avoided me and started telling everybody that he wanted to live in the country. I found him in the kitchen one night and told him I was sorry. He said, "Forget it," without looking at me, and then asked if he could have a couple of my peppermint tea bags. He had a stomach ache.

SCOTT had never made spaghetti before. He got the recipe off the back of the spaghetti box. "You don't have to do anything," he said. "Just relax. It was my idea. I'll make dinner." He came back a few minutes later with an onion in one hand and a bread knife in the other and said, "Just tell me one thing. When they say, 'one half cup onion, minced,' how do they mean that, exactly?"

He needed a lot of help. He had forgotten to buy the mushrooms, so while he drove back to the store I made the salad and the garlic butter for the bread, and set the table. Then when he returned, I showed him how to cut the mushrooms. Before I finished doing the first one, he said, "O.K., O.K., I got it," and took the knife out of my hand. When the mushrooms were all sliced—and still rather large, it seemed to me—he dumped them into the tomato sauce without sautéing them first.

"Scott!" I said. "What are you doing?"

"What?"

"You're supposed to cook them in butter or oil first."

"Oh. Well, does it really matter? I mean, can't we do things a little differently sometimes?"

Charlie arrived in his big orange down jacket that he had had for at least eight years. I remembered that when he got it the Velcro on the pockets was still a novel thing. He was carrying a freezer bag from Steve's Ice Cream. He said, "Smells like snow." He meant the weather.

Scott came out of the kitchen wearing a pink apron my grandmother had made for me. On the bib, it said "Kiss the Cook," in embroidered script. He had just put it on as a joke while I was letting Charlie in.

"Cute," Charlie said without the slightest trace of a smile. They shook hands. Then Scott took the apron off and handed it to me.

"Charlie, Scott. Scott, Charlie," I said. Scott put the ice cream in the freezer, and I hung up Charlie's jacket.

"So," said Charlie, shoving his hands deep into his pants pockets, "how did the first weekend turn out?"

Scott called from the kitchen, "It's not over yet."

Charlie eyed the boxes against the living-room wall. "Gee," he said. "I love what you've done with this room."

"Want something to drink?" I said. "We have red wine, club soda, and orange juice."

"Yeah," he said. "I thought you'd never ask. A beer would be great."

"We don't have any beer. Just red wine. Sorry."

"If it's all you have," he said, and shrugged.

In the kitchen, Scott was stirring the sauce. "Not the greatest sense of humor," he said.

"I guess he's just nervous," I said.

Handing Charlie his wine, I said, "Eileen's coming, too." Charlie didn't like Eileen. Once, at a party, Eileen had questioned him endlessly about whether he had decided not to pursue an academic career because his father was a professor at M.I.T.

"Well," Charlie said, rolling his eyes, "nothing like good times with good friends."

Eileen brought flowers this time. She followed me into the kitchen, where I found an apple-juice jar to put them in. While I was filling the jar with water, she whispered to me, "I'm better." Then she called to Charlie, "How do you like living in the country?"

"It's about the same," said Charlie, "only lonelier."

"Well, I guess that's why you moved there, right?" Eileen said, carrying the jar of flowers to the table in the living room. "Every time I go on vacation, I think about moving to the country. But I guess I'm too set in my ways. I'd probably miss standing up on the subway twice a day, pressed against total strangers." Charlie didn't say anything but sat down in our chair. I brought out some raw carrots, celery, and broccoli with onion dip. "Can I help you guys do something?" Eileen said to me.

"No, thanks," I said. "I think we're O.K."

"Are there any crackers?" Charlie said.

"Sorry, no. We might have some potato chips, though," I said.

"Skip it," said Charlie.

I went back to the kitchen and pretended to be looking for something in the refrigerator, just to have a reason to be out of the living room.

"Nothing like being scared of your own guests," Scott said. I stood next to him at the stove, and we both stared down into the sauce.

"Ever notice that this apartment lacks a back door?" I said.

"You're only making it worse, Andrea. Why don't you relax and have a good time?"

"I'm trying to. Really." I went back to the living room, where Charlie was pawing through a box of Scott's books. Eileen was sitting on the floor, looking at the pictures in a wall calendar we had just bought.

Charlie held up a social-psychology book for me to see. "Look familiar?" he said. I edited it several years ago, and Charlie wrote the glossary. He opened the front cover and showed me that "Scott Ware" was written with green felt-tip marker on the inside. Charlie smirked.

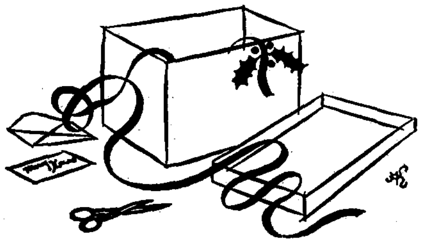
"Yes," I said. "That book sold well. Want some more wine?" Charlie snorted. He hadn't touched his wine.

Eileen said, "No, thanks. I get too sleepy. It's good, though. This is a neat calendar."

"Scott found it," I said. "Isn't it great?"

Charlie said, "What is it? Pictures of rock stars with all their birthdays?"

I clamped my teeth together and opened my lips the way dogs do when you pull their ears or try to play with them while they are eating. I said, "Charlie, this is my house. Try to behave like a human being, or go somewhere else." Then I spun around and went back into the kitchen, where



THE OLD HAND

When at last you win to the rich coast
The Old Hands utter their glad, discouraging cry:
Too late! Thus they greeted also Odysseus.

At the very earliest you will arrive
As they are cleaning up after the Revolution,
Now only a little blood on the courtyard wall.

Not for you the authenticating squalor:
The poor they have put out of your misery,
And torture by beggary is much abated.

On the whole the real is long ago.
That was before they put in the airport.
Now nothing need detain the serious traveller.

Under glass in the rest-house bedroom
A version of your language warns you:
The Hour of Arrival is the Hour of Departure.

Something may happen here. But not to you.
Press on. The far interior awaits you,
Whose timorous history you almost understand;

As clearly as it can it warns each visitor.
There you will dress in your native colors
Where nothing at last detains its traveller.

—JOHN N. MORRIS

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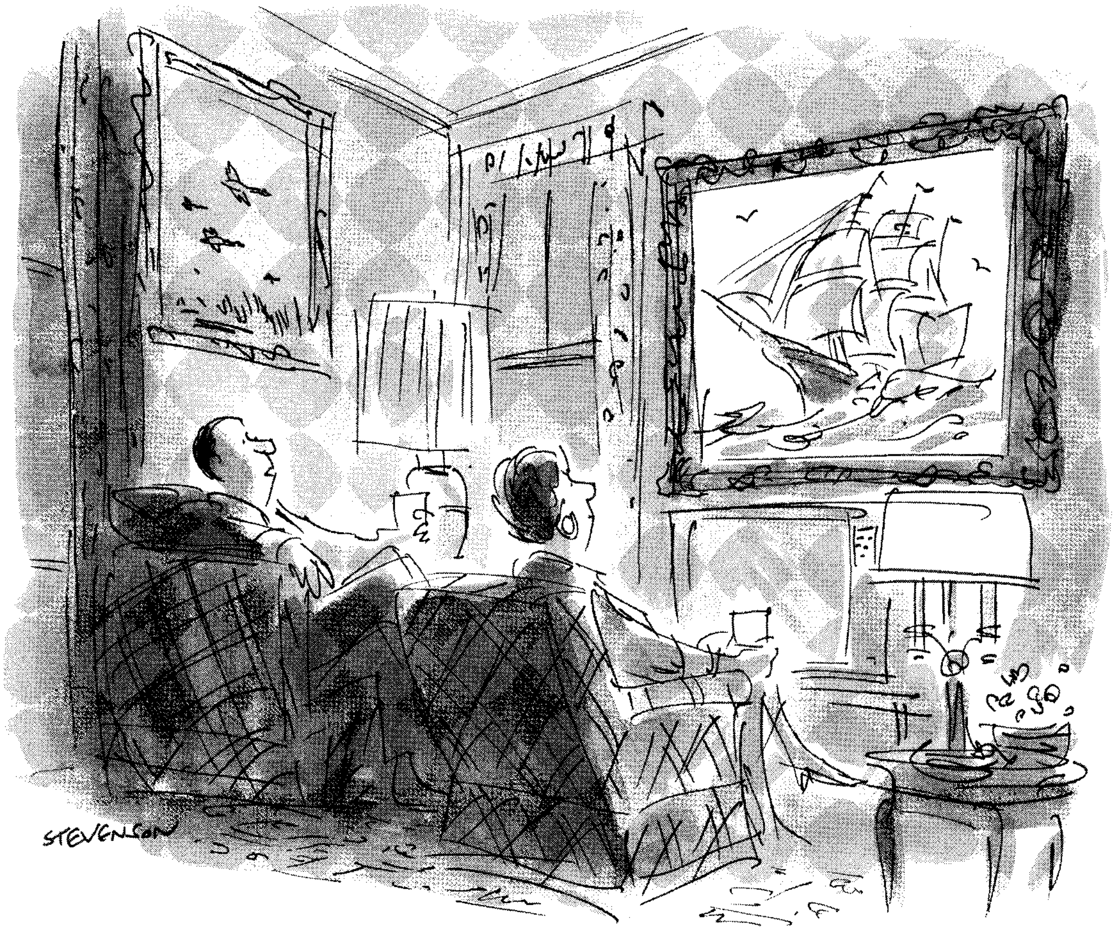


"If that were a Jasper Johns, dear, we could sell it for three million dollars."

• •

Scott had the water running full blast for no reason. That made me even madder. I turned it off, twisting the handles harder than necessary.

Scott was standing in front of the stove, where the flame under the sauce was much too high, so that it was spattering little orange dots all over the place. He was looking into a pot of bubbling water. "Hey, Andrea?" he said. "Should I put the spaghetti in here now? It's boiling."

I said, "Next time you invite people to dinner, why don't you first make sure that you know how to cook the meal?"

"That's not fair," he said. "I'm just barely keeping it together here. And anyhow I'm doing this for *your* friends." We heard Charlie in the hall, getting his coat. The front door opened and shut. "Is he leaving?" said Scott. He had the contents of the package of noodles in his hand. "What's going on here? Answer me, Andrea. How much of this stuff am I supposed to cook?"

"All of it," I snapped. I opened the front door. Charlie was already at the bottom of the stairs. "Charlie?" I called. He kept walking. I ran down the stairs and followed him outside. I heard him zip his jacket. "Charlie, come back. I'm sorry." He looked at me briefly over his shoulder, but at the same time he was getting his car keys out of his pocket. I stood there until he drove away, then went back inside.

When the spaghetti was ready, each of us had two book boxes to sit on. Scott and Eileen were relieved to have Charlie gone. Eileen took off her shoes, and Scott put the pink apron back on. I felt guilty about getting so mad. Scott pranced in with the steaming spaghetti on a platter, and Eileen and I caught our breath, afraid that he would drop it. "This is it," he said. "The big event." He served the two of us without spilling anything on the tablecloth. I thought the mushrooms looked too big and pale, but I managed not to say anything.

Eileen said, "This is really good, Scott."

"I made it," I said, only half joking.

Scott put his hand over my mouth and said, "Thank you, Eileen. I'm glad you like it."

The door opened. It was Charlie, carrying a paper bag. Scott pulled his hand away from my face, as if he had been doing something he didn't want Charlie to know about. We all stared at Charlie. "What the hell," he said. "Can't a guy go out for beer? Andrea, you forgot to lock the door." He took a beer out of the bag.

"Nothing like a tall, frosty one, I always say," said Scott. "I'll get you a plate."

"It's snowing," said Charlie, and smiled at Eileen and me.

"Great," said Eileen. "Pray for two feet of it and no work tomorrow."

"No, don't," said Charlie. "I don't have a snowblower yet."

"O.K., we won't, then," said Eileen, and took a sip of her wine.

Scott brought a plate for Charlie and a glass for his beer. "Nice," said Charlie, "but what am I supposed to open it with, pal—my teeth?"

I was afraid the whole thing was going to start all over again, but Scott pointed to the bottle Charlie was holding and said, "Twist-off."

"Oh," said Charlie. "Right." He opened the beer and poured it into his glass. Scott sat down, rubbed my back a couple of times, and smiled at me. I didn't want to hurt his feelings by leaning away from his hand or alienate Charlie by returning the affection. I reached for Scott's thigh under the table, hoping Charlie wouldn't notice. Charlie looked out the window. "Yeah," he said. "It's coming down now."

Scott sighed and said, "I love it when it snows." Charlie turned his head slowly to face Scott, giving him a cold, deadpan look. Scott turned bright red, even around the edges of his ears. He said, "Well, I do. I can't help it."

Charlie took a bite of spaghetti. "This is good," he said to me.

"Thanks," said Scott.

"What kind of mushrooms are

these?" said Charlie, again to me. "Are these the ones you get in the North End and have to add water to?"

"These?" said Scott. "No. Star Market."

"Scott made the spaghetti," I said.

"Oh," said Charlie. He ate two large helpings, and we were all careful about what we said.

Scott and I cleared the table. Then Charlie and I dished out the ice cream. Charlie said, "We could all run a marathon tomorrow on the carbohydrates we're consuming." I pictured the four of us in shorts and T-shirts with numbers on our chests, running along, encouraging each other not to give up.

After the ice cream, Eileen and I washed the dishes. Over the sound of the running water, we could hear Scott and Charlie talking to each other. I said, "What do you think they're talking about?"

"You, probably," Eileen said. Then when she saw the look of fear on my face, she bounced her hip against mine and said, "I was kidding. Don't freak out now, when the worst part is over." I faked a smile and resisted an urge to run in and stop whatever conversation they were having. We looked out the window at the snow, which was beginning to pile up.

Charlie came in and said he had to go before the roads got too treacherous. Eileen said she had to go, too.

"Thanks, you guys," said Eileen as they put on their coats. "You'll have to give me your recipe, Scott."

"Yeah, thanks," said Charlie.

We watched the two of them go down the steps to the front door. Charlie opened it and stood back as Eileen waved to us and went out. I closed the door and ran to the window.

"What?" said Scott. "Are they kissing?"

"Don't be silly," I said.

Charlie was getting a snow scraper out of his trunk. He walked back to Eileen's car and wiped the snow from her windshield while she sat inside with the engine running. He waved to her as she drove away, then cleared the snow off his own windows.

WHEN I was taking my earrings out and Scott was sitting on the bed setting the alarm, the phone rang.

"All right, your little plan worked," said Charlie.

"What plan?" I said.

"You know. To get me and Eileen together. O.K., I'll admit that she's a lot nicer than I used to give her credit for. I asked her out. But I'm doing this for *you*, all right? I am not promising *anything*, understand?"

"Got it."

"Maybe we'll have a good time. Maybe it will be a big drag."

"Whatever happens happens," I said.

"Right."

We hung up, and Scott said, "Who was that?"

"Well," I said, pausing to put my hands on my hips and prolong the suspense, "*Charlie* asked Eileen out. On a *date*."

Scott put his hands over his eyes and said, "Oh, my God. Poor Eileen."

Then the phone rang again. It was Eileen. She said, "Are you ready for the shock of your life?"

I said, "I don't know."

"Your friend Charlie has a giant crush on me. No kidding. He said I had magnetic eyes."

"I'm not shocked," I said. "I'm not even surprised. You're an attractive woman."

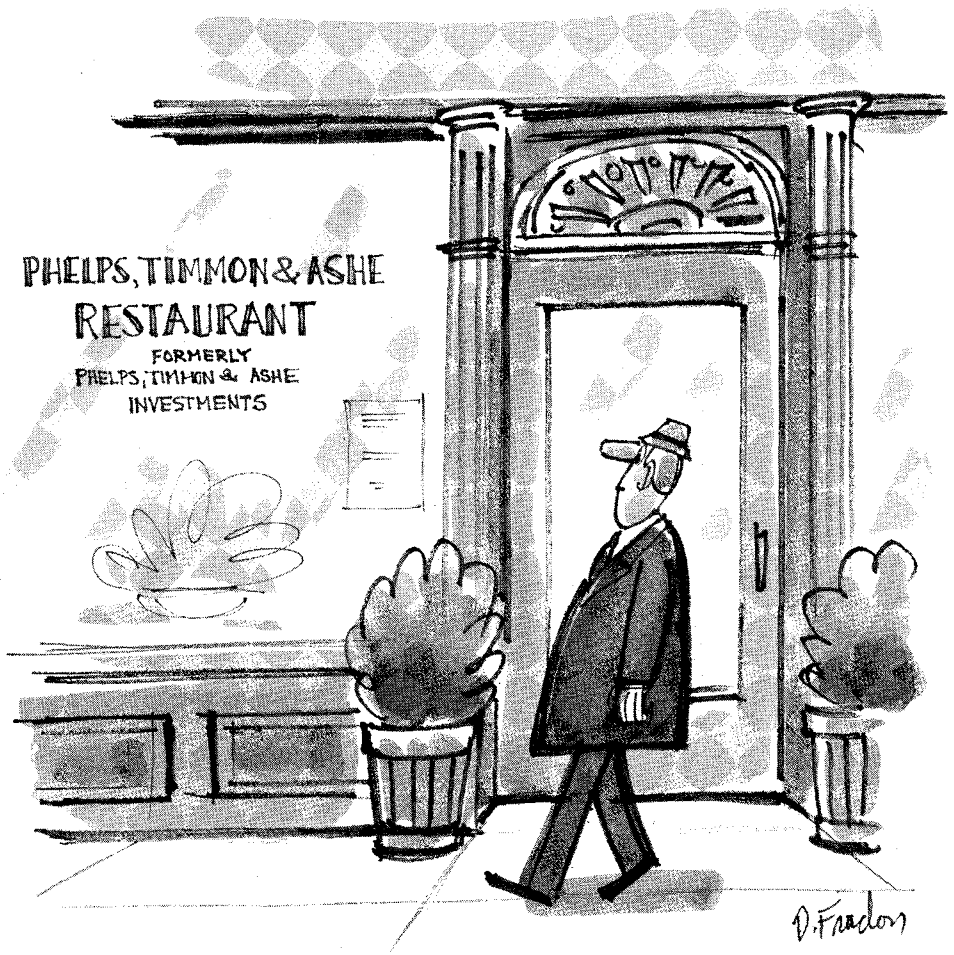
"But would you mind if it got, you know, serious?"

"No, not at all," I said. "Go for it, Eileen."

"O.K.," she said. "I think I will. We'll talk tomorrow at lunch." We told each other good night again.

I turned out the light and got into bed. I curled up behind Scott with my cheek against his shoulder blade and my arm around his chest. But I was wide awake. I turned over onto my back and lay there stiffly until I was sure that Scott was asleep. Then I got up, went to the hall closet, and rummaged around until I found a long, red, hand-knitted scarf. Charlie had made it for me in college after I showed him how to knit. On my way back to bed, I hung the scarf over the front doorknob so I could wear it the next day.

—SARA E. LEWIS



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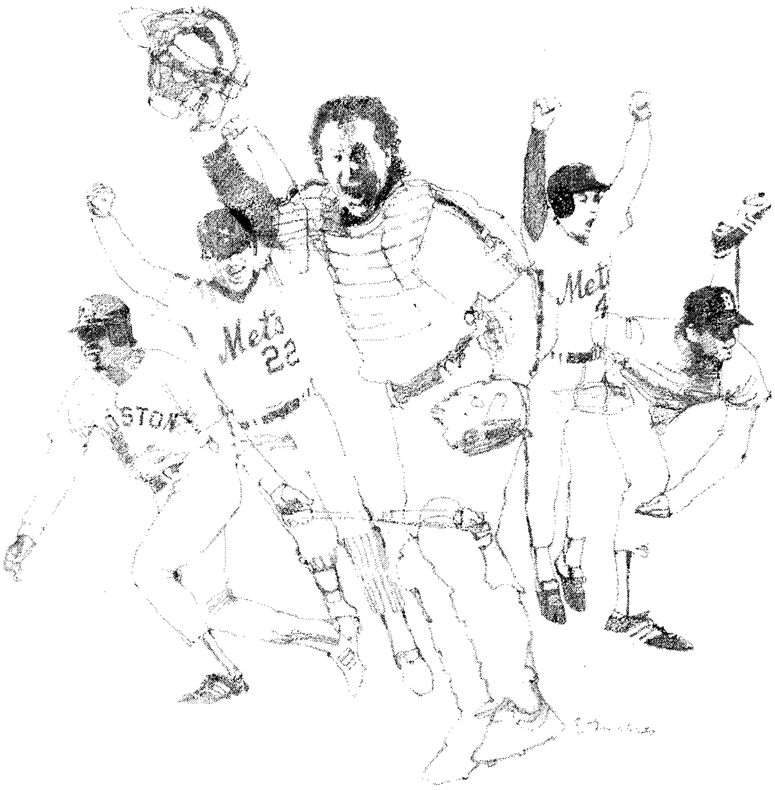
STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

"Someone who gets in a fatal accident in Salem [County] is three to four times more likely to die than someone in the more urban areas," said Assemblyman John A. Rocco, the Republican legislator who represents Camden County and who cosponsored the Helicopter Emergency Services bill.

THE SPORTING SCENE

NOT SO, BOSTON



YES, it was. Yes, we did. Yes, that was the way it was, really and truly. . . . The baseball events of this October—the Mets' vivid comeback victory over the Boston Red Sox in seven games, and the previous elimination of the Houston Astros and the California Angels in the hazardous six-game and seven-game (respectively) league-championship playoffs—will not be quickly forgotten, but disbelief is a present danger. Sporting memory is selective and unreliable, with a house tilt toward hyperbole. In inner replay, the running catch, the timely home run become incomparable, and our view of them grows larger and clearer as they recede in time, putting us all into a front-row box seat in the end, while the rest of that game and that day—the fly-ball outs, the four-hop grounders, the fouls into the stands, the botched double play, the sleepy innings, the failed rally, the crush at the concession stand, the jam in the parking lot—are miraculously leached away. This happens so often and so easily that we may not be prepared for its opposite: a set of games and innings and plays and turnabouts that, for once, not only matched but exceeded our baseball expectations, to the point where we may be asking ourselves now if all this really did come to pass at the end of the 1986 season and if it was all right for us to get so excited about it, so hopeful and then so heartbroken or struck with pleasure. To which let it be said again: Yes, it did. Yes, it was. Yes, absolutely. What matters now, perhaps, is for each of us to make an effort to hold on to these games, for almost certainly we won't see their like again soon—or care quite as much if we do.

Purists are saying that the post-season baseball this year was not of a particularly high quality. In the World Series, the first five games were played out without a vestige of a rally, or even of a retied score; that is, the first team to bring home a run won the game. Each of the first four games, moreover, was lost by the home team: not much fun for the fans. One of the games turned on an egregious muff of a routine ground ball, and another produced the decisive event (it turned out) on the third pitch of the evening—a home run by the Mets' Lenny Dykstra. Neither of the pennant winners' famous and dominant young starters, Dwight Gooden and Roger Clemens, won a game in the Series. In the playoffs, the Angels committed three errors in one inning in the abysmal second game, and gave up two and then seven unearned runs in their last two games. In that same series, a plunked batsman figured significantly in the outcome of the critical fourth game—and again in the fifth. The Astros, over in the other league, contributed to their own downfall with an errant pickoff throw in the twelfth inning of their penultimate game, and with a butchered fly ball, a throwing error, and two wild pitches in the sixteenth inning of the finale.

No matter. These games, although slipshod and human in their details, were of a different order from the sport we thought we knew—"too fairy-tale-ish," in the words of one Mets pitcher. As the long eliminations ran down, the events on the field sometimes seemed out of control—not the plays or the players but the game itself, the baseball. The World Series became the focus of mass hopes and private wells of emotion, not just because of the rival kinships and constituencies of the Red Sox and the Mets, of Boston and New York (Sparta and Athens, in the words of Peter Gammons in *Sports Illustrated*), but because of a cumulative fan sense of intensity and gratitude that grew around them near their amazing end, by which time the strongest feeling seemed to be a wish that there should not be a loser. (But probably that was a second wish, after we knew how it did end, and maybe not one that is felt much to this day in New England.) In mid-October, however, caring had become an affliction. More and more, we fans wanted each game to go our way, to come out right, to end the right way—our way—but again and again, it seemed, that wish was thwarted or knocked aside, and we would find ourselves tangled in a different set of baseball difficulties and possibilities, and pulling for *that* to end right somehow. We wanted to be released, and until the very end the games refused to do that; the baseball wouldn't let us up. And if we were sometimes sorry for ourselves, because of these wearying repeated pains and disappointments and upsets, I think we felt worse about the players and the managers (sometimes the managers most of all), because they, too, were so clearly entwined in something they couldn't handle, couldn't control or defeat, in spite of all their efforts and experience and skill.

"Come on," we fans said again and again, addressing the team or the score or the situation. "Come *on!*" In the end, that cry didn't seem to be directed at anything except the sport itself, which twisted and wrung us, day after day, to the point where we wanted the games over with and this strange trial ended, even while we laughed and smiled at each other and wanted it to go on forever. "Wasn't that wonderful!" we cried. "My God, wasn't that terrific?" And "Did you *see* that? I couldn't bear it! Wasn't it awful!" And then "I just can't *take* it anymore. It's too much."

No poll or instrument can determine whether such paroxysms of fan feeling were felt in more distant parts, away from the big-city narcissism of Metsmania or from the peat fires of devotion and doubt of the Red Sox faithful, but it is my guess that every fan was affected by these games to some degree. It's hard to be sure—and here a bias must be confessed. As readers of these reports may know by now, I am a baseball fan as well as a baseball writer (most scribes, however grizzled and game-worn, are fans at heart, although they love to deny it), and although I am capable of an infatuated interest in almost any accomplished or klutzy nine that I happen to watch over a span of four or five games, the true objects of my affection down the years have been the Mets and the Red Sox. I have written almost as many words about these two clubs as I have put down about the twenty-four other major-league teams combined. I have publicly exulted in their triumphs (the World Series captured by the boyish Mets in 1969; the wholly expected pennant in 1973, after the Mets went into first place in the National League East and reached the .500 level on the same evening in mid-September; the autumn weeks in 1967 when the Red Sox' Carl Yastrzemski seemed to have taken a pennant and a Series into his own hands; the sudden, scintillant glory of Game Six of the 1975 World Series), and I have put forth nostrums and philosophies to explain their much more frequent disasters and stretches of ineptitude. It did not occur to me that an October might arrive when my two true teams would come face to face in a World Series, and that I would have to discover and then declare an ultimate loyalty. The odds against two particular teams' meeting in a World Series in any given year are so extreme (a hundred and sixty-seven to one against, in fact) that I felt safe in moonily wishing for this dream date; when it came closer, during this year's pennant races and then again late in the playoffs, I became hopeful and irritable, exalted and apprehensive, for I didn't know—had no idea at all—which outcome would delight me if they did play, and which would break my heart. In dreams begin responsibilities, damn it.

GIFT
Counselor

"Well, he loves people, the birds that fly, the fish that swim, and all the creatures of the forest."

Twenty post-season ballgames (the same total was rung up last year, when the league championships were first expanded from a three-out-of-five-game playoff to the full four-out-of-seven format that governs the World Series) are too many to keep in mind, even with the help of line scores and summations, and at this late date it may be possible to recapture some trace of these vivid and engrossing baseball doings and to glimpse the men on the field in their moments of duress and extremity only by concentrating on a handful of particular games, with perhaps more of our attention going to the league championships than to the World Series itself, for there is little doubt in my mind that the earlier events surpassed the classic. This was the possibility foreseen and deplored by so many baseball people (including this one) when the expansion of the playoffs was first proposed, but after it happened it didn't seem to make any difference. An exceptional set of games, wherever it may come, enhances our appreciation of the richness and surprises of the pastime, and there is a carryover of involvements and good feeling that burnishes the next game we see, and the one after

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that. Baseball is cumulative, and rewards the stayer.

What will not be set forth here is much news of the regular league seasons—two thousand one hundred and two games (three late-season dates were cancelled by natural causes, and there was one tie that was never untied) that will now vanish by magical elision, since they did not produce a vestige of a pennant race in any division. Lost in this process is a proper full appreciation of some players who enjoyed remarkable seasons while toiling for clubs that did not make the finals. Mike Schmidt, for instance, at the age of thirty-seven, led his league in homers (he had thirty-seven) for the eighth time and in runs batted in (a hundred and nineteen) for the fifth, and later was awarded his third Most Valuable Player award. Don Mattingly, who failed for the second year in a row to beat out Wade Boggs as the American League batting champion (.352 to Boggs' .357), nonetheless put together an altogether brilliant year at the plate, becoming the first American League player to surpass thirty homers, a hundred runs batted in, and two hundred and thirty hits in a single season; his two hundred and thirty-eight hits were the most ever by a Yankee batter. His teammate the relief wizard Dave Righetti accounted for an all-time-record forty-six saves; and their skipper, Lou Piniella, beat perhaps even longer odds when he was rehired to manage the Yankees for another year. Fernando Valenzuela, of the Dodgers, won twenty games for the first time (he was 21–11 at the end), and so did his fellow-countryman Teddy Higuera (20-11), for the Brewers; the two Mexicans were the talk of the All-Star game, when they went head to head in three blazing middle innings. The Indians, of all people, came up with a genuine star in their third-year outfielder-slugger Joe Carter (.302, twenty-nine home runs, two hundred hits, and a hundred and twenty-one runs batted in); his nearest rival in the last category was Oakland's rookie bombardier Jose Canseco, who had thirty-three homers and was perhaps the best of a notable freshman class in the American League that also included the Rangers' Pete Incaviglia, the Mariners' Danny Tartabull, and the Angels' Wally Joyner.

The real news around the leagues, however, was the manner in which the four divisional winners entirely suppressed the opposition throughout the summer. The calendar is conclusive. The Mets took over the top of their division for good on April 23rd, the Red Sox on May 15th, the Angels on July 7th, and the laggard Astros on July 21st. The Mets' four starting pitchers—Dwight Gooden, Ron Darling, Bob Ojeda, and Sid Fernandez—had a combined record of forty-one wins and ten losses at the midseason All-Star-game break, by which time the club led its nearest pursuer, the Expos, by thirteen games. Its ultimate 108–54 won-lost record for the season tied the modern National League level set by the 1975 Reds (the 1954 Indians went 111–43), and the Mets' home-attendance total of 2,762,417 was the best total ever for any New York team in any sport. In retrospect, the Red Sox' one important (or perhaps only symbolically important) game of the summer seems to have been a series opener at Yankee Stadium on June 16th, when Roger Clemens bested Ron Guidry in a 10–1 blowout and ran his record to 12–0 for the season to that date; it was Guidry's sixth loss in a row. The injury-depleted Sox sagged a bit during a swing West in late July, but stood firm against all comers thereafter (to the amazement of their careworn, wary fans and many of their writers), running their lead from three and a half games to ten in the first twelve days of September.

Nobody finished like the Astros, however. Pitching and defense was their game—or let's just say pitching. On September 23rd, in Houston, rookie left-hander Jim Deshaies struck out the first eight Dodgers of the evening and shut out the visitors, 4–0, on two hits. The following night, Nolan Ryan gave up no hits to the Giants in the first six innings, and wound up with a 6–0 two-hitter, and the night after *that* Mike Scott beat the same team with a 2-0, no-hit game that clinched the Astros' divisional pennant in the National League West. The absence of a race or of any sort of rival to these top four teams did not deter fans from coming out to the games this summer; 47,500,347 turned up in all, which was a new record, and, for the first time ever, no club drew fewer than a million in its own park. The pennant races were a success in another way as well, for they produced divisional winners that, for once, really were the best four teams in baseball. The championships promised well, and that promise was kept.

The Mets' runaway, I think, was responsible to a considerable degree for all the speculation around New York about Dwight Gooden. "What's the matter with Doc?" became a handy substitute for talk about the onrushing Expos or Cardinals or Phillies, who never onrushed at all. If we are to undertake a brief exploration of Gooden's year, it should start with the understanding that by most pitchers' standards there was nothing at all wrong with Dwight in 1986, when he finished with a 17–6 record, an earned-run average of 2.84, and two hundred strikeouts in two hundred and fifty innings pitched. These are wonderful figures by almost any standard except Gooden's own. His performance in 1985, when, in his second season in the majors, he was 24–4 and 1.53, with two hundred and sixty-eight strikeouts, allowed him to walk away with the Cy Young Award in his league, along with the consensus opinion that this was the finest young pitcher to turn up in baseball since Bob Feller. A good many well-respected (by me, at least) baseball sages are of the opinion that Gooden's somewhat diminished record this year is perfectly in line for a great young hurler (he has just turned twenty-two) who is on the way to a Hall of Fame career. Tim McCarver, the Mets' perceptive television announcer, has stated his belief that no pitcher, including Dwight Gooden himself, will again put together anything like Doc's summer of '85, and that it is unfair to expect him to duplicate something unique in the annals of the sport. For all that, Gooden's at times disappointing performance this year—he was more disappointed than anyone else, for he is a hardworking professional, and very mature in his approach to his tasks—is worth speculating about, since it tells us so much about the rigors of his job. I think we can put aside some of the simpler, one-shot or cheap-shot explanations—an ankle he sprained in the middle of the winter last year (which never bothered him for a day of the

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season, he and his coaches insist), rumors of drug abuse (no proof of any sort), and some difficulties in his private life—and just think about pitching. One theory, much enunciated in the pressrooms during the playoffs and the World Series, arose from the premise that experienced major-league hitters learn in time to stop swinging at great fastballs up near the ceiling of the strike zone, or just above it—which is the path of Doc's heater—and that the umpires, for their part, become more stubborn about calling that same high strike in a second season. If that is the case, the umps (and the hitters, too) must have held a series of extensive long-distance conference calls along about June 10th of this season to settle on their new strategy, for it was not until Doc's thirteenth start of the year, on June 13th, that his year began to look much different from the one that preceded it. After Gooden's first twelve starts of this season, his record stood at 8–2 (there were two no-decision games), with a 2.11 earned-run average, seventy-one strikeouts, and six complete games, including four shutouts. He was less of a pitcher after that, with no shutouts in his remaining twenty-one starts (there were eight no-decisions), a 9–4 record, and an earned-run average of 3.29. No injury or sudden stratagem by the opposition explains this. For me, the answer may be found in Doc's strikeout totals. Let's take a look at his three major-league seasons to date:

	Games	Won-Lost	E.R.A.	Innings	Strikeouts	Walks
1984:	31	17-9	2.60	218	276	73
1985:	35	24-4	1.53	276.2	268	69
1986:	33	17-6	2.84	250	200	80

The 1984 total of two hundred and seventy-six strikeouts led every other pitcher in the majors, and translated out to an astounding 11.39 strikeouts per nine innings pitched. Along the way, Gooden had fifteen ten-strikeout-or-better games, thus giving birth to Shea Stadium's "K Man" placards. In September of that season, Dwight threw two sixteen-strikeout games in succession.

What was happening, I should say at long last, was that Doc was simply trying to become a better major-league pitcher. Outs, not strikeouts, are what count, and Gooden, who is intelligent, has clearly been persuaded that retiring the side on six or eight pitches, with no strikeouts, is easier on an arm and on a career than taking fifteen or sixteen pitches to fan the side. In spring training this year, I saw Gooden working assiduously at a new pitch—an off-speed, high-to-low breaking ball—to add to his famous fastball and its lethal curveball counterpart. He fell in love with the new delivery, as young pitchers do when they find a beautiful toy, and for a time he had success with it in the regular season. The Ks went down, as we have seen, but his performance and his success ratio were just about as before. In midseason, though, he ran into unexpected difficulties, and there were several games in which I saw him begin to struggle as never before. He would miss—just miss—with the off-speed breaking ball, and fall behind in the count, and when he then came back to the fastball and its companion he often couldn't quite find the strike zone. The heater would be up a bit, or wouldn't seem to have much movement on it even when it was in the black. He began walking batters, sometimes five, or even six, in a game (unheard of, for him), and after May 6th there were no more shutouts. He had some excellent games along the way (a four-hitter and a two-hitter in September), but he wasn't the same: he was a little less.

In the post-season games (to look ahead a bit), Gooden pitched powerfully in his two starts in the playoffs, and his loss in his only decision was on an unearned run; in the Series, he gave up six runs in five innings in Game Two (he was the loser), and was taken out in the fifth inning of Game Five, by which time he had given up four runs and nine hits. He was deeply troubled by this last outing, and so were his teammates and his manager. But never mind the results for the moment. To me, Dwight Gooden in this game looked like a different pitcher altogether, just as he had in some stretches in midseason. The beautiful flow and freedom of his delivery weren't there, even when he did throw the fastball for a strike. He didn't seem to be finishing his motion in quite the same place as he did last year, with his body twisted over to the left and the fingers of his pitching hand almost down by his left shoe. He

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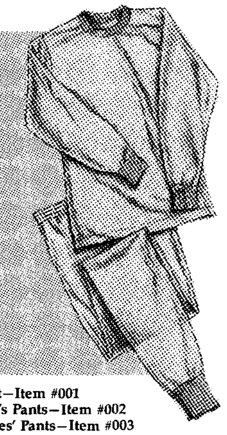

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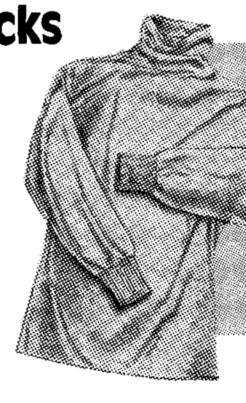

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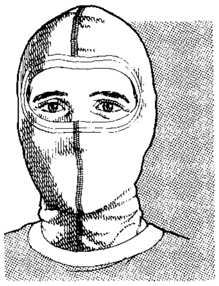

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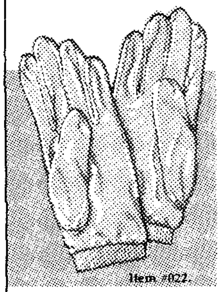

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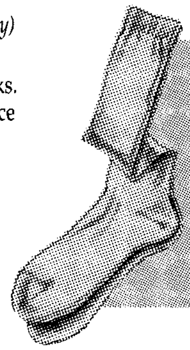

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was straighter away on the mound, somehow.

My guess about Dwight is that he slightly altered his pitching motion (his mechanics, in the parlance) this summer in the course of mastering his new off-speed delivery, and then found he couldn't always get back the stuff and the great control that were there, game after game after game, last year. He said he was squeezing the ball too hard at times; he said he had problems with his location. Whatever it was, he wasn't all of a piece out there, which is what great pitchers look like and the way they feel themselves to be when things are going right for them. Bob Boone, the Angels catcher, told me that it had probably taken young Mike Witt an extra season or two to get his pitching act together, because Witt is so tall. (He is six seven.) "His checkpoints are farther apart," Boone said, with a smile. Gooden's checkpoints (this foot, that shoulder, the turn on the rubber, the microsecond when the arm starts forward, and so on) may have drifted apart by a fraction or two this summer, because of the very different motion and rhythm involved in throwing an off-speed delivery. Now he will have to get them together again.

After Gooden's departure in Game Four, Marty Barrett, the Red Sox second baseman, said, "I feel Dwight's mechanics are a little off. I went against him in spring training when he had that great year last year, and he was more straight up and over the top then. Now it's almost like he's throwing over and moving across his body." One of the Mets regulars said to me, "If Marty Barrett says anything like that, you can believe it. Anything from Barrett is like a message from Western Union. I think that's what happened to Doc, and it made it a tough year for him. But we all have tough years. Now he'll just have to go out there and get it back. Don't bet against him."

Game Three, National League Championship Series

IT came on a chilly gray afternoon at Shea Stadium, and by the end of the second inning the Mets were in heavy weather of their own making, down by 4–0 to the Astro left-handed starter Bob Knepper. These N.L. playoffs, it will be recalled, had opened at the Astrodome with a dominant, almost suffocating 1–0 shutout performance by the Astros' big, sleepy-faced right-hander Mike Scott, who had struck out fourteen Mets batters with his darting split-fingered fastball and high heater, thus nullifying a strong effort by Dwight Gooden. The visitors had evened matters the next day, when the Mets, blown away by Nolan Ryan in his first trip down their batting order, jumped on him for five quick runs on their second look, to win 5–1, behind their left-handed off-speed precisionist Bob Ojeda. But here at Shea the sudden four-run Houston lead looked serious, for Knepper, a ten-year veteran with exquisite control, had defeated the Mets three times during the regular season, and we knew that Scott, the best pitcher in the National League this year, would be back for the Astros the very next day. Watching these glum proceedings from my press seat in deep left field (the foul pole actually blocked my view of the mound), I was afflicted by grumpiness and self-pity. The night before, at home by my television set, I had watched the Red Sox drop a 5–3 game to the Angels out in Anaheim, to slip behind in *their* playoffs by two games to one. My dream was already coming apart, and here at my sixth game in five days (two up at Fenway Park and three via television) I felt baseballed out. Ron Darling, the Mets' starter, had composed himself after two egregious innings (five hits, a base on balls to the No. 8 batter, two stolen bases, a wild pitch, and a two-run homer by second baseman Bill Doran), but the Mets in their dugout—as viewed unsteadily through my binoculars—looked glum and wintry, with their arms crossed and their paws buried in the pockets or the armpits of their shiny blue warmup jackets. In among them I could pick out Wally Backman and Lenny Dykstra, the Mets' dandy two-cylinder self-starting machine that had figured in so many uprisings this summer; Dykstra bats from the left side and Backman is a switch-hitter who does much better against right-handers, and so both were sitting out Knepper. ("I don't care how fiery you are," Mets man-

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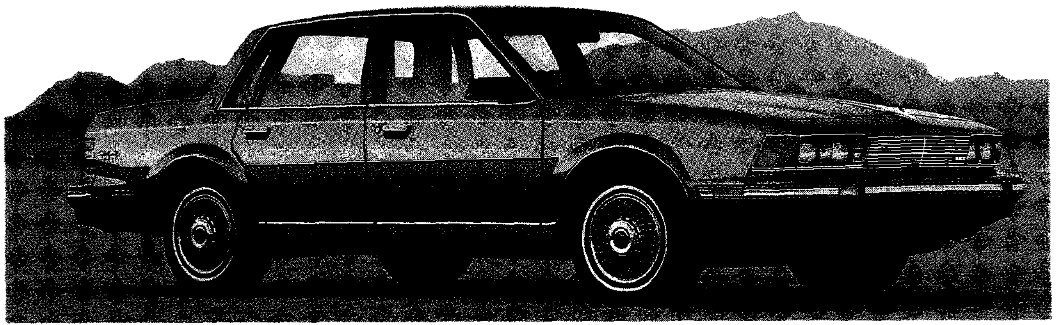
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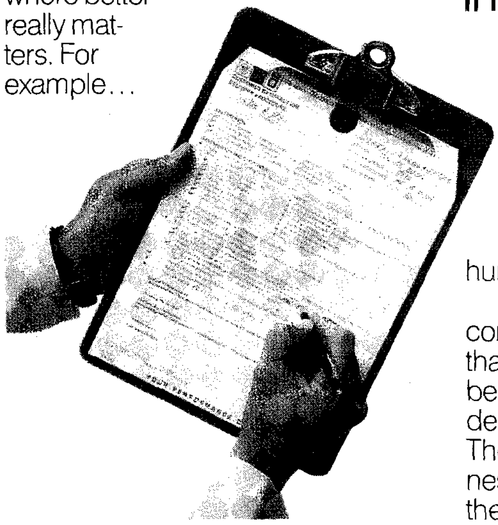

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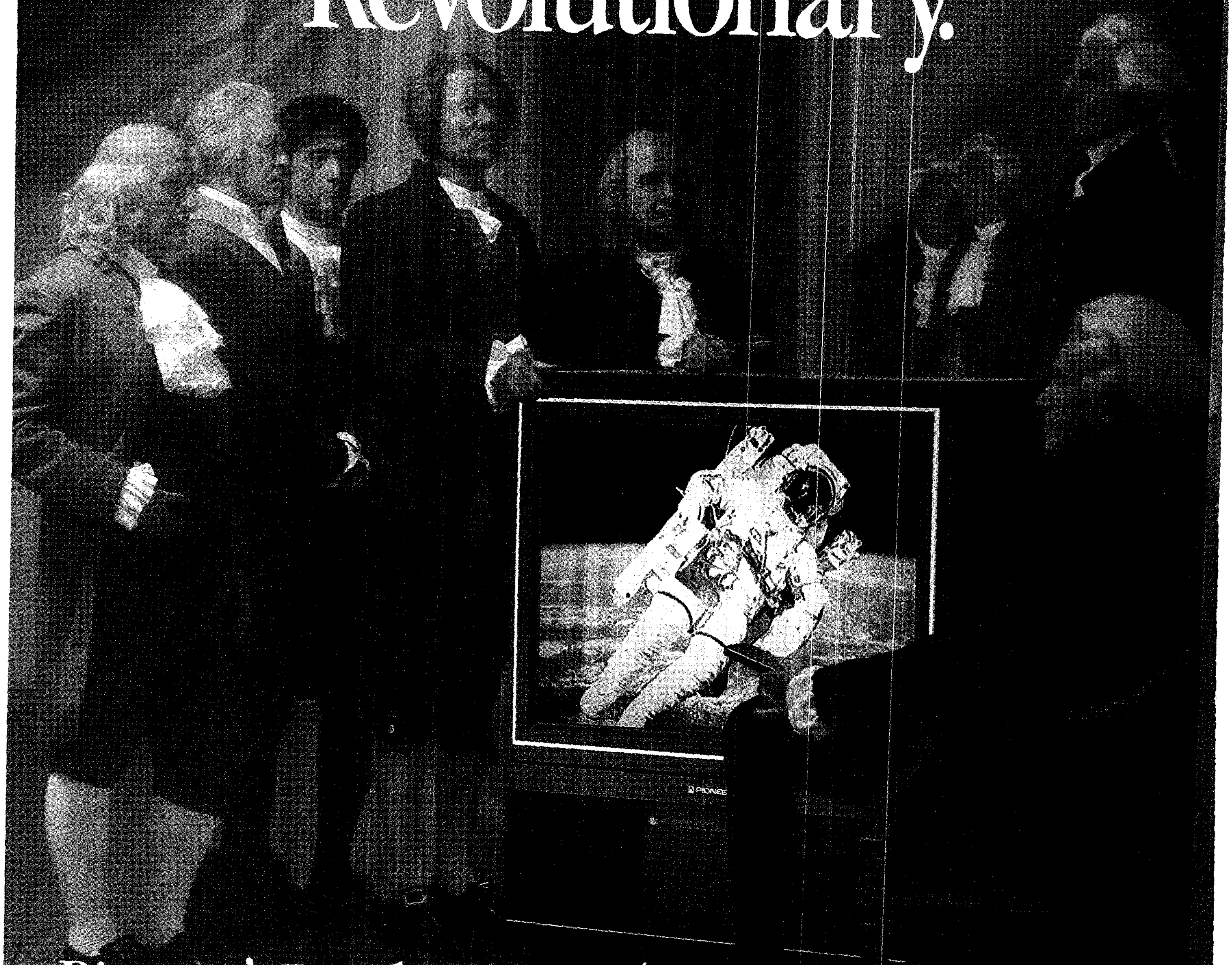

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ager Davey Johnson said about Dykstra before the game. "It's on-base average that counts.") The Shea multitudes made imploring noises from time to time, but they, too, looked muffled and apprehensive. Nothing doing.

Kevin Mitchell led off the Mets' sixth with a single over third, and Keith Hernandez followed with a modest fly ball that dropped into short center field for another hit—nothing *much*, except that Craig Reynolds, the Astro shortstop, now booted a grounder by Gary Carter (a double-play ball, in fact), sending Mitchell home, and Darryl Strawberry lofted Knepper's next pitch into the first deck in right field, to tie the game. I revived instantly, but also briefly, for the Mets now handed back the gift run—a walk (Rick Aguilera was pitching for the home side by now), a throwing error by Ray Knight, and an infield out—and very soon thereafter had to deal with Charlie Kerfeld, the Astros' lumpy, menacing right-handed rookie flamethrower, who blew out the candle in the eighth on a handful of pitches. Kerfeld is a hotdog—all shades, chaw, belly, and heat out there—and when he somehow reached behind his back to spear Carter's hard one-hop grounder to the mound, he pointed at Gary as he ran up the line, relishing the moment before he threw him out.

I had improved my seat by a section or two during the afternoon, scrounging the places of no-show reporters closer to the action, but at the end of the eighth I decamped for the interview room, just beyond the Mets clubhouse in the nether corridors of the park—a way to beat the crowds, and a pretty good vantage point from which to watch the last few outs of a game, by means of a giant television monitor. Panting, but certain of my long wisdom in these matters, I attained my goal, to find the room virtually deserted: somebody had forgotten to set up the monitor. And so it happened that I got to see not the longest game-winning home run of my life but certainly the smallest—the sudden two-run, bottom-of-the-ninth smash to right by Lenny Dykstra that I watched, huddling with similarly misplaced media friends, via a palm-size Sony Watchman TV set that one foresighted reporter had brought along to the game. Peering like microbiologists, we watched the mini-replays and filled in the missing details. Backman, pinch-hitting, had dropped a lead-off bunt down the first-base line and made a skidding slide into the bag around an attempted tag by first baseman Glenn Davis; then he had motored along to second on a passed ball. The Houston pitcher was the Astros' short-relief specialist Dave Smith, who had been wheeled in by manager Hal Lanier to wrap things up, thus expunging Kerfeld. Now a postage-stamp-size Backman, seen in black-and-white slow-motion replay, flung up his arms as he watched Dykstra's homer sail into the Mets' bullpen and then began his jumping, backward-running dance toward third, while the rest of the Mets streamed onto the field to celebrate the 6–5 victory and their sudden lead in the playoffs. Dykstra, it should be explained, had come into the game in the seventh, when he fanned against Knepper. Davey Johnson was proud of this maneuver (he likes to have his pair of deuces in there late in a game), and explained that he had guessed—guessed right, it turned out—that Knepper would shortly be done for the day, leaving Dykstra still in there to swing against a right-hander his next licks.

Dykstra is a pistol. In this, his first full season, he not only had won the job in center field (moving Mookie Wilson to left, on most days, and permitting the club to drop the increasingly ineffective George Foster) but had quickly emplaced his engaging and brattish mannerisms in our mass Shea consciousness—his odd preliminary forward lean in the batter's box, with bat held upright, as if to conk a burglar; the facial twitches, winces, and squinchings as he prepares for the pitch, and, before that, the peculiar, delicate twiddling of a gloved fingertip along his brow; the joyful little double jump and hand pop as he comes to a dusty stop beyond first with another base hit; and, contrariwise, his disbelieving, Rumpelstiltskin stamp of rage when a pitcher has caught a corner against him for strike three. Here in the interview room, Lenny was all cool and charisma—a guest on some late-night talk show. He said that the only other time he had hit a winning home run in the bottom of the ninth was in Strat-O-Matic (a board game), against his kid brother, Kevin.

In the clubhouses, I heard more talk about Strawberry's home run than about Dykstra's. Strawberry had suffered through a ghastly midsummer batting slump (he was booed horrendously by the upper-deck critics at

Shea, where he went 0 for August), and had looked particularly helpless against left-handed pitching. The three-run homer struck off Knepper meant something, then—something beyond this game. Keith Hernandez said, "Baseball is a constant learning experience. Nothing happens very quickly for most hitters, and you have to remind yourself that Darryl is still only twenty-four years old. He's played four years in the majors, but he's still a baby. It isn't often that a Gehrig or a Mattingly comes along, who can do it all at the plate right away. When I first came up, the Matlacks and Koosmans and Carltons of this league—all those left-handers—gave me fits. Jim Rooker just killed me at the plate. You have to be patient and try to learn to adjust, and Darryl is still learning."

What happened on this afternoon (and again in the fifth game of the playoff, when Straw whacked another telling homer against the Astros) did not quite turn Strawberry's year around, for he batted only .208 in the World Series, with six strikeouts and a lone, superfluous home run and run batted in on his very last at-bat. He is an enigma and a challenge, perhaps to himself as much as to us and to his club, and his style (those thick, long young arms; the looping, easeful swing; the long-loping catch in right-center field that ends with a casual heavenward reach to suck in the ball, with the gesture of somebody taking down a hat from a top shelf) is always so effortless that it looks magical when it succeeds and indolent when it fails. Each year, we wait for the performance that will lift his numbers (.259 this year, with twenty-seven homers and ninety-three runs batted in) to the next level, which is superstardom; each year, that once-certain goal seems a little farther away.

Here in the clubhouse, Strawberry said that Knepper had been throwing him breaking balls all afternoon (he'd nubbed one down the third-base line in the fifth, for a thirty-foot single), and he had guessed fastball the next time up—guessed right, that is. The batting and first-base coach Bill Robinson said, "When Darryl got on base after that little hit, I said 'That's the way to beat on that ball!' and he told me maybe that at-bat would make him stay in the next time up. And that's what he did do—he kept his right side in on that swing and didn't pull off the ball. I tell them all, '*Guess fastball.*' You can adjust to a curveball, a knuckleball, a slider, or a change off the fastball, but it's tough to guess a curveball, a knuckleball, a slider, or a change and then hit the fastball. I believe most pitchers will throw the fastball six out of ten times. So six out of ten times I'm sitting on dead red and knowing I still have a chance on the others. If Knepper throws me a good slider or something outside that's nasty, I'm not going to hit it anyway. You can count the good breaking-ball hitters in this league on the fingers of one hand—well, the fingers of *two* hands. We're all fastball hitters in the end."

I asked Robinson (he is a dapper and self-assured man in his early forties—he had sixteen seasons in the majors—who somehow looks elegantly dressed even in clubhouse dishabille) about Dykstra's game-winning blow. "I can't wait to get on him tomorrow for hitting that home run," he said, not at all seriously. "We've been telling him he's *not* a home-run hitter and he's got to cut back on his swing. So tomorrow I'll say, 'God bless you for what you did, but that was yesterday and this is today.' You saw what happened on that at-bat in the ninth, didn't you? [I hadn't, in fact.] On the first pitch Dave Smith threw him, he tried to hit a home run and fouled the ball back. It was a good effort, but he swung the bat too hard. I yelled at him that all we needed was a base hit to tie, and on the next pitch—it was a forkball—he put a nice easy swing on the ball and hit it out. So the home-run swing was a foul and the base-hit swing was a home run."

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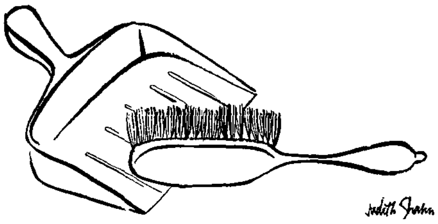
HOME in fine fettle after the Mets' sudden resurrection that Saturday, I had a drink and some dinner, and took my ease in front of the set, where my Red Sox, out in the late sunshine at Anaheim Stadium, played resolute, patient ball in their almost boring Game Four, eventually dispatching the ancient and wily Don Sutton in the seventh inning. (I should explain that the two sets of playoffs never exactly overlapped in their progression, thanks to the vagaries of the network schedulers.) The Sox' 3–0 lead midway through the ninth looked safe as houses, for their pitcher was Roger Clemens, their soon-to-be winner of both the Cy Young and the Most Valuable Player awards in his league; he had gone 24–4 for the season, after winning his first fourteen decisions in a row, and had also established a new all-time record by striking out twenty batters in an April game against the Seattle Mariners. So far in this game, Clemens had simply brushed aside the Angels, allowing no one to reach third base; three more outs would bring the teams even in their playoff, at two games apiece. But in fact Clemens was running out of gas, and after a lead-off home run by Doug DeCinces in the ninth and one-out singles by Dick Schofield and Bob Boone he was abruptly gone. His successor, the young fastballer Calvin Schiraldi, suffered a nasty shock when a well-hit but catchable fly by Gary Pettis became a run-scoring double because Jim Rice lost the ball in the lights. With the score now 3–2, and with the bases loaded after an intentional pass, Schiraldi fanned Bobby Grich and went to two strikes and one ball on Brian Downing, but then hit him on the thigh with his overreaching next pitch ("Oh, NO!" I cried, badly startling the snoozing terrier at my feet as I sailed up out of my chair, to the invisible balletic accompaniment of three or four million Sox fans to the north and east of me—along with *their* dogs, I suppose), to force in the tying run. The Angels won it in the eleventh (oh, yes), bringing exquisite joy to their rooters but ruin to my overcrowded baseball day.

Game Five, played out lengthily at Anaheim the next afternoon, has already taken its place on the little list of Absolute All-Timers, and I must assume that its immoderate events are known by heart by even the most casual followers of the pastime. The Angels pitched their main man, Mike Witt, a spidery right-hander with an exceptional curveball, which he throws in two variant modes; he had eaten up the Red Sox batters in the playoff opener, retiring the first seventeen in a row. Now he survived a two-run homer by Rich Gedman in the early going and was still in command as the ninth began, with his club ahead by 5–2, three outs away from a pennant. The last two California runs had come in when Dave Henderson, the second Boston center fielder of the



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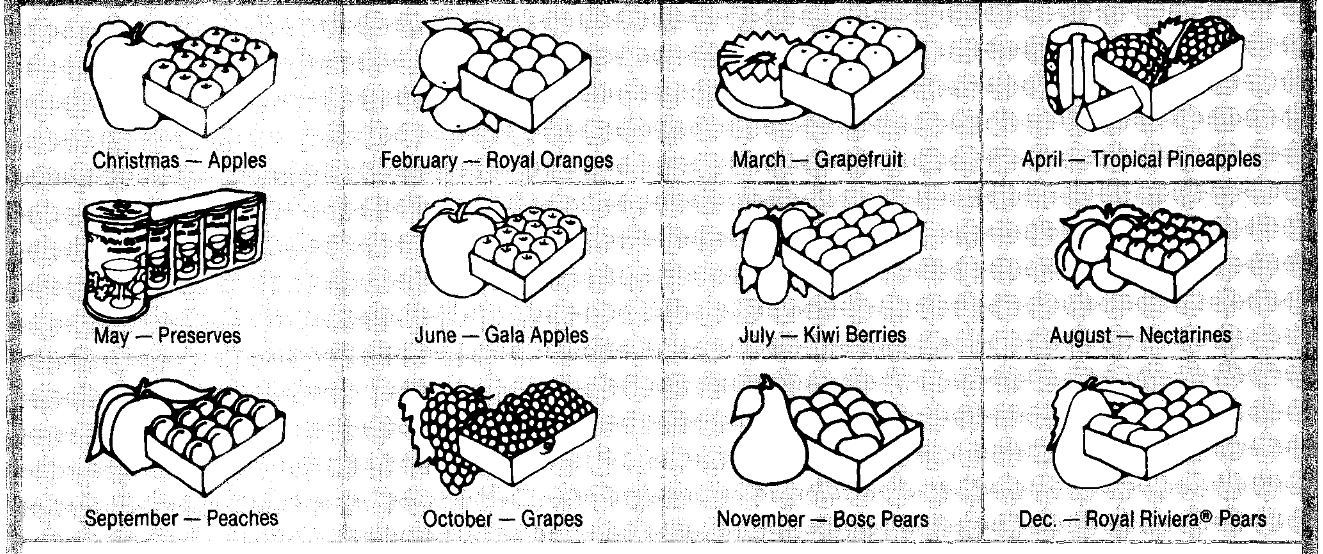
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day (he had entered the game after Tony Armas twisted an ankle), made a fine running catch of Grich's deep drive, only to have the momentum of his effort carry the ball up over the top of the center-field wall and, appallingly, out of his glove for a home run. In the ninth, Witt gave up a single to Bill Buckner, fanned Rice, and then threw a pretty good breaking ball, down and away, to Don Baylor, who reached out and whacked it over the left-field fence: a sobering moment there in Southern California. Dwight Evans popped up for the second out, though, and manager Gene Mauch called in a left-hander, Gary Lucas, to pitch to the left-side batter Gedman, in search of one more out and a championship. The tactic, arguably logical (and arguably the only appropriate occasion for "arguably" ever to see print), since Gedman had ripped Witt for a homer, a double, and a single for the day, didn't work, because Lucas plunked Gedman on the hand with his first pitch, thereby setting up the next confrontation, between Dave Henderson and the Angels' less than imperious right-handed relief stopper Donnie Moore, who had thrown well in his most recent appearance. With the crowd putting up an insupportable din, with the ushers arrayed along the baselines and police stuffing the dugouts and bullpens, with the Angels up on their topmost dugout step for the pennant sprint and the huggings and the champagne, Henderson worked the count to two and two, fouled off two fastballs, and then hit the next delivery—a forkball, perhaps—into the left-field seats.

Silence and disbelief out there. Exultation on the opposite coast. The Angels, it will be recalled, quickly made up the new one-run deficit in their half of the ninth, and even had the next winning run—the pennant-winner once again—poised at third base when DeCinces popped to short right field and Grich lined out softly to the pitcher. These extended melodramatics had settled nothing so far (Al Michaels, the exemplary ABC television play-by-play man, summed things up along about here by saying, "If you're just tuning in, too bad"), but now it suddenly seemed clear that the Red Sox *would* win, although that took a couple of innings: a hit batsman (it was Baylor), a single, an unplayable bunt by Gedman, and the winning sacrifice fly to center—by Henderson, of course. Schiraldi came in at the end and got the save. The Angels repacked their gear and de-iced the champagne (I guess) and returned to Boston, where they lost their last two games of the year, 10–4 and 8–1. "I don't think we ever should have had to come back here," Donnie Moore said when it was all over.

My eagle-eye view of Game Five was not nearly as clear as I have depicted it, since duty forced me to leave my TV set in the middle of the ninth that evening and head back to Shea for the fourth Mets-Astros affray, and I picked up most of the amazing and extended events in Anaheim over my car radio while tooling along on the Grand Central Parkway. Taking pity on his old man, my son taped the action on our VCR, and when I got home very late that night (the Mets had lost again to Mike Scott, just as I had feared) I played the last three innings over for myself, and, sure enough, the Red Sox won, 7–6, in eleven innings. It was the first time all month I didn't have to keep score.

I thought back on this game many times after the Red Sox had won their championship and the Angels had packed up and gone home for the winter, but with a good deal less than pure pleasure. These last-moment reprieves and reversals are so anguishing for the losing players and coaches (and the fans, too, to be sure) that one's thoughts return to them unbidden, long after the winners' celebrations have been forgotten. Players in the winning clubhouse always look like boys (and not just because they are behaving like infants), while the ones in the other clubhouse resemble veteran combat soldiers who have barely survived some dreadful firefight. They look worse after a playoff defeat than after the World Series, because the losing team in a championship elimination has won nothing at all; it has become a trivia question. Even the Red Sox players, I noticed later on, talked about their narrow escape in Game Five with dire, near-funereal images. "We were on our deathbed," Roger Clemens said. "The heartbeat meter was on a straight line." John McNamara, who has a whispery, monsignorlike habit of speech, said to me, "We were dead and buried. When Henderson went to two strikes and the police were all set to go, I looked over and saw Reggie taking off his glasses in their dugout, getting ready for the celebration. That's how close we were."

I feel bad about the Angels, who were a team made up of some distinguished, or very well-known, older players—Don Sutton, Reggie Jackson, Doug DeCinces, Bob Boone, Brian Downing, George Hendrick, Rick Burleson, and Bobby Grich (Sutton and Jackson are in their forties, and the others in their upper thirties)—who fitted well with younger stars like Dick Schofield, Gary Pettis, Mike Witt, Kirk McCaskill, and the splendid rookie first baseman Wally Joyner. (He missed all but the first game of the playoffs with a leg infection.) I see that I have just referred to the Angels in the past tense, which is understandable, for this particular Angels team has ceased to exist. Grich has already retired, Jackson is a free agent—with no assurance that anyone will pick him up for next season—and so are Downing, Boone, and DeCinces, and management has been extremely quiet about which of the other expensive old-timers we will see in Anaheim next summer. I feel sorry for Gene Autry, the seventy-nine-year-old president and chairman of the board, who is revered in the game (he is known as the Cowboy) and has owned the still pennantless team ever since its inception, as an expansion club, in 1961.

I even feel bad about the Angels fans. There is a popular dumb theory here in the East that there is no such thing as a California Angels fan, and that those two-and-a-half-million-attendance totals at Anaheim Stadium, year after year, are made up of moonlighting sunbathers and foot-weary families resting up from Disneyland. This is parochial nonsense, of course, and it's about time we old-franchise inheritors admitted the Angelvolk to the ranks of the true sufferers—the flagellants, the hay-in-the-hair believers, the sungazers, the Indians-worshippers, the Cubs coo-coos, the Twins-keepers, the Red Sox Calvinists: the *fans*. I have heard from a few of them by mail. One pen pal, a professor of Byzantine history from Canoga Park, California, sent me a five-page single-spaced typed letter delineating his pains and his heroes down the years, starting in 1961, when the Angels played at the Pacific Coast League Wrigley Field, in Los Angeles, and won seventy games in their very first season. "Now we know

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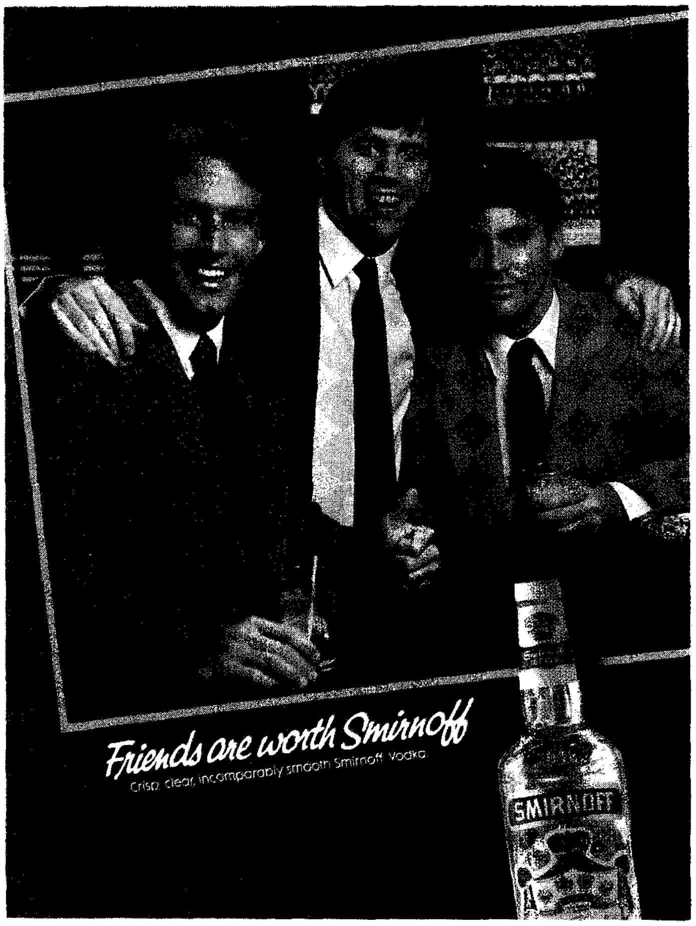
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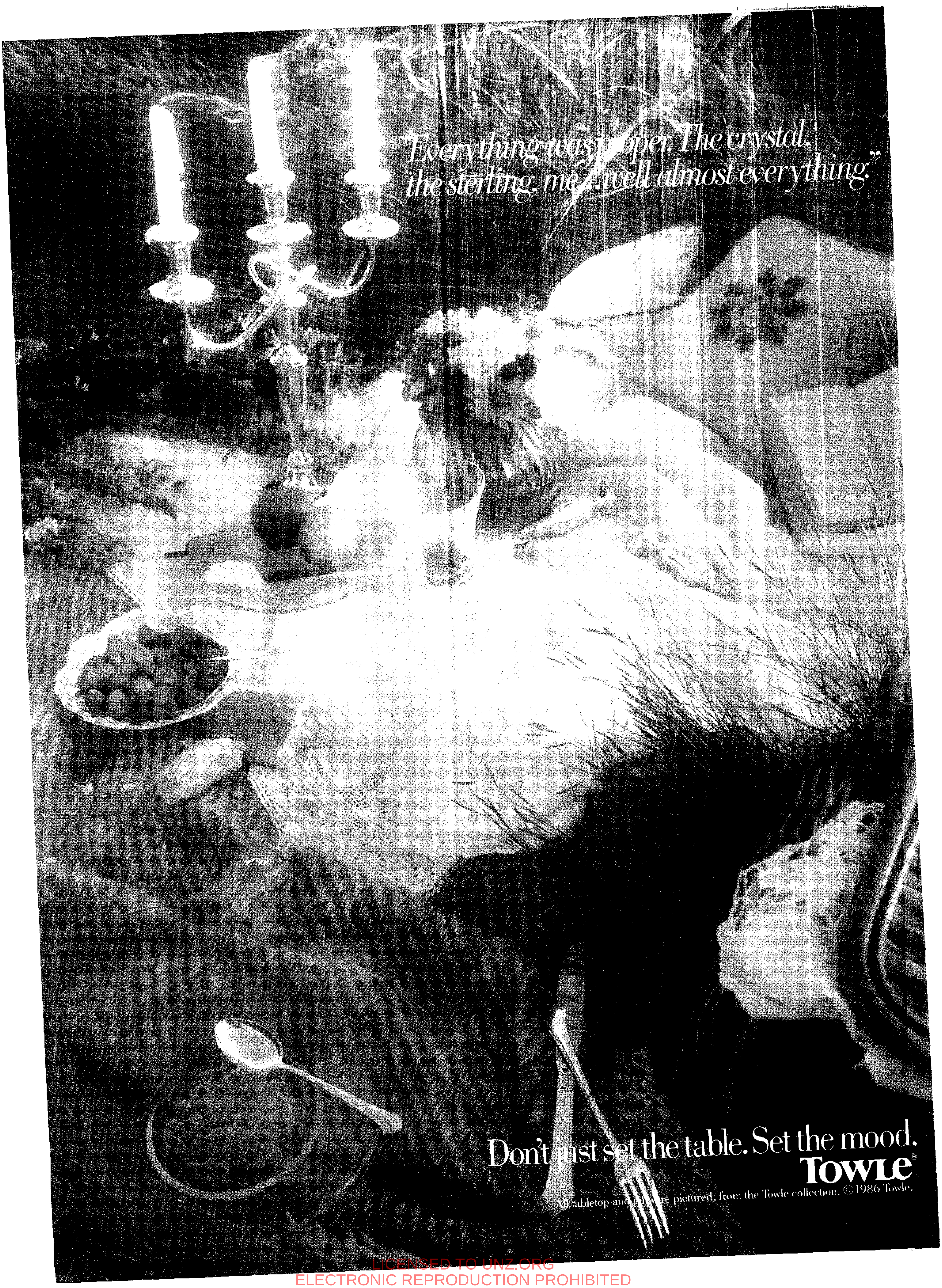
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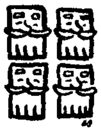
that rooting for the Angels is just like rooting for the Red Sox," he wrote. "One does it guardedly, always looking over one's shoulder." Another Angels correspondent, a medical-journal editor who lives in San Francisco, sent along his scorecards for the A.L. playoff games this fall—beautifully detailed, meticulously executed, pitch-by-pitch delineations of the seven games, which concluded with a gigantic, smudgy execration of Gene Mauch scrawled across the bottom of the seventh-game scorecard: the last Angels loss of the year. My correspondent apologized for this in a covering note: "I'm sorry—I was very upset. I still am."

I feel bad about Gene Mauch, too—*everybody* feels bad about Mauch by now—who has managed in the majors for twenty-five years without ever setting foot in the World Series, although he had come excruciatingly close before this. In 1964, his Phillies led the National League (this was before expansion) by six and a half games with two weeks to go, and then lost ten of their last twelve games and, on the last day, the pennant. Four years ago, his Angels led the Milwaukee Brewers in the five-game American League playoffs by two games to one but lost—an outcome so painful that Mauch moved up to the front office for a couple of seasons, and took up the managerial burdens again only last year. He is a dour, unapologetic baseball sachem (a former colleague of his told me that he'd never heard Mauch ask an opinion or invite a discussion about any move he had made, on or off the field), who has acquired a sharply divided body of passionate loyalists and dedicated doubters in the press boxes and front offices of the game. He has also been second-guessed as much as anyone in his hard profession, but this, I have come to believe, is due not so much to his hard-shell exterior or to his reputation for overmanaging as to a deep wish, however unconscious, among other managers and players and watchers of the game to prove that baseball really is more tractable, more manageable in its results, more amenable to tactics and patience and clear thinking, than it seems to have been for him. All of us—even us fans—want the game to be kinder to us than it has been to Gene Mauch, and we are terribly anxious to prove how that could be made to happen. No group of games in recent memory had produced anything like the second-guessing of managers that one heard at these two championships, but this is explained, to my way of thinking, by the fact that five of the thirteen games were settled in the ninth inning or later—in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and sixteenth, to be precise—and that prolonging reties were also produced, twice in a ninth inning and once in a fourteenth.

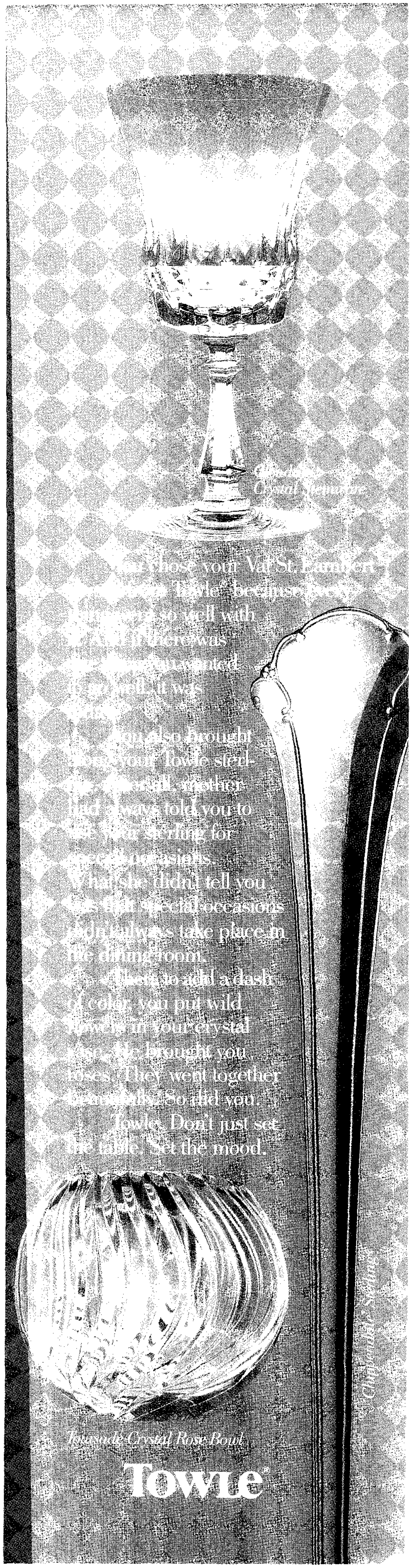
Mauch's moves during Boston's ninth inning of that fifth game, when the three-run Angels lead was converted to a one-run deficit, will be a Gettysburg for tactical thinkers for years to come. An old friend of mine who has managed extensively in both leagues was in Anaheim that afternoon, and later on I asked him what it was like when it all began to come apart for the Angels out there, and what he would have done in the same circumstances.



"When Baylor hit his home run, the game still didn't have that feeling of doom," he said. "You thought, All right, you don't win 5–2, you win 5–4. There were so many different directions Gene could have gone—he just chose the one that didn't work. Gedman looked like the problem, because he'd gone three for three against Witt. But for me, the one to worry about, the key batter, is the *next* guy, the right-handed hitter Henderson, and I'm not too worried about him, because my very best right-handed pitcher—my best pitcher of all—is still in the game. Mike Witt, I mean. He's just struck out Rice and popped up Evans, so he can't be all that tired. If he loses Gedman somehow, he just needs to get Henderson out, and if he can't do *that*, then we don't deserve the pennant. And Henderson would have a whole lot more trouble against him than against a Donnie Moore.

"We know that Gene went to Lucas, and Lucas came in and hit Gedman. Gene's move could have worked, but I think *the wrong man hit Gedman*. If Witt hits him, it's a very different story. With Witt on the mound and Gedman coming up to bat and all eager for that next rip at my pitcher, I would have walked out to Witt and said, 'Look, the *next* batter is the one you want. Don't worry about Mr. Gedman. Hit him on the hip with your first pitch, and if you miss go back and hit him with the next one. Then go after Henderson and we're out of this and into the World Series.'

"You know, when Donnie Moore came in after Lucas, I had the same



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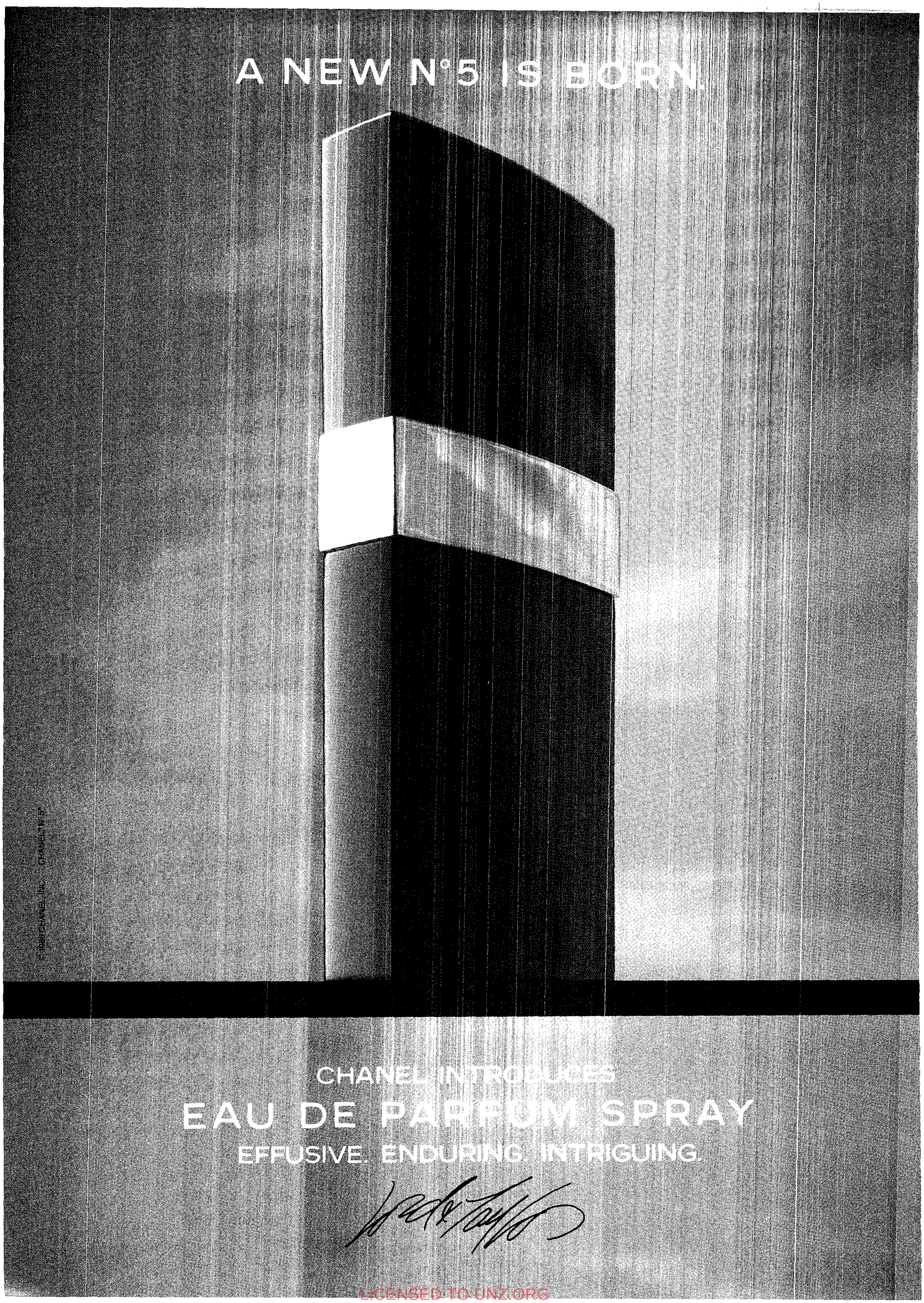

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little feeling I'd had back in Milwaukee when Gene's Angels got so close in '82: Now, *wait* a minute: this is ours, but it isn't quite ours yet—let's not gather the bats. And then it all happened again. The fans took it hard, but I think they felt, Well, O.K., we still just need one of the two games back in Boston. But you only had to look at the players' faces to know that it had gotten away from them and it might never come back. Once that phoenix gets out of the ashes, he wants to fly."

My friend the manager told me that he felt terrible about Gene Mauch. "He's been in this place for so long, and he won't give in to it and he won't walk away from it. This one's going to be very tough for him. He gets within one pitch and one run of the Series, but all those 'one's are still there for him. I know Gene, and I know all the cigarettes that have been smoked and the drinks that have been drunk and the miles that have been paced over this kind of thing, down the years. He'll pay that price to get there, but now I don't know if it will ever happen for him. How do you go on?"

Game Six, National League Championship Series

I WASN'T there, and had to pick up most of its extended, convoluted, and startling events in bits and pieces—by television and cab radio and word of mouth and television again—and then put them together in my head at last with the help of another tape made for me by the Mets screamers at my house. I was in Boston for the American League finale, and the Mets and Astros, as we know, had moved back to the Astrodome. The day before, I had seen the Mets go one up in their playoffs, in a makeup afternoon game at Shea (the thing had been rained out the night before), in which Nolan Ryan and Dwight Gooden pitched each other to a 1–1 standstill over the regulation distance. Ryan, who is thirty-nine years old, fanned twelve Mets and threw a two-hitter, but one of the two was a home run by Strawberry. Ryan left after nine innings and Gooden after ten, and the Mets won in the twelfth, when Gary Carter rapped a run-scoring single past Kerfeld's rump, which Charlie this time did *not* grab behind his back, although he tried. The Astros were sore about an umpire's out call at first base which had cost them a run back in the second inning, but nothing could be done about it, of course.

I took in most of Game Six the next afternoon by television in my Boston hotel room—not much sport, to tell the truth, for the Mets instantly fell behind by three runs in the first inning, and could do nothing at all against Bob Knepper over their initial eight. It's embarrassing to curse and groan and shout "*C'mon!*" twenty or thirty times in an empty hotel room, but yelling and jumping up and down on the bed—which is what I did during Dykstra's pinch-hit triple, Mookie's single, Keith's double, and Ray Knight's game-tying sac, all in the Mets ninth—is perfectly all right, of course. And here, perhaps, we should pause for statistical confirmation of the kind of baseball week that it had turned out to be. Somebody along about here had noticed or discovered that in the six hundred and forty-two post-season games played prior to 1986 no team had ever made up a deficit of more than two runs in its final chance at bat. Now it had happened three times in five days.

Darkness had fallen on the Public Garden by the time the Mets got all even, and I was overdue at Fenway Park. Four or five times, I turned off the set, grabbed my game gear, and headed for the door, only to come back and click on again for another out or two. (I didn't know it at the time, but millions of Mets fans in New York were in the same pickle; baseball had burst its seams and was wild in the streets.) The Mets scratched out a run at last in the fourteenth, against Aurelio Lopez (possibly a leftover character actor from a Cisco Kid movie), and that was good enough for me: the Mets had it in hand for sure. I doused the game and headed out to keep my other date, and so missed Billy Hatcher's gargantuan solo home run into the left-field foul-pole screen, which retied things in the bottom half. The sixteenth did wrap it up at very long last, but my patchwork impressions of its events (snatches over somebody's radio just ahead of me on the outside staircase at Fenway Park, and then glimpses on a TV monitor at the back of the overstuffed rooftop pressroom while several scribe friends tried to catch me up, viva voce, at the same time) have required subsequent firming up by tape. The Mets' three runs in the top half of the sixteenth and the Astros' gallant but insufficient answering pair in the bottom are still thrilling, of course, but the fatigue and bad

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nerves of the principals make you jittery, even in replay. Strawberry's mighty-swing semi-bloop fly became a double when the Houston center fielder, Hatcher, got a very late start in for the ball, and a throwing error by right fielder Kevin Bass and two wild pitches helped the Mets almost as much as Knight's single and then Dykstra's. Jesse Orosco (who won three games in the playoffs) was so arm-weary by the uttermost end that fastballs became an impossibility for him; one last, expiring sinker fanned Bass, with the tying run at second, and that was the pennant. A moment or two earlier, Davey Johnson (he told some of us about this back in New York), with the enormous, domed-in roarings of the Houston multitudes cascading and reverberating around him, noticed that his nearest companion in the Mets' dugout, pitching coach Mel Stottlemyre, looked a tad nervous. Davey leaned closer and said, "Come on, Mel, you knew this had to come down to one run in the end. It's that kind of game."

What I missed by not being in Houston that day may have been less than what I missed by not being in New York. The pennant-clinching celebrations in Boston were happy indeed (about a four on the Roger Scale), but the excruciating prolongation and eventual exultation of the Mets' Game Six were something altogether different—a great public event, on the order of a blackout or an armistice. The game began at 3:06, New York time, and ended at 7:48, and in that stretch millions of Mets fans in and around New York, caught between their daywatch of the game and some other place they had to be, found themselves suspended in baseball's clockless limbo, in a vast, mobile party of anxious watching and listening and sudden release. Sports can bring no greater reward than this, I think. In time, I—like many others, I imagine—began to collect Game Six stories: where folks had been that night, and what they had seen and heard and done during the long game's journey into night. There was no rush hour in New York that evening, I kept hearing: so many office workers stayed in their offices to follow the game that the buses and avenues in midtown looked half empty. Subway riders on the I.R.T. platform at Grand Central heard the score and the inning over the train announcer's loudspeaker. A man I know who was in bed with the flu or something said that he rose to a sitting position during the Mets' rally in the ninth, and then left his bed and paced the floor; when it was all over, he got up and got dressed and was cured. Another man, a film editor—not at all a fan—was running around the Central Park Reservoir when a strange, all-surrounding *noise* stopped him in his tracks. It came from everywhere around the Park, he said, and it wasn't a shout or a roar but something closer to a sudden great murmuring of the city: the Mets had won.

Men and women on commuter trains followed the news by Panasonic or Sony, clustering around each radio set for the count and the pitch, and calling the outs and the base runners to the others in their car. At the Hartsdale platform, in Westchester, a woman with a Walkman, having said goodbye to other alighting commuters as they hurried off to their car radios, started up a stairway and then stopped and cried "Oh!" Her companions from the train stared up at her, stricken, and she said, "Gary got thrown out, stealing." There were portables and radios at Lincoln Center, too, where the ticket holders at the Metropolitan Opera's performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" reluctantly gave the game up at seven-thirty and went in and took their seats for the overture. After a moment or two, a man in the orchestra section sprang up and disappeared through a side exit; he slipped back in a few minutes later (he'd found someone in the cloakroom with a radio, he subsequently explained) and, resuming his seat at the beginning of Figaro and Susanna's opening duet, turned and signalled, "Seven-four in the sixteenth!" on his fingers to the rows around him, and then did a thumbs-up to show he meant the Mets. A newspaperman heading back home to New York stopped off in an airport bar at Boston's Logan Airport, where the game was on, and fell into Mets conversation there with a woman who turned out to be a Merrill Lynch investment broker; they missed the three-o'clock, the four-o'clock, and the five-o'clock Eastern shuttles, somehow tore themselves away for the six-o'clock—and discovered that the game was still on when they deplaned at La Guardia. A colleague of mine who lives in New Jersey said that while going home he'd followed the game by stages over a spontaneous electronic relay network that had sprung up along the way—a TV set in the fire station on Forty-third Street, a wino's radio in Grace Plaza, a big TV in the window of a video store on Sixth Avenue, some kids with a boom box in the doorway of a Spanish deli, and then a crowd-encircled gray stretch limo parked in Herald Square, with its doors open and the windows rolled down and, within, a flickering tiny television set tuned to the game. Radios on his PATH train went blank during the journey under the Hudson, but they came back to life in the Hoboken station, where he changed to a New Jersey Transit train, and where the Astros retied the game in the fourteenth. A frightful communications disaster—the long tunnel just before the Meadowlands—was averted when his train, a rolling grandstand, unexpectedly ground to a halt ("Signal difficulties," a conductor announced), and stood there right through the top of the sixteenth, when the Mets scored three and service resumed.

NO
TURN
R. Macm

Writer friends wrote me about the game, too. A woman's letter began, "My friend Sandy came over to my place for the game with a quart of beer and some snacks—he doesn't have a color TV set. Sandy and I had been to a couple of games at Shea together, and I assumed it would be just about the same, but this was more like the time we'd been to see the movie 'Dawn of the Dead'—he kept turning his face away from the screen in dread. I kept up a casual, chatty, reassuring act, saying comforting things like 'It's all right now. Ojeda is totally in command,' but then there was this one terrifying closeup of Knepper out on the mound—eyes burning and steam coming out of his ears. A real image from a horror movie. As the game went on, I realized that I was living it through the Mets pitchers, maybe be-

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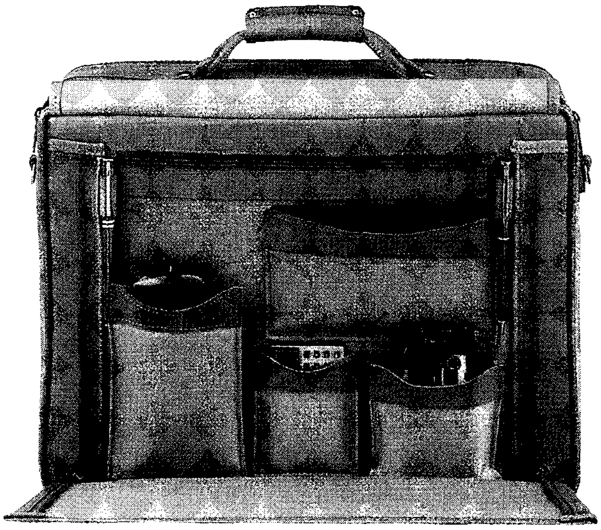

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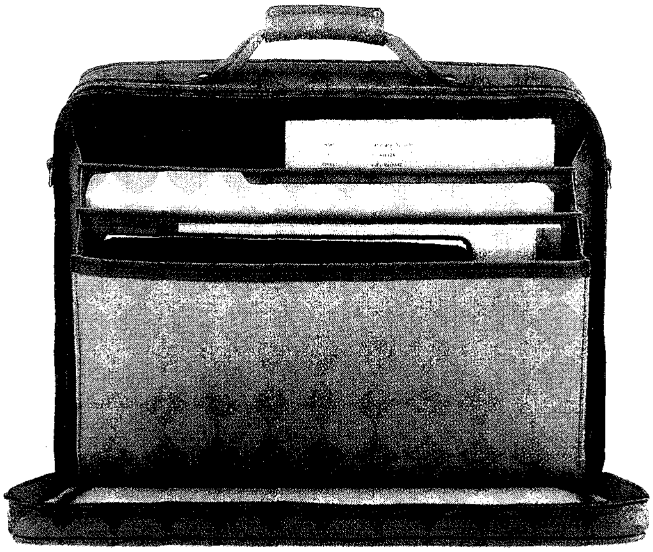

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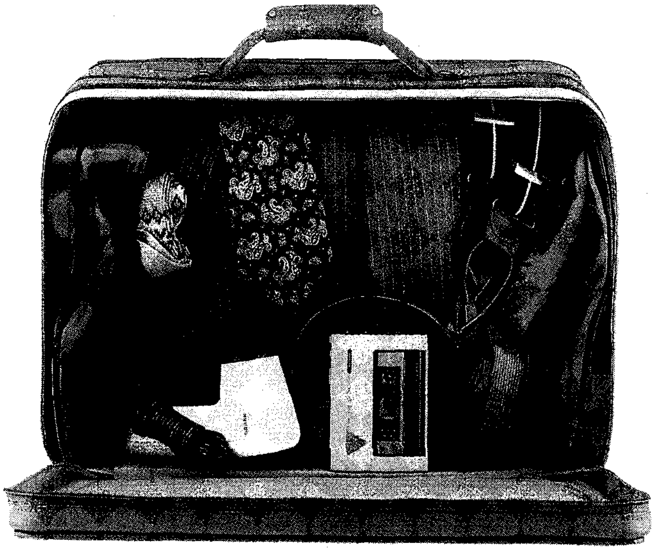

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cause the pitcher's motions can give you that trancelike feeling of security. Just about all that I was aware of late in the game was McDowell's right leg coming down and that little bow-legged hop he takes after every pitch, over and over. As long as *I* kept seeing that, I knew we'd be all right."

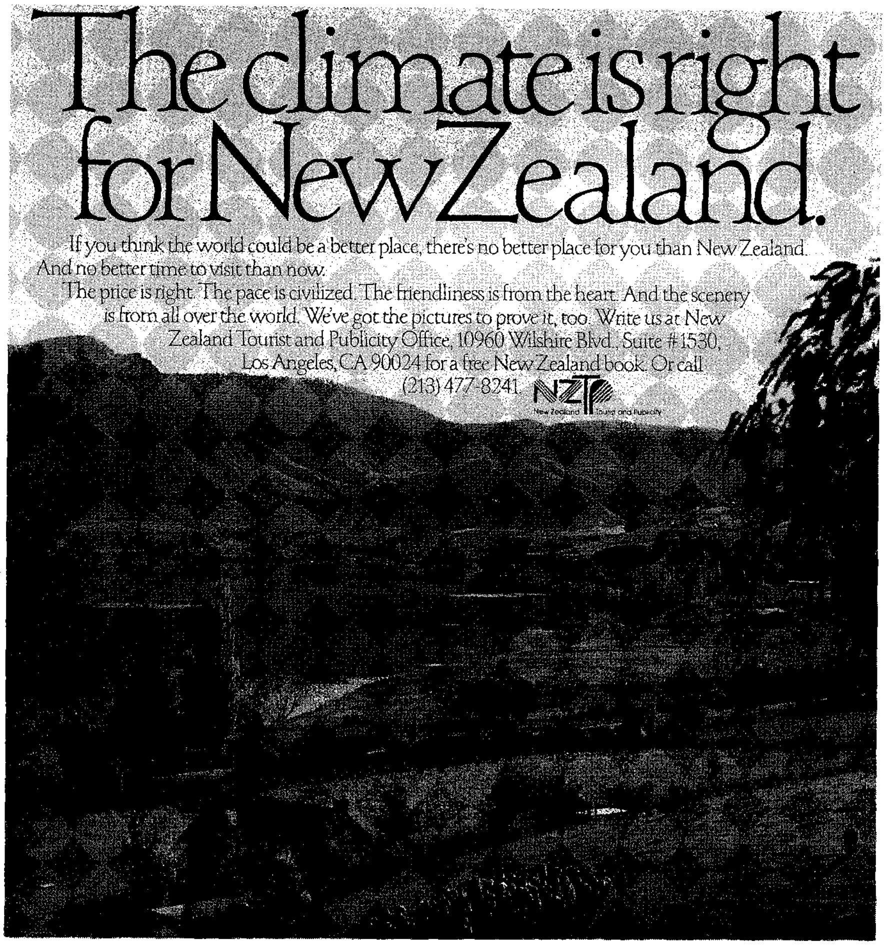
An art critic who lives in the East Village wrote, "At our apartment during the late innings of Game Six were my wife Brooke, our daughter Ada, myself, two dinner guests, and two people who had dropped in on short notice and then stayed around. One of the guests was Nell, a film director we like a lot, even though she's one of those people who can't believe that anyone of your intelligence actually cares about baseball. One of the drop-ins, an Australian poet named John, knew *nothing—nothing!—*about baseball but took a benign attitude, asking polite, wonderfully dumb questions about the game. The other drop-in was Aldo, our neighborhood cop on the beat, a Mets fan and a friend. Aldo was in full cop gear, and voices crackled from his walkie-talkie: cops out there talking about the game.

"Nell is one of those people who don't know any policemen and who can't believe that you do. She looked at Aldo for a while and then said, 'Excuse me, but what are you doing here?' I had to explain that it was all right, he was here for the game.

"I don't remember it all, but of course I do remember the growing delirium—like trying to explain to John what a foul ball was and how to throw the slider, and Nell becoming more and more agitated, and Brooke assuming her old rally posture in a particular doorway we have, and then, at the very end, all the whooping and hollering and inaccurate high-fiving, and some wild hugging. Nell was leaning out the window shrieking with joy."

GAME FIVE, WORLD SERIES

THIS was less than a classic, perhaps, but there was spirit and pleasure in it. The home-team Red Sox ravished their Fenway supporters with a 4–2 win, behind their mettlesome left-hander Bruce Hurst, and defeated Dwight Gooden for the second time in the process. This was the Sox' high-water mark (it turned out later), putting them ahead by three games to two, but it also felt like the first game in which the Series competition was fully joined. The Bostons, it will be recalled, had won the Series opener



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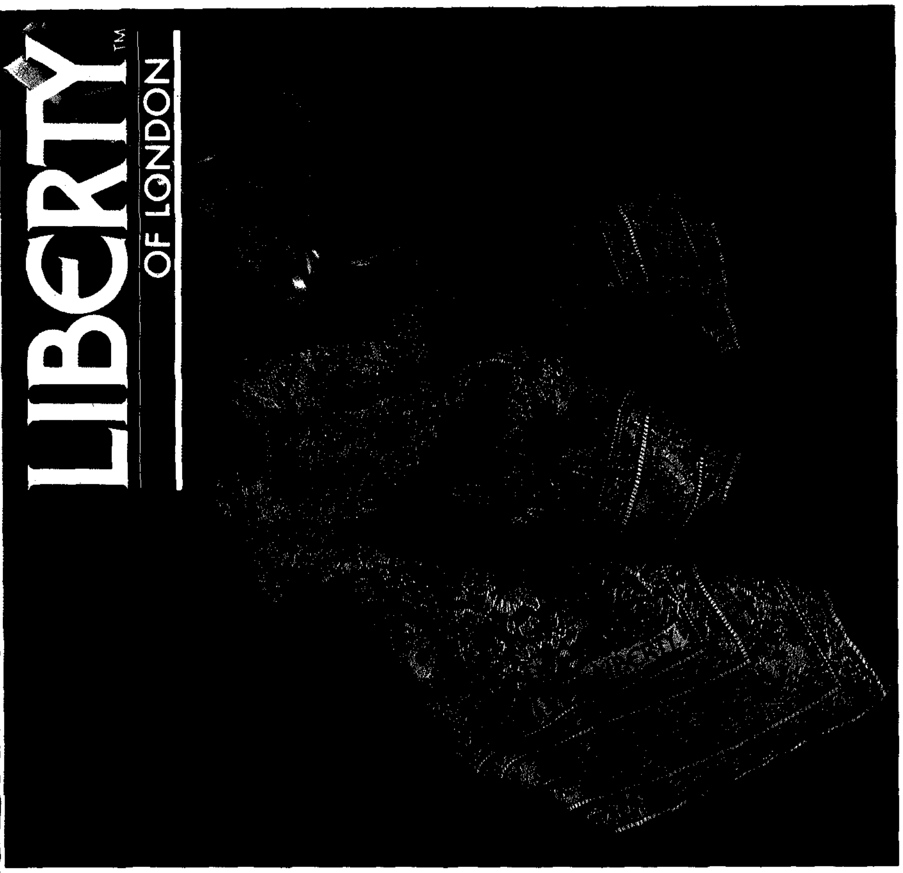
down at Shea, with a splendid 1–0 effort by Hurst against Ron Darling, in which the only run had come in on an error by Mets second baseman Tim Teufel. A promised Gooden-Clemens thriller the next day came to nothing when the Sox won by 9–3, doing away with Dwight almost without effort; Clemens, for his part, was wild, and was gone in the fifth inning. This was Dwight Evans' great game: a mighty two-run homer that caromed off a tent marquee out beyond left-center field, and then a lovely sliding, twisting catch against Dykstra in right. Up in Boston, the Mets, now in a jam, rebounded strongly, with four first-inning runs against Oil Can Boyd in Game Three; Dykstra's lead-off home run set the tone, all right, but the central figure of the evening may have been the Mets' lithe left-hander Bobby Ojeda, a member of the Red Sox pitching corps last year, who nibbled the corners authoritatively ("You don't live in one place in this ballpark," he said later) in the course of his 7–1 outing, and became the first left-hander to win a post-season game at Fenway Park since Hippo Vaughn turned the trick for the Cubs in 1918. Those two quick losses to the Red Sox in the early games meant that Davey Johnson would be overdrawn at the pitching bank in the ensuing games, but he got even at last in Game Four, when Ron Darling shut down the Sox for seven innings (he gave up no earned runs at all in his first two outings), and the Mets roughed up Al Nipper et al. with twelve hits, including two homers by Gary Carter. A rainout the next evening provided a breather for the careworn pitchers and probably improved the quality of the games over the remaining distance. (A missing figure in the Red Sox pitching rotation was Tom Seaver, who suffered a knee-cartilage tear in September and was forced to sit out all the post-season games: hard news for Sox fans—and for Mets fans, too, I believe.)

Hurst's work here in Game Five was the kind of pitcher's outing that I have most come to admire over the years—a masterful ten-hitter, if that is possible. This was his fourth start in post-season play, and although he was not nearly as strong as he had looked during his gemlike shutout at Shea, he used what he had and kept matters in check, scattering small hits through the innings and down the lineup, and racking up ground-ball outs in discouraging (to the Mets) clusters with



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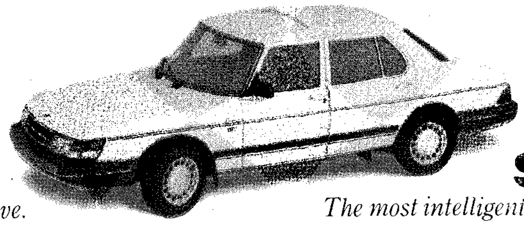

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his forkball. ("IT HURSTS SO GOOD," one Fenway fan banner said.) The pitch, which disconcertingly breaks down and away from right-handed batters, sets up the rest of his repertoire—a curve and a sneaky-quick fastball—and although Hurst resolutely refers to it as a forkball, it is in fact the ever-popular new split-fingered fastball (*sort* of a forkball), which Hurst learned in 1984, during a brief on-the-field consultation with its inventor, Roger Craig, the present Giants manager, who at that time was coaching the Tigers' pitching staff; it is probably this circumstance that has made Hurst so diplomatic in his nomenclature, for coaches are not encouraged to distribute magic potions to players on strong opposition teams within their own division. Hurst didn't actually have enough confidence to use the pitch in a game until late June last year, at a time when he had been exiled to the Red Sox bullpen, but it revived his career wonderfully, transforming him from a journeyman 33–40 lifetime pitcher (in five and a half seasons) to a 22–14 winner in the subsequent going. Hurst missed seven weeks this summer with a groin injury, but he deconvalesced rapidly, wrapping up his season's work by going 5–0 and 1.07 in his last five starts, which won him a league accolade as Pitcher of the Month in September. Despite all this, I think we should be wary about making too much of one particular delivery, for pitching is a lot harder than that. Hurst, it should be noticed, belongs to the exclusive Fenway Lefties Finishing School, which numbers two other polished and extremely successful southpaw practitioners among its graduates: Bob Ojeda and John Tudor, who pitched the Cardinals to a pennant last year with a tremendous 21–8, 1.93 summer and then won three games in post-season play. Ojeda, for his part, had an 18–5 record with the Mets this year, which was the best won-lost percentage compiled by any of the Mets' celebrated starters; it was the best in the league, in fact. Previously, Ojeda had toiled for six summers in Fenway Park, and Tudor for five. The uniting characteristics of the three Wallmasters are control, extreme confidence, and a willingness to come inside. At Fenway Park, the inside pitch to a right-handed hitter is what it's all about, for it discourages him from leaning out over the plate in the hope of something he can rap onto or over the Green Monster, and requires him, in fact, to compete with the man on the mound for his—the pitcher's—part of the plate and for his sector of the ballpark, which is to say outside, and to right or right-center: a mismatch. The inside pitch, it should be added, is mostly thrown in the early innings, to plant the *idea* of it in the batter's head, but is then eschewed in the late going, when weariness is more likely to result in a tiny, fatal mistake. Actually, it doesn't have to be thrown for a strike in order to have its effect, and unless you are a Clemens or someone of that order, it's probably a much better pitch, all in all, if it's a ball. "What Ojeda does, over and over, is one of the beauties of the game," Keith Hernandez said at one point in the Series. "When you miss, you've got to miss where it doesn't hurt you. That's what pitching is all about." For his part, Hurst, who throws over the top and finishes his delivery with a stylish little uptailed kick of his back leg, works with great cheerfulness and energy, and here in Game Five he finished his evening's work with a flourish, fanning Dykstra for the last out of the game, with Mets runners on first and third. "BRUCE!" the fans yowled. "BRUUUUCE!"

It was a great night at the Fens. A gusty wind blew across the old premises (left to right, for the most part), and a couple of advertising balloons out beyond the wall bucked and dived in the breeze, tearing at their tethers. The long cries from the outermost fan sectors (the oddly slanting aisles out there looked like ski trails dividing the bleacher escarpments) came in wind-blown gusts, suddenly louder or fainter. The wind got into the game, too, knocking down one long drive by Henderson in the second (it was poorly played by Strawberry) and another by Jim Rice in the fifth, which sailed away from Dykstra and caromed off the top railing of the Sox' bullpen—triples, both of them, and runs thereafter. It was the kind of game in which each player on the home team (in that beautiful whiter-than-white home uniform, with navy sweatshirt sleeves, red stirrups, the curved, classical block-letter "RED SOX" across the chest, and a narrow piping of red around the neck and down the shirtfront) seems to impress his own special mode or mannerism on your memory: Rich Gedman's lariatlike swirl of the bat over his head as he swings through a pitch; Rice's double cut with the bat

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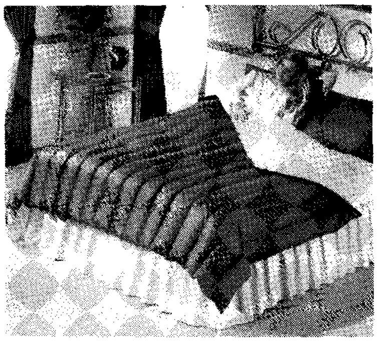

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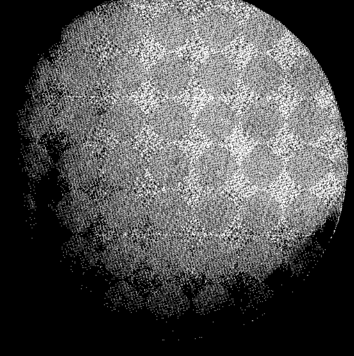

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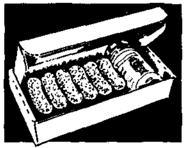

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when he misses—swish-*swish*—with the backward retrieving swing suggesting a man trying to kill a snake; Boggs' way of dropping his head almost onto the bat as he stays down in midswing; Buckner (with that faro-dealer's mustache and piratical daubings of anti-glare black on his cheeks) holding the bat in his extended right hand and, it seems, aiming it at the pitcher's eyes as he stands into the box for an at-bat. And so on. Almost everyone out there, it seemed—every one of the good guys, that is—had his moment in the game to celebrate and be put aside in recollection by the fans: Hendu's triple and double, Marty Barrett's walk and single and double (he batted .433 for the Series), a beautiful play by Boggs on Kevin Mitchell's tough grounder in the second, and, best of all, Billy Buck's painful and comical hobbling gallop around third and in to the plate in the third inning to bring home the second run of the game on a single by Evans. Buckner can barely run (can barely play) at all, because of his sore back and his injury-raddled ankles; it takes him two hours to ice and wrap his legs before he can take the field. He had torn an Achilles tendon in the September 29th game and was playing in this one only on courage and painkillers and with the help of protective high-top boots. No one wanted to laugh at his journey home after Evans bounced the ball up the middle, but you couldn't help yourself. He looked like Walter Brennan coming home—all elbows and splayed-out, achy feet, with his mouth gaping open with the effort, and his head thrown back in pain and hope and ridiculous deceleration. When he got there, beating the throw after all, he flumped belly-first onto the plate and lay there for a second, panting in triumph, and, piece by piece, got up a hero.

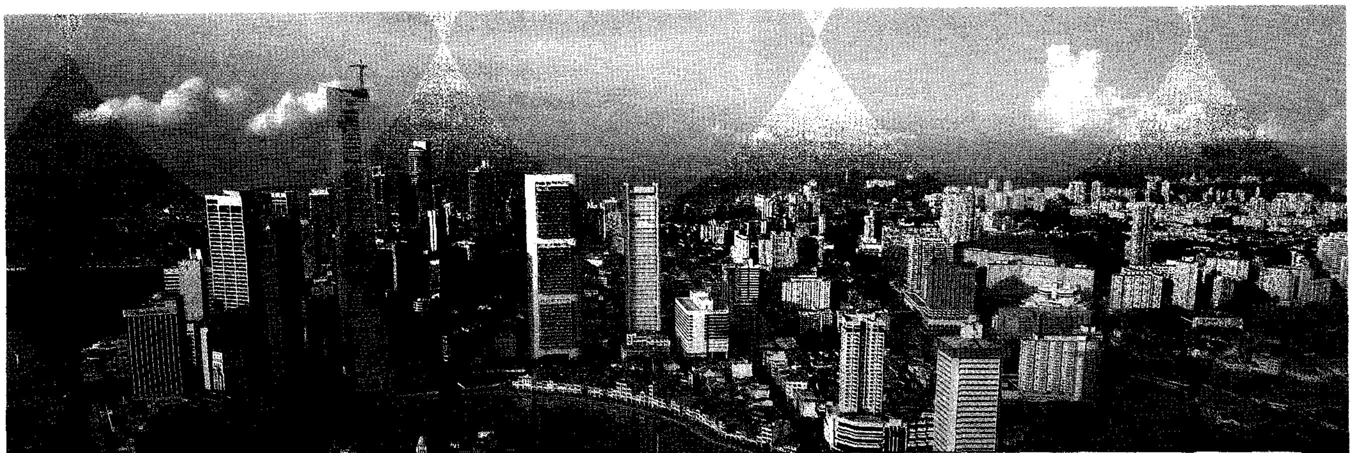
This was the last home game of the year for the Red Sox, and when it was over the fans stayed in the stands for a time (John Kiley gave them "McNamara's Band" on the organ again and again), clustering thickly around the home dugout and calling out for Hurst and Billy Buckner and the others, and shouting "We're Number One!" and waving their white Red Sox painters' caps in exuberance. There had been great anxiety about this game, because of the Mets' sudden revival in Games Three and Four, but now the Sox were moving down to New York for one more win, with a rested Clemens going on Saturday and with Hurst ready again, if needed, on Sunday, and I don't think anyone there at the end that night really thought it might not happen. There is great sadness in this, in retrospect, since the team's eventual loss (and the horrendous way of it, on each of the last two days) has brought back the old miasmal Boston baseball doubt and despair—the Bermuda low that has hung over this park and this team perhaps since the day in 1920 when owner Harry Frazee traded a good young left-handed pitcher named Babe Ruth to the Yankees, two seasons after Ruth had helped bring the Sox their last (to this day) World Championship. Once again, New England's fans have been sent into the winter with the dour nourishment of second-best to sustain them: Indian pudding. If they wish, they may once again ponder the wisdom of Oscar Wilde's opinion that there are two tragedies in this world: one is never getting what you want, and the other is getting it—a dictum they would love to put to the test someday.

But enough of this. Glooming in print about the dire fate of the Sox and their oppressed devotees has become such a popular art form that it verges on a new Hellenistic age of mannered excess. Everyone east of the Hudson with a Selectric or a word processor has had his or her say, it seems (the *Globe* actually published a special twenty-four-page section entitled "Literati on the Red Sox" before the Series, with essays by George Will, John Updike, Bart Giammatti—the new National League president, but for all that a Boston fan through and through—Stephen King, Doris Kearns Goodwin, and other worthies), and one begins to see at last that the true function of the Red Sox may be not to win but to provide New England authors with a theme, now that guilt and whaling have gone out of style. I would put forward a different theory about this year's loss and how it may be taken by the fans. As one may surmise from the *Globe's* special section, the Red Sox have become chic: Pulitzer Prize winners and readers of the *New York Review of Books* hold season tickets behind first base, and the dropped "Geddy" and "Dewey" and "Roger" and "the Can" clang along with the sounds of cutlery and grants chat at the Harvard Faculty Club. The other, and perhaps older, fan constituency at Fenway Park has not always been as happy and

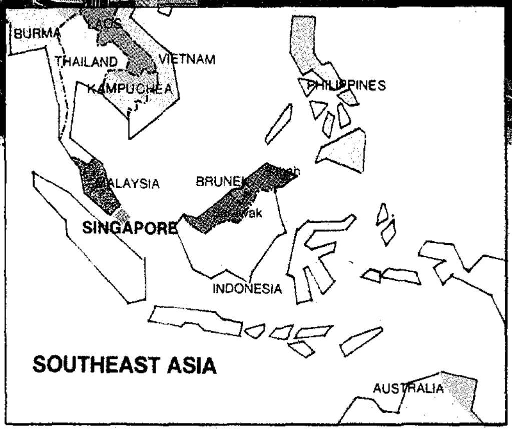
Singapore

CITY OF MIRAGES

by Ilsa Sharp



R. Ian Lloyd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Courtesy American Express

Singapore takes a lot of unwrapping: The packaging is bright and shiny, Western hi-tech, but the inside of that package is quintessentially Asian, perhaps even atavistic.

American visitors really need longer than the average 3.25 days spent in Singapore to unwrap it, too. Novelist James Michener was told when he visited in the late 1940s, "So you've come here for three days, after which you'll write a book explaining everything that's wrong. Well, we've lived here all our lives and don't understand anything yet."

Singapore, a city of mirages where nothing is what it seems, forces you into constant double-takes.

The Oriental gent in the Western suit with computer BASIC at his finger tips easily can become a Confucian sage lecturing you on the virtues of "filial piety," the old imperial "Mandate of Heaven" contract with the ruler, and the vices of the decadent West.

The Singaporean businessman purrs out of his highly automated

The packaging is Western hi-tech, but the inside is Asian.

Underlying it all, though, is the ancient Chinese concern for the good of the collective, the community, rather than of the individual.

factory in a sleek Mercedes, bound for the Taoist temple where he will consult the "Feng Shui" geomancer on which locations for his new home will not disturb the dragons.

Though the Indian vegetarian restaurateur still wears his traditional white lungi (wraparound skirt), hangs multi limbed Hindu images and idols all around his shop, and eats with his fingers off a banana leaf, he uses an electronic calculator to tot up your bill, and his closed-circuit TV helps him check on empty tables upstairs.

Even if your gorgeous young air hostess seems like a Suzie Wong look-alike, she is actually straight out of a dreamy Singapore Airlines' "Singapore Girl" mould and is most likely retiring and modest and still living with her mother. She probably will even call you "Uncle" or "Auntie," which is how all young Singaporeans politely address their elders.

Your hair-dresser is a gay Chinese with dyed punk-orange hair, but in the corner of his salon is a gaudy red Buddhist altar with joss sticks burning. Or he is a born-again-Christian Chinese, his piped-music system serenading you with pop songs of the Christian "message" while he discusses with you the current market prices for Thai fragrant rice.

The biggest rock concert promoters are none other than the Singapore police, who believe this is a way to reach out to the young. The men in blue pulled a record 50,000 kids at their last rock concert, which was held on their own Police Academy grounds.

The music in the intimate little club is Country & Western, all right, with a Texas drawl; but when you open your eyes, you see that the faces beneath the ten-gallon hats are Malay and Eurasian. Some of the oil men may have gone away for a while during these recessionary times, but their music keeps on going.

Asian television news anchors speak old-style "BBC English" with the proverbial plum in their mouths, but switch channels and you can catch the all-American gyrations of "Solid Gold," which inspires the kids in the streets to dance.

The dignified forms and gentlemanly byplay of British justice are still here—including the heavy wigs and gowns adorning delicate Asian faces and frames—yet the laws and their application seem at times Orientally despotic: death for drug trafficking, a US$200 fine for littering, and so on.

Underlying it all, though, is the ancient Chinese concern for the good of the collective, the community, rather than of the individual.

This is a place where social engineers, who for years successfully persuaded the progeny-loving, son-seeking Chinese majority to "stop at two, girl or boy," have now taken an about-face, setting up government match-making units designed to ensure that the young get married and reproduce as a hedge against an aging population. There has been some discussion of late on whether or not the legislature should

BIG TOP
SINGAPO

SINGAPORE AIRLINES—

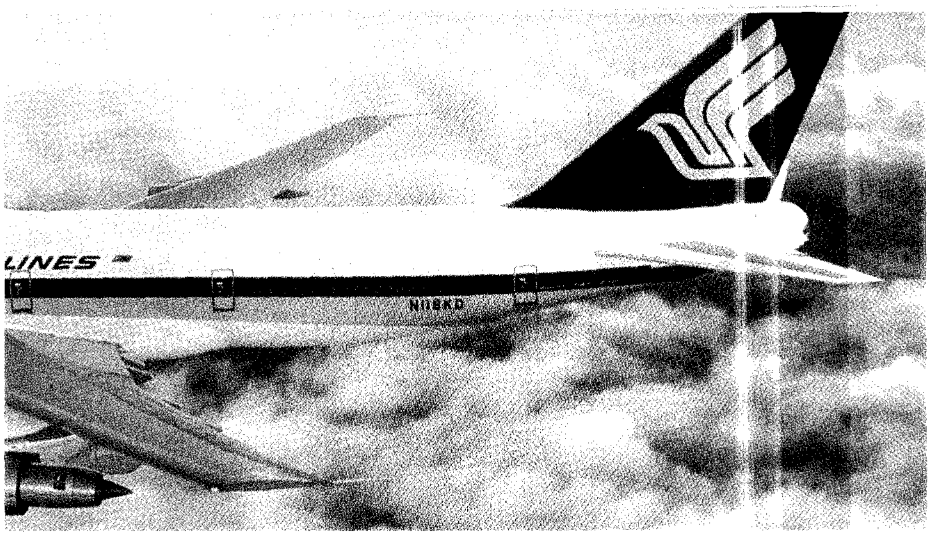
A prescient British Governor, Sir Cecil Clementi, pronounced on August 31, 1931, "Looking into the future, I expect to see Singapore become one of the largest and most important airports of the world." He was right. The extraordinarily modern and efficient Changi International Airport, which today processes almost 10 million passengers and 300,000 tons of air freight annually, speaks for itself.

Although Singapore had been introduced to flight through flying demonstrations in 1911, and one of the first transit landings in Singapore came in 1919, local, commercial air-passenger services did not start until 1930. The first commercial airport opened in June, 1937, at Kallang, on the site of today's National Stadium.

Almost simultaneously with the airport's opening came Malaya's first internal air service, flying one eight-passenger, twin-engined DH 89. After World War II, in 1947, Malayan Airways Limited (MAL) was born with the flight of a five-seater Airspeed Consul, dubbed "Raja Udang" ("King Prawn").

From such humble beginnings did Singapore Airlines evolve. Today, it girdles five continents, 53 cities, and 35 nations with more than 400 flights a week, linking the USA not only with Singapore but also with all of Asia (including China), Australia, the Middle East, Africa, and Europe.

Like Singapore itself, the airline is replete with pleasantly surprising contrasts: Forty years old, it is mature and experienced, yet it also boasts the world's most modern fleet, the average age of its aircraft being less than three years.



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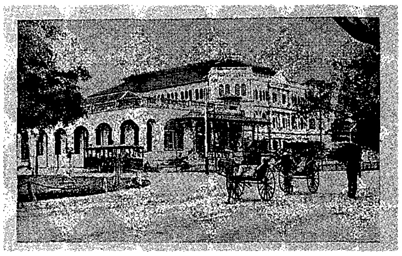
Nothing
has been certain
in this tiny
island republic
except change.

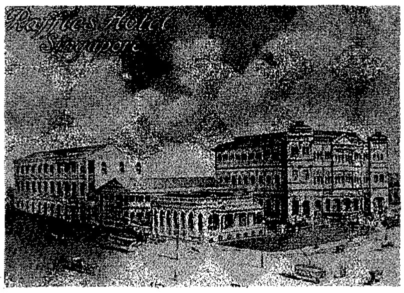
oblige children to support and shelter their aged parents. Most do so anyway; many would be in favor of such legislated filial piety.

In Singapore, multiracial couples marry routinely. And they marry in several denominations at once, to please all of the people all of the time–the government's Registry Office and housing authority, traditional Asian parents, and the trendies dictating the progressive chic of a Western white wedding.

A startled traveller already dazed by the glittering chrome and super-efficiency of Changi Airport might also be confronted with cluster after cluster of Chinese newlyweds clad in the full regalia of bridal white, posing for photos against this unlikely technological backdrop. Why so many on that particular day? Because on the Chinese calendar, the following week could be unlucky for newlyweds: According to superstition, 1986, the Year of the Tiger, was a bad year, for example. Few Chinese marriages were celebrated during that year.

In short, Singapore is a phantasmagoric social laboratory. Nothing has been certain in this tiny island republic except change. As if to underline the point, the gracious nineteenth-century Raffles Hotel, last bastion of the British Empire, now lies in the shadow of a 73-storey Westin hotel designed by New Yorker I.M. Pei.





"Providence conducted me along a beach in full view of five miles of shipping–five solid miles of masts and funnels–to a place called Raffles Hotel, where the food is excellent as the rooms are bad. Let the traveller take note. Feed at Raffles and sleep at the Hotel de l'Europe." Since the bard of the British Empire, Rudyard Kipling, gave this backhanded review in 1889, the rough edges have been more than smoothed off the Raffles' accommodation. Now one of Singapore's finest hotels, its huge Shanghai-urn dipper baths have been replaced with the long variety and the mosquito nets made unnecessary by air-conditioning.

Sipping your Singapore Gin Sling in the hotel's Palm Court, you can almost hear the irritable tones of that chronicler of colonial peccadillos, Somerset Maugham, rasping through the Traveler's Palms. This is where he observed the lonely rubber planters from upcountry Malaya on a desperate "jolly" in sybaritic Singapore. Maugham's amused observations led him to spin many a fine yarn–and to make enemies of those who had been foolish enough to entertain him.

Just up the road from Raffles, up Sultan Gate off Beach Road, amid minareted mosques, Arab textile traders and Islamic calligraphers still cluster around the decaying palace of the one-time Sultan of Singapore, who leased his island to the British in 1819. Some of the residents in this area retain the title of "Prince," but nowadays they are just ordinary Singaporeans.

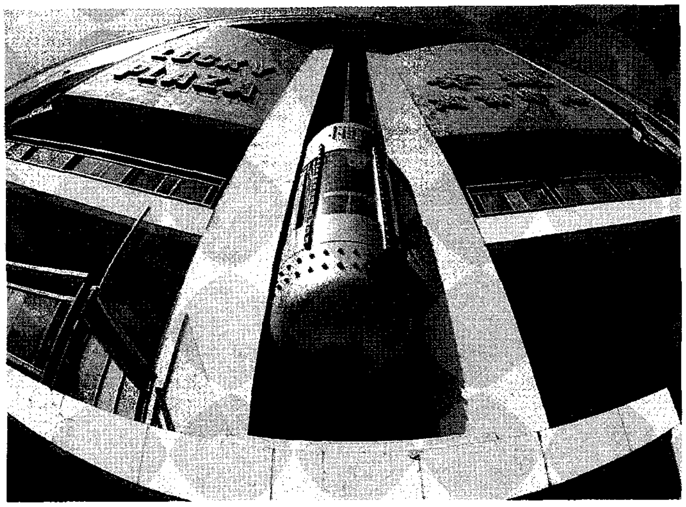
Singapore's offshore islands offer a glimpse of the mangrove swamps once fringing the entire land and the laid-back pace of the life of yesteryear.

Across the road from Raffles, Singaporeans play cricket on a seafront sward in front of the nineteenth-century Cricket Club pavilion. The pavilion is flanked by the 1930s pomposity of the domed Supreme Court and City Hall, where just over 40 years ago, Lord Louis Mountbatten, British Supreme Allied Commander in Southeast Asia, accepted the surrender of the Japanese forces that had occupied Singapore since 1942.

At the other end of the cricket pitch stands the almost-as-old Singapore Recreation Club, reserved in colonial days for the Eurasian "coloureds," the not-quite Englishmen.

The recently refurbished Tanglin Club, off Orchard Road, is no longer the exclusively British haven it was from the nineteenth century through the 1960s (Maugham remarked, during his last visit in 1959, "Observing these people, I am no longer surprised that there is such a scarcity of domestic servants back home in England."), but it is still pretty suave.

The Hainanese-Chinese waiters still staff such clubs, as well as hotels like the Goodwood Park on Scott's Road, whose Teutonic turret betrays its nineteenth-century origins as the German Club. These waiters know just how to cut the crusts off cucumber sandwiches for high tea, and they're masters in the fine art of making English curry, a recipe that is quite different from the authentic



fiery sort you will find around Race Course Road in "Little India."

As you zip along an ultra-modern multilane freeway, you will see on each side the last remnants of the 130-million-year-old tropical rainforest that once covered all of Singapore. The 75-hectare Bukit Timah Nature Reserve still nestles in the center of the island, complete with wild monkeys, flying lemurs, pythons, cobras, and scorpions. The Reserve stirs memories of a Singapore where man-eating tigers almost provoked a national emergency in 1855; the Singapore that was home to Texan Frank Buck of "Bring 'Em Back Alive," the swashbuckling big-game collector who single-handedly stocked entire American zoos in the 1920s from his forays into Southeast Asian forests.

To view mangrove swamps, which once fringed the entire island (now mostly filled in), and the laid-back pace of life of yesteryear, you need to island-hop around Singapore's offshore islands, both to the south and north coasts. Sentosa Island in particular gives one many avenues for pondering the past, including a world-class wax museum with a riveting display on aspects of World War II.

The nation is not so much schizophrenic as it is multiphrenic: a 570-square-kilometer textbook study in future shock. This is hardly surprising when you consider that Singapore has gone through an industrial revolution and is now developing post-industrial technology, and that all of this has taken place within the quarter of a century since Singapore's independence from the British.

This chaos of cultural confusion is a boon for the traveller. Behind the glittering forest of skyscrapers and the Western comforts therein–from a hot shower and a bidet to US prime-rib–lurk all the exotica of the East. In this well-disciplined island-state, back alleyways need not be taboo to the tourist,because they are sanitized hunting grounds for the shutter-bug and safer than those back home.

Once a pirates' lair and more recently a "sin city" of the East, as immortalized in Paul Theroux's '60s novel, *Saint Jack*, Singapore has mellowed. The Triad secret societies were rubbed out long ago, and the last tiger–a circus escapee–was shot in 1902 under Raffles' billiards room, so the legend goes.

But the age-old glamour of Singapore has not altogether disappeared. When you first arrive, you can still feel much as Joseph Conrad did in the 1880s, coming into Singapore harbour: "I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the colour of an Eastern crowd." Surveying the scenery from your hotel window, you may still look, as Conrad's Lord Jim did, "over the thickets of gardens, beyond the roofs of the town, over the fronds of palms growing on the shore, at that roadstead which is the thoroughfare to the East–at the roadstead dotted by garlanded islets, lighted by festal sunshine, its ships like toys, its brilliant activity resembling a holiday pageant, with the eternal serenity of the Eastern sky overhead and the smiling peace of the Eastern seas possessing the space as far as the horizon."

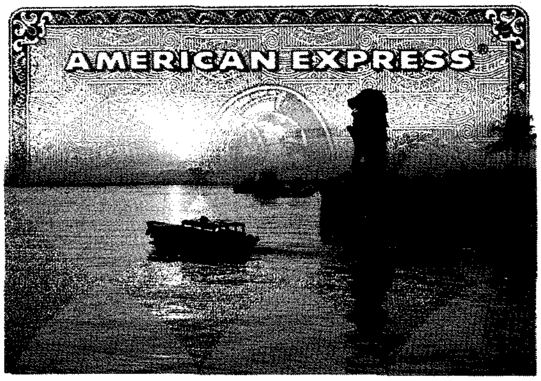
This is still the second busiest port in the world, a rendezvous for the same adventurers and dreamers that people Conrad's stories, and who are living "in a crazy maze of plans, hopes, dangers, enterprises, ahead of civilisation, in the dark places of the sea."

Even today you may turn a corner and walk straight into a performance of a classical Chinese "wayang," or street-opera. The makeshift stage might be crowded with cardboard-stiff bearded warriors, their shoulders strangely adorned with waving flags. And willowy maidens clad in Ming Dynasty robes, their faces grotesquely made up in black, white, blue, and red, might be wailing in seeming

This chaos of cultural confusion is a boon for the traveller. Behind the glittering forest of skyscrapers and the Western comforts therein, lurk the exotica of the East.

AMERICAN EXPRESS:

PASSPORT TO SINGAPORE



Tourism in Singapore was already a thriving industry by 1925, the era of novelist Somerset Maugham.

With tourism inevitably came American Express, then as now, offering travelers reassurance and a safe haven in the midst of all the unfamiliar sights and sounds of a foreign city. They opened their first Singapore travel service office in 1925, at Union Building on Collyer Quay.

Several moves and 61 years later, they are still there, but now at the UOL Building (United Overseas Land) on Somerset Road just off Orchard Road, and also at a second office in the heart of the Orchard Road shopping and entertainment belt, at the Lucky Plaza shopping complex.

The UOL Travel Service Office offers all the conveniences travelers have come to expect at any of the 1400 American Express offices worldwide: computerized ticketing facilities, local tour advice, American Express travelers-cheque purchases, encashment and replacement, personal check cashing, replacement of lost or stolen Cards, currency exchange, mail collection—and just a friendly helping hand when in need.

In fact, you get that little bit extra from American Express in Singapore, too—they have produced an informative map highlighting key tourist locations, from Orchard Road and Chinatown right out to the more remote Jurong and East Coast Parkway, plus a guide to the 6000 local establishments that readily accept the American Express Card for payment.

American Express does not confine itself to helping tourists; they also make a point of serving the host community in Singapore. A good example is their Singapore Heritage Support Programme, which has pioneered commemorative plaques at key monuments or sites, summarizing their history in text and pictures.

cacophony to the clash of cymbals and gongs.

You can also relish the bizarre here at places like the Tiger Balm Gardens, with its grotesque grottoes and murals devoted to gruesome representations of a folk-Buddhist purgatory. Quick to know a good thing when it has got one, Singapore will soon spend over US$20 million to transform this garden, once a millionaire's plaything, into a massive 7.7-hectare pleasure park.

Because Singapore is a cultural as well as geographical crossroads, the island has not only retained the traditional forms of its multicultural heritage, but it has also developed its own forms in almost every field. Cultural mixes like the fascinating Peranakan culture (with its Babas [males] and Nonyas [females]) and the Straits Chinese (Malayanised Chinese descended from the fine old families of sixteenth-century Malacca in neighboring Malaysia) are psychologically as far removed from China as you or I.

The elegant official preservation project at Peranakan Place and Emerald Hill Road, just off the Orchard Road tourist-belt, is dedicated to these urbane, sophisticated people, and, most seductive of all, to their coconut-milk-laced cuisine.

Dressed in lacy blouses and sarongs like Malays, the Nonyas, like their Chinese ancestors, cooked pork (an anathema to the native Muslim Malays), spoke their own Malay-influenced patois, and evolved their own exquisite pink and Kermit-green porcelain, delicate silver jewelry, and beadwork.

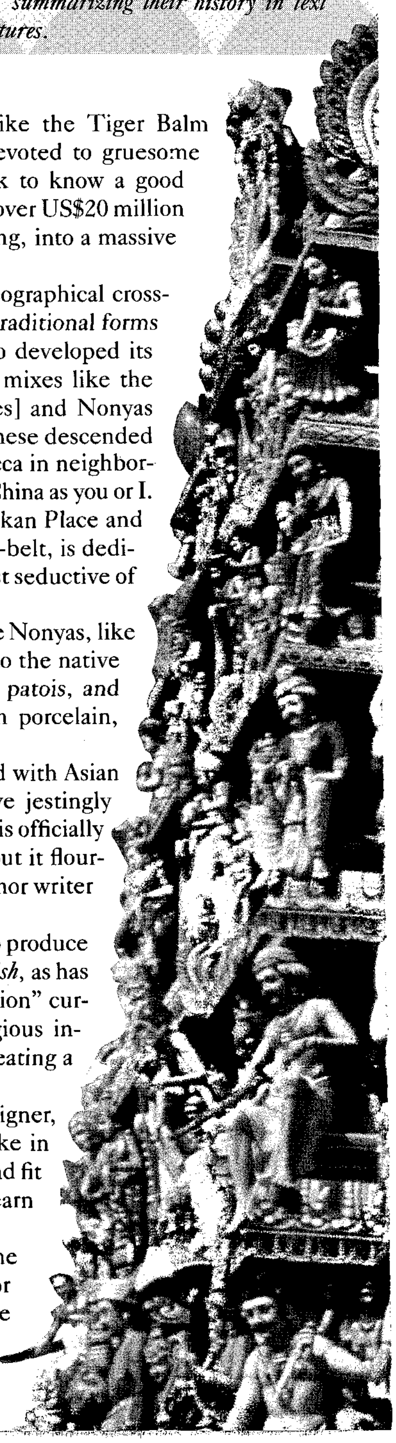
The dominance of the English language combined with Asian mother-tongues has produced a genuine Creole jive jestingly referred to as "Singlish." This vibrant street language is officially discouraged by the Oxbridge-educated leadership, but it flourishes nonetheless. When in Singapore, read local humor writer Toh Paik Choo's "Eh Goondu!," to get the flavor.

Nowhere else in the world has anyone attempted to produce school textbooks on Confucianism or Sikhism *in English*, as has been done for Singapore's brand new "Moral Education" curriculum, which offers multicultural choices of religious instruction. As a result, the world's educationists are beating a path to Singapore's door.

Singaporeans are kindly indulgent with the foreigner, rarely pointing out whatever blunders he might make in Asian etiquette. But one way for the visitor to enter and fit into the Singaporeans' complex secret world is to learn the signals and codes of their culture.

There is a whole list of dos and don'ts, mostly the latter—don't be loud and don't swear, don't point or beckon with one finger (obscene), don't pound the

Singaporeans are kindly indulgent with the foreigner, rarely pointing out whatever blunders he might make in Asian etiquette.

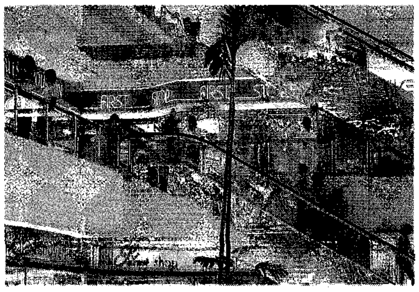


Passers-by, both local and tourist, are finding this a fascinating and convenient means of getting to know Singapore's past as they move around the city's streets.

Singaporeans currently are very concerned with researching and preserving the vestiges of their colourful history, so this Heritage Support Programme has been warmly welcomed. So far, it has covered six sites, including the Raffles and Goodwood Park hotels, the elegant old residential area of Emerald Hill off Orchard Road, the National Museum, and two churches.

The spirit of American Express in Singapore is visible in the local offices, driven by Asian-style courtesy and concern to serve. Says a smiling Ms. Nainjot Kaur, American Express travel counselor there, "When customers come into our offices, they usually need some kind of help, whether it's replacing lost travelers cheques, or making urgent travel arrangements or just finding someone to listen. And I can provide that help and more. My reward is that look of relief they get when all the problems are solved. It's a great feeling."

To quote Ms. Kaur's boss, Mr. Lee Soo Jin, Vice-President and General Manager of American Express Travel Related Services in Singapore: "American Express makes life more secure and satisfying for our customers. It makes a complicated world a little simpler. Our service is supported by global communication networks handling millions of transactions every day. We always remember that computers don't deliver service; American Express people do, one transaction at a time."



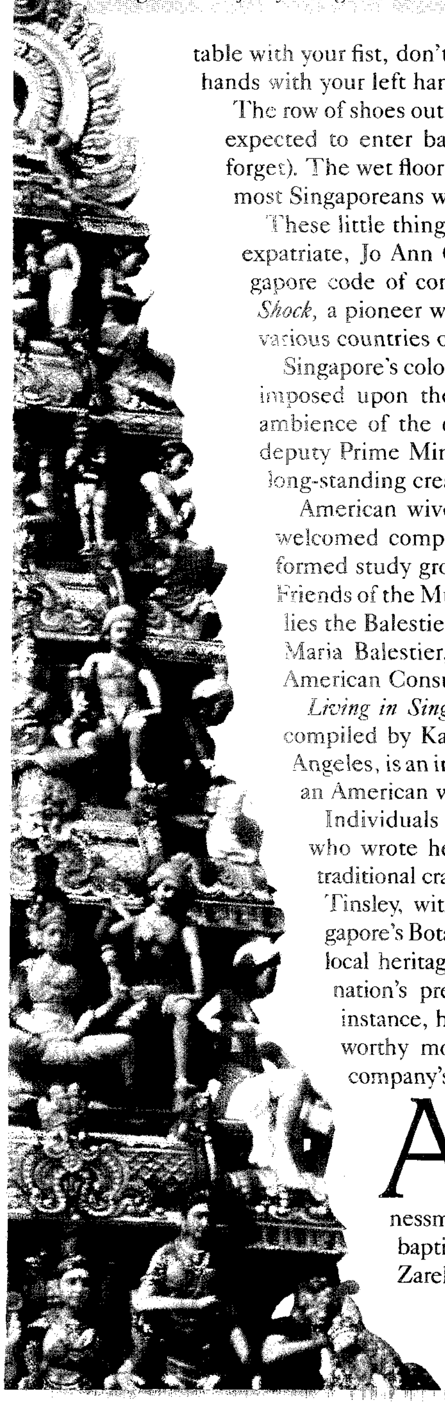


table with your fist, don't show too much flesh, don't handle food or shake hands with your left hand, don't....

The row of shoes outside a Singaporean home reminds you that you are expected to enter barefoot (though they will not correct you if you forget). The wet floor and bucket of water in the bathroom tell you that most Singaporeans wash after relieving themselves.

These little things are the stuff of integration. It took an American expatriate, Jo Ann Craig, to record it all. She summarized the Singapore code of conduct in her excellent, locally published *Culture Shock,* a pioneer work that has since spawned a whole series on the various countries of Southeast Asia.

Singapore's colonial British and Asian foundations have had superimposed upon them the largely American but still cosmopolitan ambience of the electronic village or "global city," as the former deputy Prime Minister S. Rajaratnam has described it. There is a long-standing creative partnership here with things American.

American wives like Jo Ann Craig, long an active and much-welcomed component of the Singapore cultural landscape, have formed study groups within bodies like the American Club or the Friends of the Museum attached to the National Museum (wherein lies the Balestier Bell, a present to Singapore in the 1830s by Mrs. Maria Balestier, daughter of Paul Revere and wife of the first American Consul to Singapore).

Living in Singapore, an American Association publication first compiled by Karen de Leschery, who has since returned to Los Angeles, is an invaluable compendium of anything and everything an American will ever want to know about living here.

Individuals like Chinese-born American Margaret Sullivan, who wrote her book *Can Survive, La!,* a meticulous study of traditional craftsmen in Singapore, and Washington-born Bonnie Tinsley, with her *Singapore Green,* an attractive history of Singapore's Botanic Gardens, have made lasting contributions to the local heritage. American organizations also have added to this nation's preservation of its heritage. American Express, for instance, has contributed the plaques that are affixed to noteworthy monuments—a US$42,000 program funded by the company's own foundation in New York.

Armenian Americans have been instrumental in resurrecting a national monument to Singapore's oldest Christian church, the Armenian Church, which dates from 1835. American businessman Art Baghramian had his daughter Sarah Beth baptized there in 1981, and Bank of America chief here, Zareh Misserlian, presided over an international con-

Because Singapore is a cultural as well as geographical crossroads, the island has not only retained the traditional forms of its multicultural heritage, but it has also developed its own forms in almost every field.

gregation celebrating the church's 150th anniversary of consecration this past June. American Express Bank's First Vice-President here, Mr. Vahan Eminian, was another of the prominent Armenian Americans present on that occasion.

Singaporeans really do like foreigners. Independence from the British was for them not the usual nationalistic signal to destroy symbols of colonialism. In fact, many of Singapore's streets are still named after early British pioneers, and the statue of Sir Thomas Stamford Bingley Raffles, who first claimed the island for the British East India Company in 1819, still stands with proper dignity in front of the elegant nineteenth-century Victoria Memorial Hall in Empress Place.

Newly arrived foreign investors or eminent scholars are greeted with a reverence reminiscent of that bestowed on Pacific island cargo cultists. The influx of American travel agents for the American Society of Travel Agents' congress held here this year provoked bunting, fairy-lights and "Welcome!" signs all over town.

Singaporeans are used to living with more than their own native population; each year almost three million tourists visit the island. This phenomenon was gloomily foreseen by one British snob, JSM Rennie, who snorted in the 1930s: "One is forced to opine that Singapore's main business will become that of a health resort and place of visit for American and Australian trippers."

The glory of Singapore is that it offers Singapore, and then some more. Positioned at a transportation crossroads, it allows quick and easy access to the treasures of Southeast Asia, from Borobudur temple in Java to the entrancing legong and kecak dances of Bali, the gilded temples of Bangkok and Burma, and the Latin temperament and Spanish beauty of the Philippines.

And after the occasional travail of travelling in these less reticently Third World destinations, Singapore is the ideal base to re-visit for "R & R." Here you can get a quick wash and touch-up before you head back home.

In a way, you will almost need yet another rest after resting in Singapore. It is an intense, extraordinarily stimulating experience that is sometimes confusing, but never dull.

The glory of Singapore is that it offers Singapore, and then some.

ILSA SHARP (writer) is a British-born freelance journalist who is now a Singapore Permanent Resident. She has a Chinese studies degree from Leeds University, England, and has worked as a journalist in Singapore since 1968. The author of two books on the Republic's colonial history–*There Is Only One Raffles* on the Raffles Hotel, and *The Singapore Cricket Club, 1852-1985*- she is married to a Singaporean-Indian.

Photographs courtesy of Singapore Tourist Promotion Board.

For a select bibliography on the history, sociology, and literature of Singapore, please write: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, P.O. Box 67234, Century City, CA 90067.

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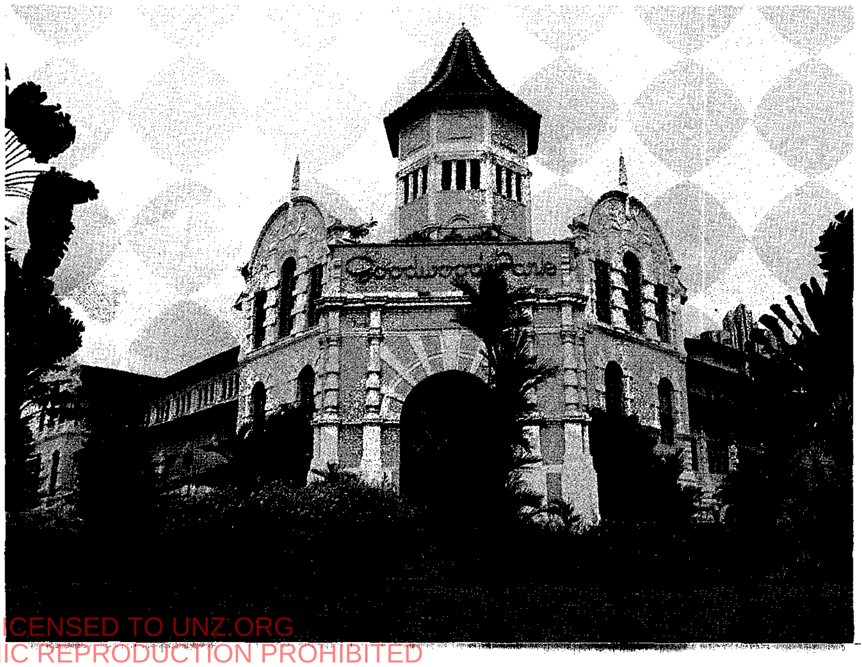

philosophical about the Sox. The failures of the seventies and early eighties were taken hard by the Boston sports crowd (the men and women who care as much about the Celtics and the Patriots and the Bruins as they do about the Sox), and the departure of Carlton Fisk, Rick Burleson, Freddy Lynn, and Luis Tiant, and the retirement (at long last) of Yastrzemski, left a very bitter taste, and so did the team's persistent, almost stubborn unsuccess in this decade. (It finished fifth, fourth, and sixth in the American League East in the three years before this one, an average nineteen games behind the leader.) The ugly "Choke Sox" label was much heard, and the team's ancient, stubbornly held style of play, characterized by insufficient pitching, insufficient or nonexistent speed, a million ground-ball double plays (by the Sox, I mean), and an almost religious belief in the long ball, had become a byword in the game, a "pahk your cah" joke around the league. Nothing could change this, it seemed. But this year it changed: a baseball miracle. This year, the Red Sox not only won their division and the American League playoffs and, very nearly, the World Series but became a different sort of team, to themselves above all. Nineteen-eighty-six turned around for the Red Sox because of Roger Clemens (and perhaps because of Schiraldi's sudden midseason arrival as a bullpen stopper), but a more significant alteration was one of attitude—a turnabout that began when Don Baylor came over from the Yankees and almost immediately became the team leader, something the Sox had been lacking for as long as anyone could remember. He told the young pitchers that they had to pitch inside if the team was to win; he persuaded the batters to take the extra base, to look for ways to get on base in the late innings (like getting hit with pitches, for instance: a Baylor specialty), to find that little edge—the one play or moment or lucky hop—that turns games around. Tom Seaver came aboard in June, and deepened this same aura with his maturity, his ease, and his sense of humor and proportion. The Sox grew up this summer: you could see it on the field—in Jim Rice choking up on the bat by an inch or so when he got to two strikes (this for the first time ever) and stroking the ball to right-center now and then, so that though his homers went down by seven (to twenty), his batting average improved by thirty-three points and his hits by forty-one—and in the results. The players spoke of it themselves. "We have more character," they said, and "We're going to win"—words unheard by this writer from any Boston club of the past.

What fans think about their team is subtle and hard to pin down, but I am convinced that everything was changed this year by one game—by that stubborn and lucky and altogether astounding Red Sox return from near-defeat in the fifth game out at Anaheim, when they came back from extinction and a three-run deficit in the ninth inning and won by 7–6. It almost carried the month, and it is startling to notice, in retrospect, that the Red Sox actually won five games in a row right in the middle of the postseason—the last three of their championship playoffs and the first two of the World Series. There is no prize for this, of course, but no other team in October played quite so well for quite so long. In its killing last-minute details, their loss to the Mets in Game Six (they fell after holding a two-run lead in the tenth inning, with no one on base for the Mets) was so close to what the Angels had experienced that their fans—even the most deep-dark and uncompromising among the bleacherites, I think—must have seen the connection, and at last sensed the difficulties of this game and how much luck and character and resolve it takes to be a winner in the end. History and the ghost of Sox teams past had nothing to do with it. The Choke Sox died in Anaheim, and this losing Red Sox team will be regarded in quite a different way in New England this winter. It will be loved.

GAME SIX, WORLD SERIES

THE Mets are not loved—not away from New York, that is. When the teams moved up to the Hub, with the Mets behind by two games to none, there was a happy little rush of historical revisionism as sportswriters and baseball thinkers hurried forward to kick the New York nine. Tim Horgan, a columnist with the Boston *Herald*, wrote, "Personally, I don't think anything west of Dedham can be as marvelous as the Mets are supposed to be. I wouldn't even be surprised if the Mets are what's known as a media myth, if only because New York City is the world capital of media myths." Bryant Gumbel, on NBC's "Today" show, called the Mets arrogant, and ran a tape of Keith Hernandez' bad throw on a bunt play in Game Two,

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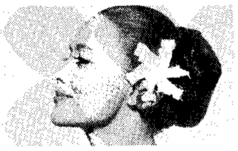

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calling it "a hot-dog play." Sparky Anderson, the Tigers manager, declared over the radio that the Indians, the traditional doormats of his American League division, put a better nine on the field than the Mets, and a newspaper clip from the heartland (if San Diego is in the heart of America) that subsequently came my way contained references to "this swaggering band of mercenaries" and "a swaying forest of high fives and taunting braggadocio." Much of this subsided when the Mets quickly drew even in the games, and much of it has nothing to do with baseball, of course; what one tends to forget is that there is nothing that unites America more swiftly or happily than bad news in Gotham or a losing New York team. Some of these reflections warmed me, inwardly and arrogantly, as Game Six began, for I was perched in a splendid upper-deck-grandstand seat directly above home plate, where, in company with my small family and the Mets' mighty fan family, I gazed about at the dazzlement of the ballpark floodlights, the electric-green field below, and the encircling golden twinkle of beautiful (by night) Queens, and heard and felt, deep in my belly, the pistol-shot sounds of clapping, the cresting waves of "LETSGOMETS! LETSGOMETS! LETSGOMETS!," and long, taunting calls—"Dew-eee! DEW-EEEE!" and "Rog-errr! ROG-ERRRR!"—directed at some of the Bosox below: payback for what the Fenway fans had given Darryl Strawberry in the last game in Boston. And then a parachutist came sailing down out of the outer darkness and into the bowl of light and noise—a descending roar, of all things—of Shea. "Go Mets," his banner said as he lightly came to rest a few steps away from Bob Ojeda in mid-infield and, encumbered with minions, went cheerfully off to jail and notoriety. We laughed and forgot him. I was home.

Game Six must be given here in extreme précis—not a bad idea, since its non-stop events and reversals and mistakes and stunners blur into unlikelihood even when examined on a scorecard. I sometimes make postgame additions to my own scorecard in red ink, circling key plays and instants to refresh my recollection, and adding comments on matters I may have overlooked or misjudged at the time. My card of Game Six looks like a third grader's valentine, with scarlet exclamation points, arrows, stars, question marks, and "Wow!"s scrawled thickly across the double page. A double arrow connects Boggs, up on top, to Spike Owen, down below, in the Boston second—a dazzling little hit (by Wade)-and-run (by Spike) that set up Boston's second score of the game. Two red circles are squeezed into Jim Rice's box in the Boston seventh—one around the "E5" denoting Ray Knight's wild peg that put Rice on first and sent Marty Barrett around to third, and the other around the "7–2" that ended the inning, two outs and one run later, when Mookie Wilson threw out Jim at the plate. A descendant arrow and low-flying exclamation points mark Clemens' departure from the game after the seventh (the Red Sox were ahead by 3–2, but Roger, after a hundred and thirty-one pitches, had worked up a blister on his pitching hand), and an up-bound red dart and "Mazz PH" pointing at the same part of the column denote Lee Mazzilli's instant single against Schiraldi, while the black dot in the middle of the box is the Mazzilli run that tied the score. But nothing can make this sprawling, clamorous game become orderly, I see now, and, of course, no shorthand can convey the vast, encircling, supplicating sounds of that night, or the sense of encroaching danger on the field, or the anxiety that gnawed at the Mets hordes in the stands as their season ran down, it seemed certain, to the wrong ending.

The Red Sox scored twice in the top of the tenth inning, on a home run by Dave Henderson ("Hendu!" is my crimson comment) and a double and a single by the top of the order—Boggs and then Barrett—all struck against Rick Aguilera, the fourth Mets pitcher of the night. Call it the morning, for it was past midnight when the Sox took the field in the bottom half, leading by 5–3. Three outs were needed for Boston's championship, and two of them were tucked away at once. Keith Hernandez, having flied out to center for the second out, left the dugout and walked into Davey Johnson's office in the clubhouse to watch the end; he said later that this was the first instant when he felt that the Mets might not win. I had moved down to the main press box, ready for a dash to the clubhouses, and now I noticed that a few Mets fans had given up and were sadly coming along the main aisles down below me, headed for home. My companion just to my right in the press box, the *News*' Red Foley, is a man of few words, but now he removed his cigar from his mouth and pointed at the departing fans below. "O ye of little faith," he said.

It happened slowly but all at once, it seemed later. Gary Carter singled. Kevin Mitchell, who was batting for Aguilera, singled to center.

Ray Knight fouled off two sinkers, putting the Red Sox one strike away. (Much later, somebody counted up and discovered that there were *thirteen* pitches in this inning that could have been turned into the last Mets out of all.) "Ah, New England," I jotted in my notebook, just before Knight bopped a little single to right-center, scoring Carter and sending Mitchell to third—and my notebook note suddenly took on quite a different meaning. It was along about here, I suspect, that my friend Allan, who is a genius palindromist, may have taken his eyes away from his set (he was watching at home) for an instant to write down a message that had been forming within him: "Not so, Boston"—the awful truth, no matter how you look at it.

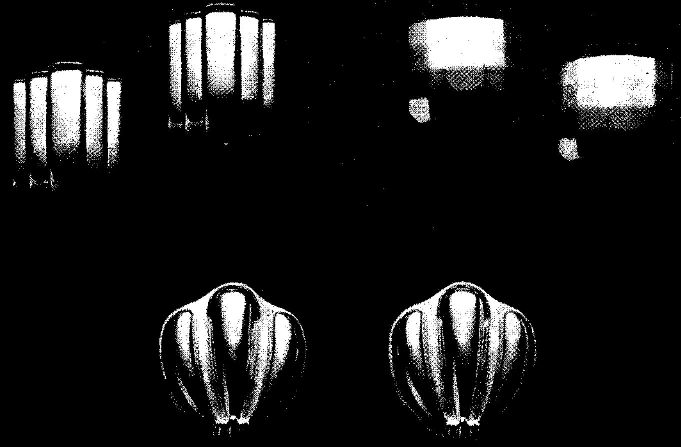
Schiraldi departed, and Bob Stanley came on to pitch. (This was the Steamer's moment to save what had been an unhappy 6-6 and 4.37 season for him, in which his work as the Sox' prime right-handed stopper had received increasingly unfavorable reviews from the Fenway bleacher critics; part of me was pulling for him here, but the game was out of my hands—and evidently out of his as well.) Mookie Wilson, batting left-handed, ran the count to two-and-two, fouled off two more pitches, and then jumped away, jackknifing in midair, to avoid a thigh-high wild pitch that brought Mitchell flying in from third, to tie it. Wilson fouled off two more pitches in this at-bat of a lifetime and then tapped a little bouncer down toward first, close to the baseline, that hopped once, hopped twice, and then slipped under Buckner's glove and on into short right field (he turned and stared after it in disbelief), and Knight thundered in from around third base. He jumped on home plate with both feet—jumped so hard that he twisted his back, he said later—and then disappeared under an avalanche of Mets.

The post mortems were nearly unbearable. "This is the worst," Bob Stanley said.

"I'm exhausted," Ray Knight said. "My legs are trembling."

"As close as we came . . ." whis-

THE ART OF ELEGANCE.



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pered John McNamara. "As close as we came, I can only associate it with California."

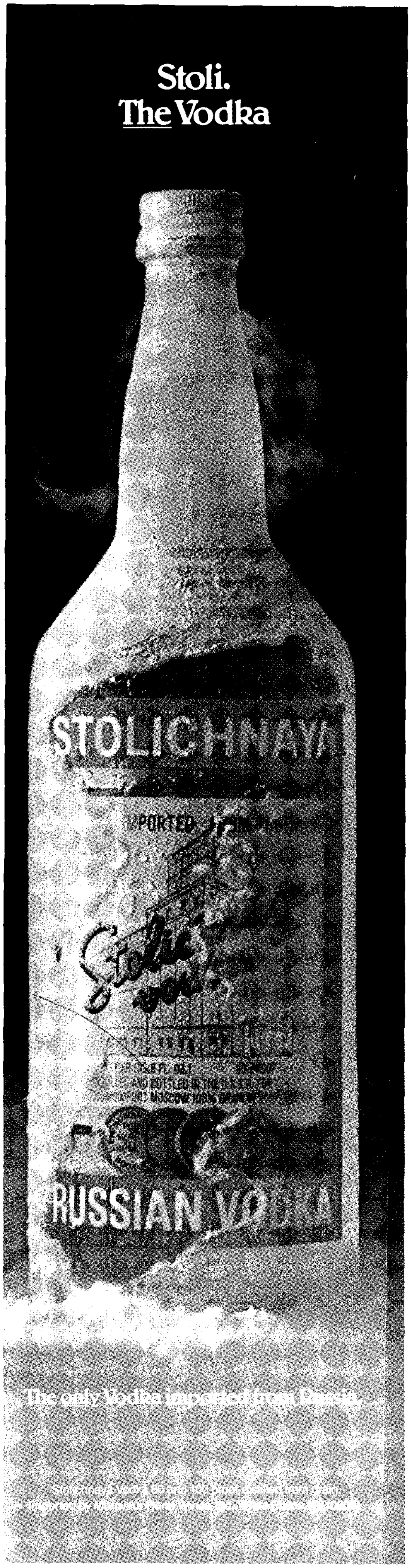
"It's baseball," said Dave Henderson. "It's baseball, and we've got to live with it."

Questions were asked—they always are after major accidents—and some of them must be asked again, for this game will be replayed, in retrospect, for years to come.

Q: Why didn't Davey Johnson double-switch when he brought in Jesse Orosco to get the last out of the eighth inning? Without an accompanying substitute at some other slot in the order, Jesse was forced to depart for a pinch-hitter an instant later, in the Mets' half, thus requiring Johnson to wheel in Aguilera, who was a much less certain quantity on the mound, and who quickly gave up the two runs that so nearly finished off the Mets. A: I still don't know, for Davey is a master at the double switch—a textbook maneuver in National League tactics manuals, since there is no designated hitter—and a bit later on he made a much more questionable switch, which removed Darryl Strawberry from the game. It came out all right in the end, but I think Davey just forgot.

Q: Why didn't McNamara pinch-hit for the creaking Buckner in the tenth, when another run could have nailed down the Mets for sure? And, having decided against this, why didn't he at least put the much more mobile Stapleton in to play first base in the bottom half—perhaps to gobble up Wilson's grounder and make the flip to the pitcher? More specifically, why didn't he pinch-hit Baylor, his designated hitter, who batted in the No. 5 slot throughout the regular season and in the playoffs but rode the bench (no d.h.) almost to the end during the games played at Shea? A: Johnny Mack has defended himself strongly against both of these second-guesses, citing Buckner's excellent bat (a .267 year, with eighteen home runs and a hundred and two runs batted in) and Buckner's glove ("He has good hands," he said), in that order. His answer to the Baylor puzzle is to say that Baylor never pinch-hits when the Red Sox are ahead—sound strategy, one can see, until a game arrives when they might suddenly fall behind at the end. McNamara also claims that Stapleton normally substitutes for Buckner at first base only if there has been an earlier occasion to insert him as a pinch-*runner* for Buckner; this is mostly true (it wasn't the case in Game Five), but the fact remains that Stapleton was playing first base in the final inning of all three games that the Sox did win. My strong guess is that McNamara is not beyond sentiment. He knew the torments that Buckner had gone through to stay in the lineup throughout the season, and the contributions he had made to bring the club to this shining doorstep, and he wanted him out there with the rest of the varsity when the Sox seemed certain to step over it at last.

WE need not linger long on Game Seven, in which the Mets came back from a 3–0 second-inning deficit and won going away (as turf writers say), 8–5. It was another great game, I suppose, but even noble vintages can become a surfeit after enough bottles have been sampled. A one-day rainout allowed us to come down a little from the sixth game and its astounding ending, but then we came to the last day of all, and the sense of that—a whole season rushing to a decision now—seized us and wrung us with almost every pitch once play resumed. Ron Darling, who had given up no earned runs in the Series so far, surrendered three in the second inning (Evans and Gedman whacked home runs on successive pitches) and was gone in the fourth. Hurst, for his part, permitted only a lone single in five full innings, but ran dry in the sixth, when the Mets evened the game. They had specialized in this sleeping-dragon style of play all through the championship season, and this last time around they showed us once again how dangerous they really were: nine hits and eight runs in their last three innings of the year. Somehow, the anguish of the Red Sox mattered more than the Mets' caperings at the very end, because it was plain by now that it could have just as easily gone the other way. In the Boston clubhouse, Al Nipper, who was badly battered during his very brief appearance in the New York eighth, sat at his locker with his back turned and his head buried in his hands. Dennis Boyd, who had not been called on in the Sox' extremity, rocked forward and back on his chair, shaking his head in disbelief. Friends of mine said later that they had been riveted by a post-game television closeup of Wade Boggs sitting alone in the dugout with tears streaming down his face, and a couple of them who are not fans asked me how it was possible for grown men to weep about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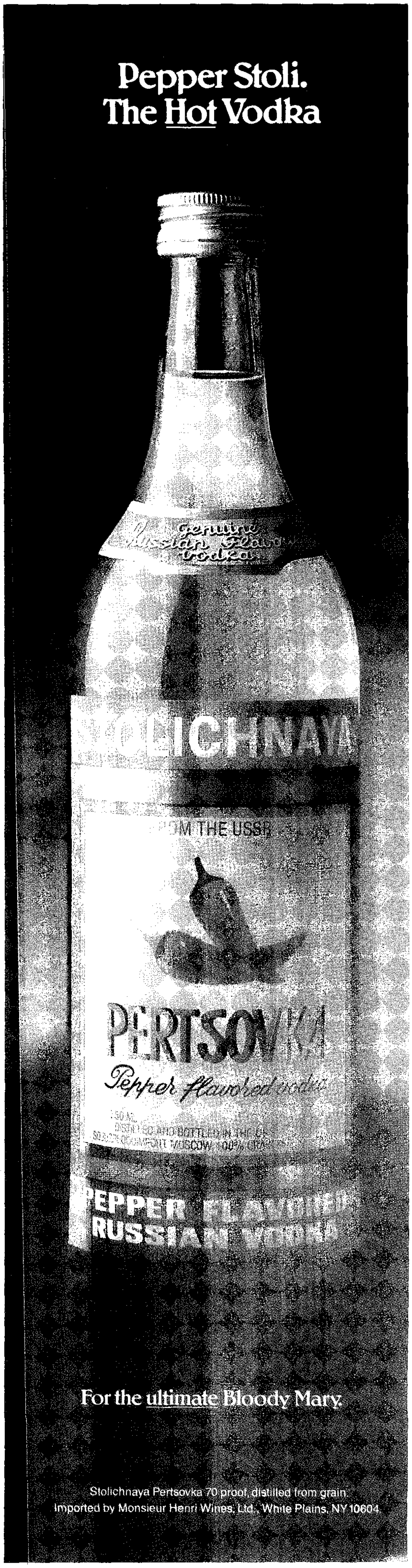
something as trivial as a game. I tried to tell them about the extraordinary heights of concentration and intensity that are required to play baseball at this level, even for a single trifling game in midseason, but I don't think they believed me. Then I remembered a different moment on television—something I saw a couple of years ago on a trip abroad, when the captain of the All-England cricket team was interviewed over the BBC just after his eleven (I *think*) had lost a protracted test match to Australia. I listened to the young man's sad recapitulations with predictable American amusement—until I suddenly noticed that there were tears in his eyes. He was crying over *cricket!* I suppose we should all try to find something better or worse to shed tears for than a game, no matter how hard it has been played, but perhaps it is not such a bad thing to see that men can cry at all.

The acute moment in Game Seven was produced in the Mets' sixth, when Keith Hernandez came up to bat against Hurst with the bases loaded and one out and the Red Sox still ahead by 3–0. Anyone who does know baseball understood that this was the arrangement—this particular batter and this precise set of circumstances—that the Mets wanted most and the Red Sox least at the end of their long adventures. It was the moment that only baseball—with its slow, serial, one-thing-and-then-another siftings and sortings—can produce from time to time, and its outcome is often critical, even when reëxamined weeks later. I think the Red Sox would have won this game if they had got Hernandez out. As it was, he took a strike from Hurst (a beautiful, dipping off-speed breaking ball) and then rocketed the next pitch (a fastball, a bit up) to deep left-center for a single and the Mets' first two runs and the beginning of their championship comeback. I'm not sure that anyone remembered at the time, but we should remember now that Hernandez, then a member of the Cardinals, hit a crucial two-run single up the middle in the sixth inning of the seventh game of the 1982 World Series, to start that team on its way to a comeback 6–3 victory over the Milwaukee Brewers.

Many fans think of Gary Carter as the quintessential Mets player, while some may see Lenny Dykstra or Wally Backman or Dwight Gooden, or even Ray Knight (who won the Series M.V.P. award), or perhaps Mookie Wilson in that role (Mets-haters despise them all, for their exuberance, their high-fives, their cap-waving encores, their vast publicity, their money, and their winning so often: winning is the worst mannerism of all), but for me the Mets are Keith Hernandez. His game-long, season-long intensity; his classic at-bats, during which the contest between batter and pitcher seems to be written out on some invisible blackboard, with the theorems and formulas being erased and rewritten as the count progresses; his style at the plate, with the bat held high (he is bare-armed, always), and his pure, mannerism-free cuts at the ball; and, above all, his demeanor afield—I would rather watch these, I think, than the actions of any other player in the game today. Watching him at work around first base—he is sure to earn his ninth consecutive Gold Glove for his performance at the position—you begin to pick up the little moves and glances and touches that show what he is concerned about at that instant, what dangers and possibilities are on his mind. Holding a base runner close, with a right-handed pull hitter up at bat, he crouches with his left foot planted on the baseline and toeing to right—a sprinter's start, no less—and he moves off so quickly with the pitch that he and the runner appear to be tied together, one mass zipping along the base path. When there's a left-handed batter in the box under the same circumstances, Keith leaves his post just as quickly once the pitcher lets fly, but this time with a crablike backward scuttle, quicker than a skater. He makes the tough 3–6 peg down to second look easy and elegant, and he attacks bunts with such assurance that he sometimes scoops up the ball on the third-base side of the invisible pitcher-to-home line (I have seen only two or three other first basemen pull this off even once; Ferris Fain, of the late-nineteen-forties Athletics, was one of them) and then gets off his throw with the same motion. If you make yourself notice where Hernandez has stationed himself on the field, you will sometimes get a sudden sense of what is really going on down there. Wade Boggs, the best hitter in baseball, usually raps the ball up the middle or to left, even though he is a left-handed swinger, but his failure to pull even one pitch up the line to right in the course of the World Series allowed



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Hernandez to play him more and more into the hole as the Series went on, and contributed to Boggs' problems at the plate in these games. Even one pulled foul would have altered his positioning, Keith said after the Series ended; he was amazed that Boggs hadn't attacked him in this way.

Hernandez is probably not an exceptionally gifted athlete, but his baseball intelligence is remarkable. Other Mets players say that he always seems to be two or three pitches ahead of the enemy pitcher and catcher, and that he almost seems to know the other team's coaches' signals without looking, because he understands where they are in their heads and what they hope to do next. He shares all this with his teammates (keep count in a game of the number of different players he says something to in the course of a few innings), and the younger players on the club, including Darryl Strawberry, will tell you that Keith's counsel and patience and knowledge of the game and its ways have made them better ballplayers, and winners. All this comes at a price, which one may guess at when watching Hernandez chain-smoke and put away beers (there is a post-game ice bucket at his feet by his locker) in the clubhouse as he talks and comes down after the game. The talk is a season-long seminar that Mets writers attend, day after day, taking notes and exchanging glances as they write. The man is in the game.

Davey Johnson also has some baseball smarts, and in this last game he showed us, if we needed showing, how far ahead he had been all along. Sid Fernandez, the Mets' dumpling left-handed strikeout pitcher—their fourth starter this year, and during some stretches their best—came into the game in the fourth inning, with the Mets down by 3–0, and stopped the Sox dead in their tracks: a base on balls and then seven outs in succession, with four strikeouts. "That did it," Keith said afterward. "When Sid was in there, we began to feel that we might win this game after all. He was the necessary hero." Johnson had passed over Fernandez as a starter in the Series (he is streaky and emotional), but he had brought him along, all right. Fernandez had pitched a shaky one-third of an inning in Game Two, surrendering three hits and a run late in a losing cause; in Game Five, which the Mets also lost, he had pitched four shutout innings, with five strikeouts. He was Series-tested by the end, and he became Johnson's last and best move.

The Sox, for their part, mounted a courageous rally in their eighth inning, when three successive solid blows accounted for two runs and closed the score to 6–5 before Orosco came in and shot them down for good. By this time, the Mets hitters had done away with Schiraldi and were loose in the Boston bullpen—John McNamara's worst dream come true. Strawberry's homer and the cascade of Mets runs at the end released the fans at last, and their celebrations during the final outs of the year—the packed thousands together chanting, roaring out the Freddie Mercury rock chorus "We will, we will. . . . ROCK YOU!" while pointing together at the Boston bench—were terrific fun. There was a great city party there at Shea, and then all over town, which went on into the parade and the ticker tape (it's computer paper now) the following afternoon, but when it was all over I think that most of us, perhaps all of us, realized that the victory celebration didn't come up to the wonderful, endless sixteen innings of Game Six, back during the playoffs. As one friend of mine said later, "For me, that night was the whole thing. Whatever there was to win had been won."

There was a surprise for me, there at the end. I am a Mets fan. I had no idea how this private Series would come out, but when the Mets almost lost the next-to-last game of the Series I suddenly realized that my pain and foreboding were even deeper than what I had felt when the Red Sox came to the very brink out in Anaheim. I suppose most of my old Red Sox friends will attack me for perfidy, and perhaps accuse me of front-running and other failures of character, but there is no help for it. I don't think much has been lost, to tell the truth. I will root and suffer for the Sox and the Mets next summer and the summers after that, and if they ever come up against each other again in the World Series—well, who knows? Ask me again in a hundred and sixty-seven years.

—ROGER ANGELL

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

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AMONG the several regular patients who consulted Dr. Joyce Wallace, an internist, at her office on West Twelfth Street, off Seventh Avenue, on Friday morning, March 19, 1979, was a drop-in whom I'll call Laura McBride. Mrs. McBride was forty-three years old and a widow with three teen-age daughters. She was, she told Dr. Wallace, an art conservator by profession, and she did her work at home, just around the corner, on West Thirteenth Street. She had come to Dr. Wallace at the suggestion of her gynecologist. The gynecologist had noted during a recent routine examination that her hemoglobin level was low. The gynecologist thought that this decrease was probably due to heavy menstrual bleeding, but it might reflect a developing anemia, and she advised her to see an internist for a complete physical examination. Mrs. McBride hesitated. But that, she said, was only partly why she was here. She had seen the gynecologist in December. She had felt perfectly well, and had kept putting off the suggested visit to an internist. She was here today because for the past three weeks she had been having pains. They came and went. Pains in her stomach, and a burning pain lower down. She touched an area known to physiology as the left upper quadrant of the abdomen. She said she also seemed to be tired most of the time. She couldn't do her regular exercises. Her muscles ached, and she had occasional dizzy spells. And everything seemed to irritate her, especially her children.

Dr. Wallace observed her patient. She was tall and slim and dark-haired, young-looking for her age, and she appeared to be in good health. Dr. Wallace began the standard physical examination. All the usual signs and systems were normal—all but one. The spleen was palpable. Dr. Wallace could feel the tip of it. That was abnormal but in no way definitive. She stopped and considered. There was nothing remarkable about any of Mrs. McBride's complaints. They could all very well have been functional in origin. But somehow she didn't think they were. Mrs. McBride just didn't impress her as a neurotic type. An instinct told her that those pains and aches, the dizzy spells and the fatigue, the irritability and the myalgia had some organic root. The gynecologist had suspected anemia. Dr. Wallace drew some samples of Mrs. McBride's blood. She asked her to bring in a stool sample. She made an appointment to see her in four days' time, on the following Tuesday.

The results of the blood tests came through. They powerfully confirmed the gynecologist's concern. Mrs. McBride showed a hemoglobin level of 10.3 grams per decilitre. The normal range is from 14 to 16. Her hematocrit reading was 30.7 per cent. Normal is from 45 to 50. A third test revealed that Mrs. McBride's production of new red blood cells was higher than normal. This clearly indicated that her body was attempting to compensate for her falling hemoglobin level. All these findings pointed to an iron-deficiency anemia. A further test, however, demolished that explanation. Her iron level and her iron-binding capacity were both normal. Could she be losing blood through internal bleeding? But the stool tests ruled that out. There was no suggestion of blood in her stool. When Mrs. McBride arrived for her Tuesday appointment, Dr. Wallace questioned her about other possible sources of blood loss. Had she been vomiting? No. Had she noticed any blood in her urine? No. Were her menses normal? Yes. Dr. Wallace drew another sample of blood, for another round of tests, and arranged to see her again on Thursday. On Thursday morning, Dr. Wallace had the results of the new

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blood tests. Mrs. McBride's hemoglobin level had dropped to 9.7 and her hematocrit reading had gone to 28.9. Her symptoms, moreover, had intensified. Her abdominal pains, she told Dr. Wallace, were now cramps—frequent, colicky cramps. Also, she didn't seem to have any strength, and she was often out of breath. Dr. Wallace was puzzled, but more puzzled than alarmed. She decided against any attempt at symptomatic treatment. She drew another sample of blood, asked for another stool sample, and made an appointment for Saturday.

By the time Mrs. McBride arrived for her Saturday appointment, Dr. Wallace had received a report on the blood drawn two days before. Mrs. McBride's hemoglobin level had fallen again, to 9.1. Her hematocrit reading was 28.8. Dr. Wallace began to feel uneasy. "Before my eyes, before my very eyes, she was losing blood," she said. "But where was it going? There was no blood in her stool. There was no blood in her urine. She wasn't vomiting. There was no strong evidence of hemolysis, or early breakage of the red cell. I thought; I racked my brains. Her symptoms were non-specific. No help there. Then I remembered medical school. I remembered they used to say, 'Look at the blood smear.' Medical school is sometimes right. So I prepared some blood and put it under the microscope. And I saw something. The red blood cells were spotted. I saw the blue marks that we call basophilic stippling. About forty per cent of the red blood cells were stippled. Now I knew something. Stippling suggests toxicity. Her red blood cells were being destroyed. It wasn't certain. It wasn't specific. Stippling occurs in several diseases. But I thought, What does this woman do? Answer: She is an art conservator, a restorer. She works in art. Art materials are chemicals. She works with chemicals. Paint is a chemical. Paint! Lead poisoning! I had never seen a case of lead poisoning in an adult. But I believed I had one now. Her symptoms began to have some meaning. The colicky cramps, the fatigue, the irritability—all those are symptoms of lead poisoning. What to do?

"I told Mrs. McBride what I thought, what I suspected. I said that if my presumptive diagnosis was correct the source of her illness was almost certainly something in her workroom, her studio. The first thing to do was to remove her from that source of contamination. I told her to stop

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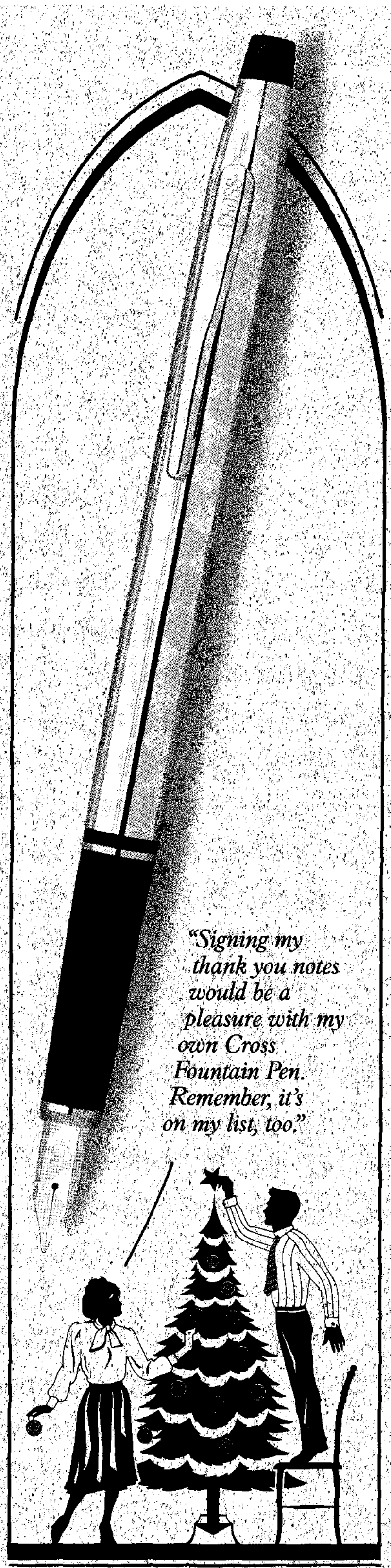
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working, stay out of the workroom, close it off. My reasoning, of course, was that if she avoided the focus of contamination, avoided continued exposure, her body could begin to excrete lead. Excretion of lead is a slow process, but I hoped she would soon be showing some improvement. I told her to get plenty of rest—bed rest. We would keep in touch. I would want a regular supply of blood, to continue with the tests, to follow any changes in her blood chemistry. I also said I would want to visit her workroom. I would call and make a date. I told her what I could that would make her comfortable, and she left. Now I wanted advice. The first thing Monday morning, I called the Department of Health, and told them I had a case of suspected lead poisoning. They gave me the name of a Dr. Alf Fischbein, at Mt. Sinai Medical Center. They said that Mt. Sinai was a center for clinical research in lead poisoning, and that Dr. Fischbein was the leading investigator there."

LEAD is one of some twenty thousand chemicals in more or less common use today which are known to be more or less toxic when touched, ingested, or inhaled. Most of these are of recent, or twentieth-century, origin, and the toxic potentialities of most of this group—individually or in infinite combination or interaction—are still poorly understood. There is no such uncertainty about the pernicious powers of lead. Lead has been known and used by man since the earliest hours of civilization, and it was one of the first chemical materials to be recognized as hazardous to health. It seems to have been known to the Greek poet and physician Nicander in the second pre-Christian century. A passage in his clinico-poetical treatise "Alexipharmaca" opens with the line "The harmful cerussa, that most noxious thing." Cerussa is ceruse, or the pigment called white lead. Galen (circa 150 A.D.) was sufficiently familiar with the noxious side of lead to warn against its use in water pipes.

Most instances of lead poisoning are, and always have been, among miners and workers in the trades and industries, but lead has also had a sinister affinity for workers in the arts. Bernardino Ramazzini, the seventeenth-century Italian clinician and pioneer in the field of occupational disease, was the first to observe and record this connection. "What city or town is there," he writes in his "De Morbis Artificum Diatriba," "in which men do not follow the potter's craft, the oldest of all the arts? Now when they need roasted or calcined lead for glazing their pots, they grind the lead in marble vessels. . . . During this process, or again when they use tongs to daub the pots with molten lead before putting them into the furnace, their mouths, nostrils, and the whole body take in the lead poison that has been melted and dissolved in water; hence they are soon attacked by grievous maladies. . . . Painters, too, are attacked by various ailments. . . . It very seldom happens that painters look florid or healthy, though they usually paint the portraits of other people to look handsomer or more florid than they really are. I have observed that nearly all the painters whom I know . . . are sickly; and if one reads the lives of painters it will be seen that they are by no means long-lived, especially those who were most distinguished. We read that Raphael of Urbino, the famous painter, was snatched from life in the very flower of his youth. . . . Their sedentary life and melancholic temperament may be partly to blame . . . but for their liability to disease there is a more immediate cause, I mean the materials of the colors they handle and smell constantly, such as red lead, cinnabar, white lead. . . . Moreover, painters when at work wear dirty clothes smeared with paint, so that their mouths and noses inevitably breathe tainted air; this penetrates to the seat of the animal spirits, enters by the breathing passages the abode of the blood, disturbs the economy of the natural functions." More recent observers have shared Ramazzini's conception of the artist's hygienic innocence. It has been suggested that it was lead poisoning, not schizophrenia or syphilis, that mysteriously disturbed the economy of Goya's natural functions in his middle age, and that it also accounted for the near-insanity that dogged van Gogh for many years. Both painters were partial to white lead and to the heavily leaded Naples yellow, and van Gogh was on at least one occasion seen to actually eat some paint.

Contemporary workers in the arts and crafts are generally aware of the toxicity of lead, and many now avoid the use of lead-containing materials, but the indifferent work habits that Ramazzini noted and that van Gogh so peculiarly exemplified are not yet a thing of the past, and lead poisoning, as Laura McBride can ruefully testify, still occurs in the studio. Indeed, it occurs sufficiently often to have persuaded Dr. Michael McCann, president of the Center for Occupational Hazards, to include in his authoritative 1979 handbook "Artist Beware" (along with the most lethal modern solvents, thinners, cements, and fixatives) seventeen warning references to lead.

LEAD poisoning was often on Dr. Wallace's mind over Saturday and Sunday. She was concerned about the McBride children. They, too, might have been exposed to whatever it was that had poisoned their mother. Children are more sensitive to lead poisoning than adults. From her reading she remembered a case of lead poisoning in a woman and her two young children. The source of the poisoning was traced to lead in a ceramic pitcher bought in Mexico. As the two children became more and more ill, the mother, with therapeutic intent, fed them more and more fresh orange juice—served in the toxic pitcher. The mother recovered, but both children suffered permanent brain damage.

On Monday morning, a moment after her call to the Health Department, Dr. Wallace put in a call to Mt. Sinai and Dr. Fischbein. She told him what she knew and what she suspected. Dr. Fischbein listened and considered and informally confirmed her informal diagnosis. He proposed some further, more definitive tests. He said he would send her by hand a couple of specially processed, guaranteed-lead-free containers for samples of blood and urine. They discussed Mrs. McBride's profession and agreed that a visit to her studio was imperative. They would meet there as soon as Dr. Wallace could make the arrangements. Dr. Wallace hung up, and then called Mrs. McBride. She wanted to see her for some more blood and urine samples, and she also wanted to see her children. Although they seemed to be in normal health, she wanted to analyze their blood. Just in case. The containers arrived from Dr. Fischbein, and Mrs. McBride and her children came in. The samples were taken and dispatched. It was arranged that Dr. Wallace and Dr. Fischbein would visit Mrs. McBride's studio on Friday afternoon. The results of the several tests would be in by then. They were. Mrs. McBride's blood showed a lead level of 72 micrograms per decilitre of whole blood. Normal is around

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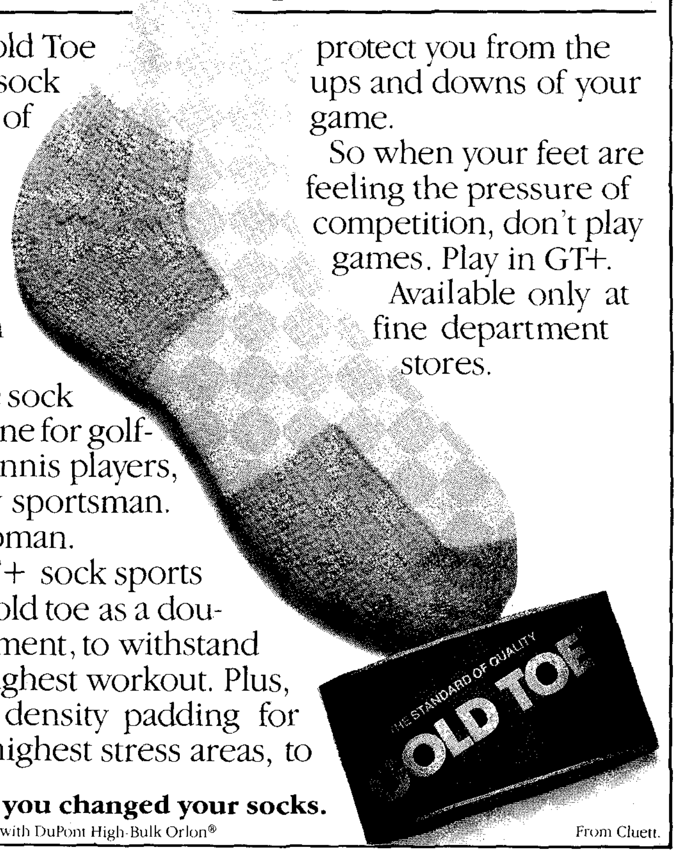

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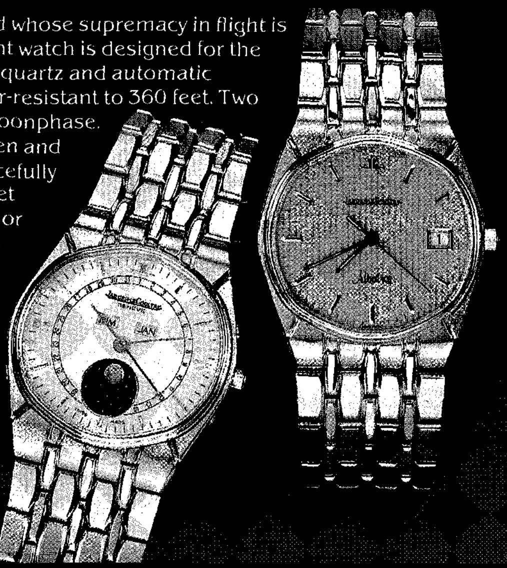
10. Her children's blood tests were normal. That, if there had been much doubt, sharpened the focus on Mrs. McBride's studio.

Mrs. McBride's house was a three-story brownstone, with an English basement. She showed the two doctors into her studio. It was a small room on the parlor (or first) floor, in the rear. There was one window. Closed. The studio had been designed and used by her late husband. He was an art dealer, but he knew quite a lot about art restoring. As a matter of fact, it was from him that she had learned her skills. She ordinarily worked on assignment from dealers, but her current project was an ancient Peruvian tapestry that her husband had purchased several years before his death. It was her understanding that it had been found in a tomb of the Chancay period. It was dated between 1000 and 1500 A.D. The tapestry was on her worktable. It was heavy and frayed and made of wool, with an abstract, geometrical design in tan, red, and brown. The brown areas were the restored parts. Mrs. McBride described her procedure. She had first cleaned the tapestry with a detergent. That had brought back much of the original color. She had begun work in early December. After the cleaning, she had touched up the brown areas with a water-based paint solution. She prepared the paint herself, using a pigment that her husband had acquired along with the tapestry—a pigment that had also been found in the Chancay tomb. She had applied the paint with a feather brush. When the paint was dry, she brushed it to an even texture and then blew off any residue. Worn areas of the tapestry were repaired with needle and thread.

Dr. Wallace and Dr. Fischbein exchanged a glance. Dr. Fischbein's expression was almost a grimace. Mrs. McBride's work habits were practically a model of insouciance. Brushing the newly painted fabric would raise a cloud of dust. Blowing off the residue would raise more. Working on a painted fabric with needle and thread would involve wetting the thread with her tongue. There was a big ashtray on the worktable: Mrs. McBride smoked while she worked. That brought her fingers often to her mouth. Dr. Fischbein mentioned ventilation. Was there a fan, or did she work with the window open? Neither. She kept the window closed to save on heat. This wasn't a rented apartment. She owned the house and paid the



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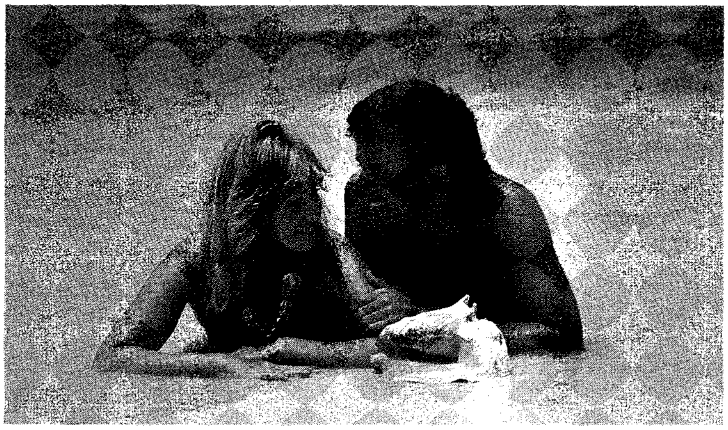

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heating bills. Dr. Wallace asked if she knew the nature of the ancient pigment she was using. Oh, yes. It was cinnabar. Dr. Wallace and Dr. Fischbein exchanged another glance—a glance, this time, of puzzlement. Cinnabar is mercuric sulfide, and mercuric sulfide (contrary to Ramazzini's understanding) is not a particularly toxic substance. Unlike lead, it is largely insoluble in tissue fluids, and whether inhaled or ingested passes more or less harmlessly through the body. In any event, the signs and symptoms of mercury poisoning are very different from those of lead. Dr. Fischbein asked if cinnabar was the only chemical that Mrs. McBride used in her work. Mrs. McBride said that to the best of her knowledge it was. She added that she certainly didn't use any form of lead.

Dr. Wallace and Dr. Fischbein took a final look around the studio. It told them nothing. They both found it hard to believe that Mrs. McBride's illness was not related to her work. Still, as they both well knew, the literature of lead poisoning contains some bizarre chapters. Dr. Fischbein could recall a case in which the victim was also afflicted with geophagia. Geophagia is a compulsion to eat earth. The victim's usual grazing ground was the shoulder of a highway, the soil of which was found to be rich in lead from years of gasoline fumes. Nevertheless, before they left, Dr. Fischbein asked for and was given a sample of Mrs. McBride's husband's cinnabar and a snippet of the tapestry.

MRS. MCBRIDE continued, on the advice of both doctors, to rest in bed. There was increasingly nothing much else she could do. Her condition continued to worsen. In addition to the colicky cramps, the shortness of breath, and the darkening irritability, she now showed signs of neurological disease. Her legs from hip to ankle were weak and getting weaker. Dr. Wallace and Dr. Fischbein continued to monitor her blood. Discontinuing work in her studio had failed to rebalance her blood chemistry. Her hemoglobin level, instead of rising, continued to fall—from 9.1 to 8.7 to 7.7. This last, together with the increasing severity of her symptoms, was definitely alarming, and it was decided that a series of blood transfusions was indicated. That was on Sunday, April 4th. Dr. Wallace admitted her to St. Vincent's Hospital, a block or two from her home. Over the next several

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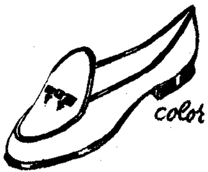

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days, Mrs. McBride was given a total of three units of packed red blood cells. There was an almost immediate improvement in certain signs and symptoms. Her disposition brightened and her strength began to return. Her hemoglobin level gratifyingly climbed to 10.5. She was discharged to resume her rest at home. Her hemoglobin level remained stable for a week or more. Then it again declined. On April 20th, it dropped to 9.9. Another blood-lead-level study was done. The result was a reading of 127 micrograms per decilitre of whole blood—over twelve times the normal level and three times the acceptable level. Three days later, on April 23rd, her hemoglobin level had fallen again, to 9.3. Urinary and other tests also showed an increasingly morbid presence of lead. But it was the blood lead level that most impressed Dr. Fischbein. It was one of the highest he had ever seen. He recommended, and Dr. Wallace concurred, that a course of chelation therapy be started at once.

Mrs. McBride was readmitted to St. Vincent's Hospital on April 26th for a course of chelation therapy. Chelation involves the administration of a drug that has the power to combine with—to bind and secure—a metal and remove it from the body by excretion in the urine. There are three chelating agents in more or less general use: BAL (British anti-lewisite); a derivative of penicillin called penicillamine; and calcium disodium ethylenediamine tetra-acetic acid. CaNa$_2$-EDTA, as the last is commonly called, was the agent chosen for Mrs. McBride. The dosage was one gram in a solution of two hundred and fifty millilitres of five-per-cent dextrose twice a day for five days. Serious side effects—among them heart irregularities and impaired kidney function—are not uncommon in chelation therapy, and Mrs. McBride's reactions were closely monitored, including a daily urinalysis to measure the amount of lead excreted. Her tolerance of CaNa$_2$-EDTA was generally satisfactory, and ten days after the completion of the course her blood lead level had fallen to 74 micrograms per decilitre of whole blood, and her symptoms—abdominal pain, muscular aches, and irritability—had notably eased. She was discharged from the hospital on May 6th.

The results of chelation therapy can be, and often are, misleading. Three weeks later, on May 27th, a routine examination revealed that Mrs. McBride's blood lead level had again increased—to 84 micrograms per decilitre of whole blood—and her aches and pains and bad temper had returned. This, to Dr. Wallace and Dr. Fischbein, was disappointing but not particularly alarming. It seemed to indicate that Mrs. McBride's accumulation of lead had been greater than they had assumed. This accumulation, stored in her bones and soft tissues, was being released into her blood by the effects of chelation. It was decided that a second course of chelation therapy should be done, and on June 25th she was admitted once more to St. Vincent's Hospital. Her blood lead level at admission was 103 micrograms per decilitre of whole blood. A second course of chelation with CaNa$_2$-EDTA was commenced. This series, like the first, was without untoward incident, and her improvement was prompt and impressive. She was again discharged, to be followed as an outpatient by Dr. Wallace. In early September, after almost a year of travail and treatment, a final round of tests showed her condition to be normal—hemoglobin, hematocrit, and blood lead level.

Meanwhile, during those weeks of spring and summer, as Mrs. McBride was hospitalized and discharged and hospitalized again, Dr. Fischbein was deeply engaged in trying to determine the source and focus of her trouble. The first step in this determination was an analysis of the red pigment known to Mrs. McBride as cinnabar. The study, which involved such procedures as polarized-light microscopy and X-ray powder diffraction, was directed by a mineralogist named Arthur N. Rohl. It showed that the powder was indeed cinnabar—was mercuric sulfide. A close analysis of the analysis, however, suggested to Dr. Rohl a hint of the presence of red lead. On the basis of this suspicion, the powder was subjected to the finer scrutiny of electrothermal atomic absorption. The result confirmed his suspicion. The powder contained 8.9 parts lead per thousand, or about one per cent, and the fabric had a lead concentration of 380 parts per million.

"That was a high concentration," Dr. Fischbein says. "It was certainly high enough to account for the severity of her poisoning. It was also a big relief to us to find the source in the cinnabar. Cinnabar was the only clue we had. But cinnabar isn't lead. Cinnabar is mercuric sulfide. So the next

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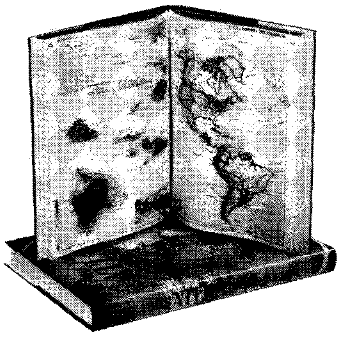

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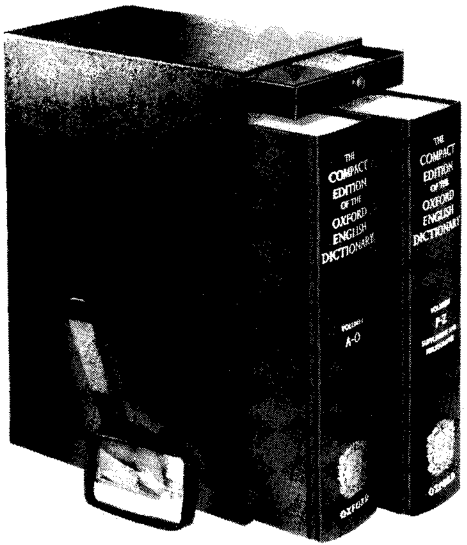
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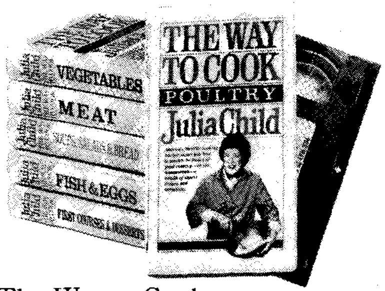
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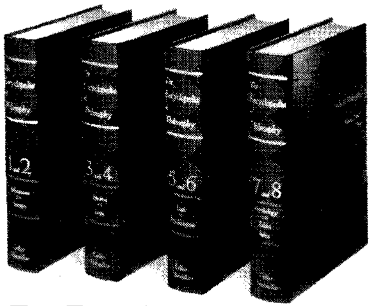

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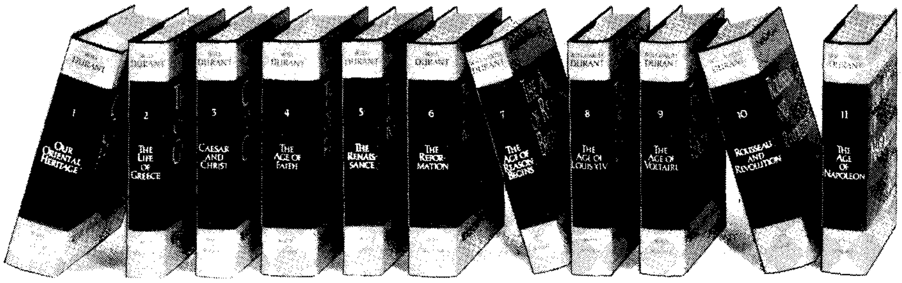
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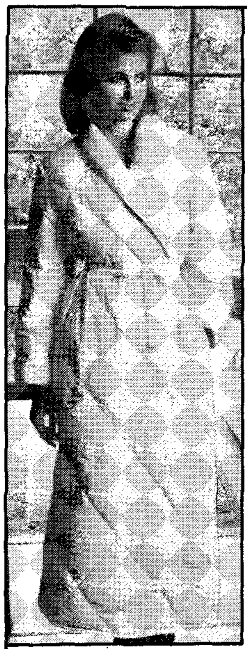

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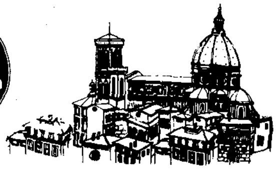

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question was: Where did the red lead come from? That was a question that neither Dr. Wallace nor I was qualified to answer. But we inquired around and came up with the names of two anthropologists familiar with the Peruvian culture of the Chancay period. They were Junius B. Bird, of the American Museum of Natural History, now deceased, and Heather Lechtman, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We talked to them both. Could the lead have been added originally to the cinnabar as a preservative? Could it have been added to enhance the color? The answer to both questions was no. Lead was not known to have been used for either purpose in the Chancay period. Well! Then how did the lead contamination come about? We have no certain answer. But we have a hypothesis, a possibility. If the cinnabar was of the same period as the tapestry, as the history of Mrs. McBride's pigment would indicate, it would have a certain antiquarian value. But cinnabar is sold by weight, and it is not a particularly heavy substance. Suppose, then, that somewhere along the devious route from the Chancay tomb to the New York studio one of the several hands through which it passed added a little red lead to make the transaction a little more profitable. There doesn't seem to be any more satisfactory answer. At any rate, it satisfied Dr. Wallace, and it satisfied me, too. It's hard to believe that the contamination was accidental. And if Mrs. McBride had had a somewhat better understanding of the hygiene of her craft it is probable that no harm would have been done."

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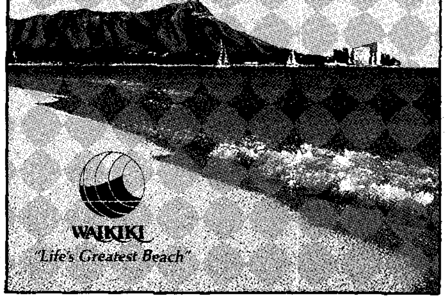

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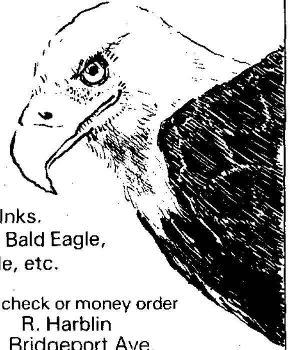

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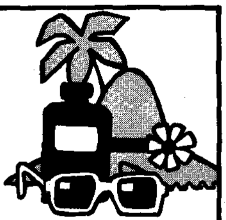

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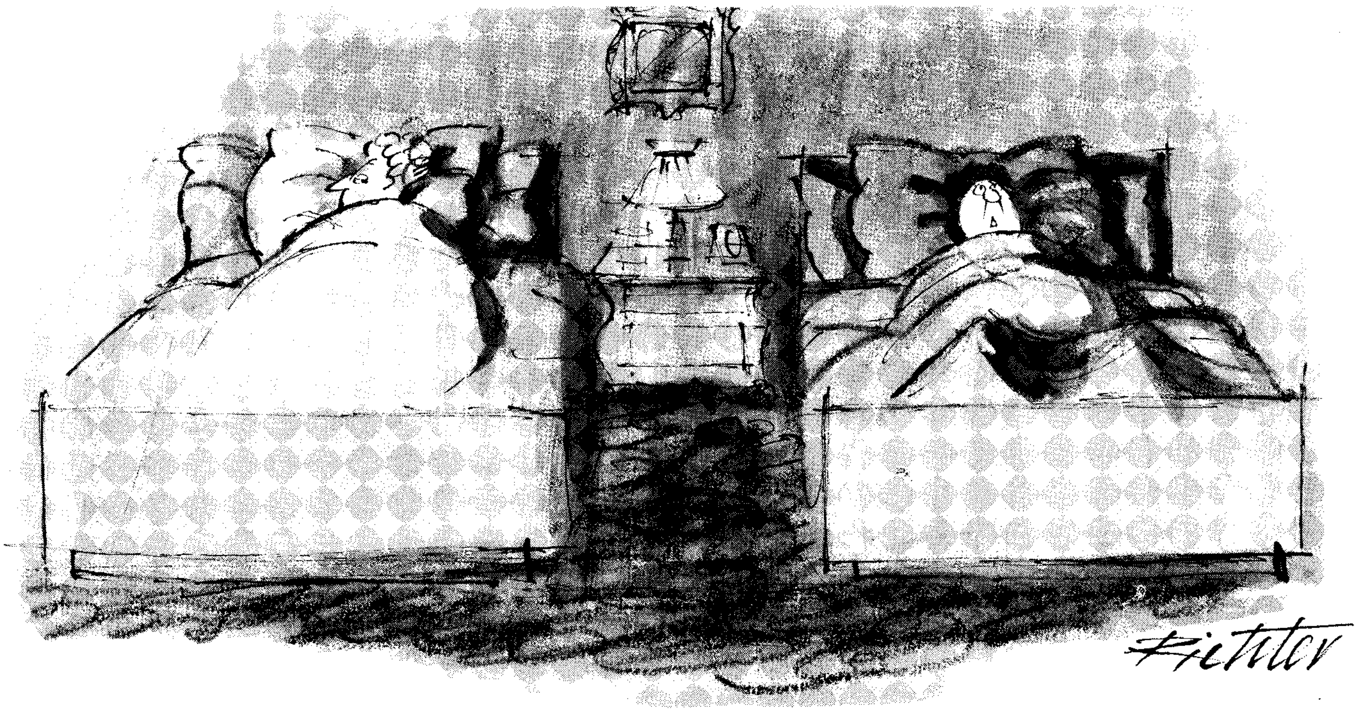
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ON, COMET! ON, CUPID! ON, DONDER AND BLITZEN!

MOST of the earnest sorts seen wandering through store aisles this season looking for gifts for cherished young relatives or friends are not so out of it as to think that what a prospective beneficiary had in mind was any old toy—a nice game, say, or a truck, or a doll. In many cases, canny children will have supplied not only the names but also the manufacturers, the corporate slogans ("Gotta Getta Gund!," or Lionel trains' "The Legend Lives On"), and the prices of the treasures they especially covet—though, as far as we know, there is no scientific evidence for the theory that the first words spoken by many children exposed to relentless toy-company pitches on weekend television cartoon shows are "Only $39.95. Accept no substitutes!" Still, Santa's helpers this year may be taken aback by some of the items their young friends have mentioned. You were expecting, perhaps, to be asked to locate Kermit the Frog? If things turn out to be that easy, you'll find a fine twelve-inch plush Kermit—this is one of the line known as Muppet Babies—for $24, at Youth at Play, 1120 Madison Avenue (84th), and you can tell any kids you know who find Kermit a gas that they're in royal company. Spies for Henson Associates (also known as HA!), the outfit that presides over the Muppets, over whom Kermit, in turn, presides (sort of), report that Prince Charles was recently seen doing imitations of Kermit in public. What you could find instead, on a list someone hands you, is the Slime Pit—part of the furnishings of the world of the jointed five-and-a-half-inch action figures known as Masters of the Universe, who include good guys, such as Thunder Punch He-Man, and enemy sorts, known as the Evil Horde and the Evil Warriors. The Slime Pit play set, which is part of the Horde's armaments, is described by its manufacturer—Mattel, which is the world's second-largest toy company, and also makes Barbie, who travels in different circles—as an "evil pit of gruesome ooze." It is a four-by-six-inch plastic pit in which lurks a lever-operated "fearsome claw." With the play set comes a six-ounce can of "cold, clammy, gooey" Slime (a trade name for what, one is assured, is simply a water-soluble gel) to pour into the pit. Wielding the lever, the director of operations at the Slime Pit can arrange to have the fearsome claw clamp onto one of the good-guy action figures, even Thunder Punch He-Man, thus "turning him into a Slime Monster—Yuck!" it says on the box. Slime Pit is $17.99 at the Toy Park, 112 East 86th Street; supplementary cans of Slime are available for $4 at many stores. (Surely you recall happy afternoons making mud pies—also water soluble, though not a trade name.) Another item you might find on a child's list is D. Compose. This Compose is one of another band of action figures, the Inhumanoids, otherwise known as "The Evil That Lies Within"—deep within the molten earth, that is. However, what the kids learn by playing with the Inhumanoids won't necessarily help them with their second-grade geology. According to the manufacturer—Hasbro, which is the world's largest toy company and did a billion two hundred million dollars' worth of business last year—the Inhumanoids' ultimate goal is to "expand their molten kingdom and engulf the planet," a feat they might succeed in accomplishing unless Earth Corps action figures (also available for purchase) can stop them. "It won't be pretty," Hasbro warns. F. A. O. Schwarz, in its grand new quarters in the General Motors Building, at 58th Street and Fifth Avenue, has a whole enclave devoted to the Inhumanoids. A fourteen-inch version of D. Compose is $36. He has a huge, vulturelike head atop a simian body, and a protruding naked rib cage equipped with hinges, in which—goggle-eyed young onlookers are assured—he imprisons



"I was just thinking, maybe I should become a Democrat again."

his victims. Schwarz also has a good supply of Earth Corps figures, for $8, but they are only six inches tall. All in all, their prospects aren't encouraging.

You could also get requests for Wolf Breath, Swine Sucker, Fist Face, Screamin' Meemie, or Oculus Orbus—all of them Madballs. Three inches in diameter and costing about $4 everywhere, they can be used like other rubber balls ("Toss 'em! Bounce 'em! Catch 'em!"), but one hemisphere of each of them is decorated with a grotesque three-dimensional face. ("Gross! Ghastly! Freaky fun for everyone.") Some of the faces resemble mummy skulls. Some are snaggle-toothed, some are drooling, one has a single dangling eyeball—that kind of thing. The one called Splitting Headache has a split-open head. They're advertised as collectible, meaning that the management is counting on the children to set up a clamor for at least one of each. So far, there are sixteen, and the plan is apparently working: Madballs were the eleventh most popular toy in the country, according to the best-seller list in the November issue of the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World*. Tenth on the list were M.U.S.C.L.E.s. These are hideous plastic wrestlers, about an inch and a half high. A box of twenty-eight costs $8 at, for example, Macy's. At the same place, you can buy, also for $8, a M.U.S.C.L.E. Battlin' Belt, which not only will allow a child to take up to ten of his favorite figures everywhere he goes but has a big brass-colored buckle that opens up into a tiny wrestling ring. There are two hundred and thirty-three of these snarling, bulging-bicepped figures, all different, and all, of course, collectible. "No one knows where they came from! Beastly little brawlers had invaded and were suddenly storming the countryside!" it says on the box, which is also emblazoned with a fake newspaper headline reading "EXTRA! M.U.S.C.L.E. MAULS METROPOLIS!" M.U.S.C.L.E., incidentally—acronyms are very big this year—stands for Millions of Unusual Small Creatures Lurking Everywhere.

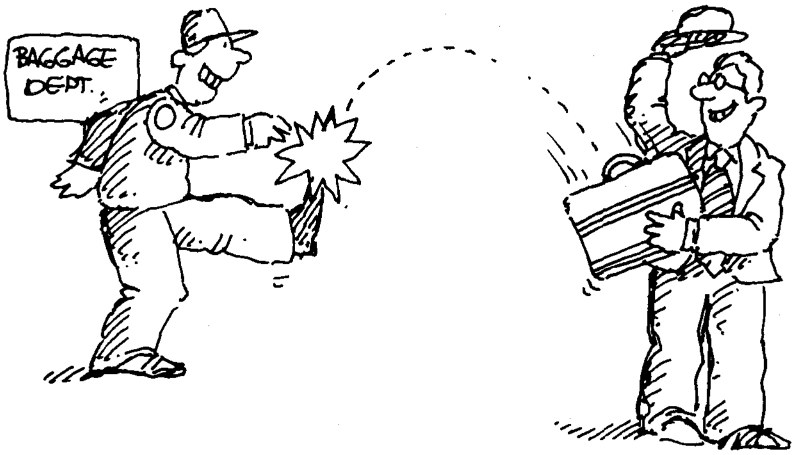
Ugly as they are, and scary as they are made to sound, these tiny wrestlers are engaged in a perfectly legal line of work. We're not sure that that can be said of another item someone might put in a request for—a doll known as My Pet Monster. Twenty-six inches tall and made of blue and purple plush, this fellow has horns, long fangs, protruding green-and-yellow eyes, and a bulbous nose peppered with warts. He arrives shackled, but the red plastic chain, which stretches from wrist to wrist, is the breakaway type; it can be removed and used for "more action fun"—say, to shackle some human playmate? You'll find this item, for $42, at Macy's. Children who want a soft doll to hug without having to associate themselves with all that cute stuff, and who don't mind being scared a little—after all, scary is in this year—might like him a lot.

A FEW weeks ago, a word on the matter of scariness was delivered by Don Bluth, who worked for many years for Walt Disney Productions, helping to produce a number of Disney classics. Bluth, in an interview with Nina Darnton, of the *Times*, was speaking about scariness as the director and co-producer of an animated film entitled "An American Tail." The other producer is Steven Spielberg, who is a legendary figure in the toy business, because of the huge popularity of the toys and games based on E.T., the little extraterrestrial in Spielberg's 1982 movie. E.T. toys and games, like the movie, have disappeared from the scene (a reference to E.T. nowadays often means the television show "Entertainment Tonight"). For the moment, at least, E.T. has gone home. "An American Tail" is about a mouse. (Some children will remember the tale/tail pun from "Alice in Wonderland." If not, you could read it to them and learn how the pun came about, and other inside stories, from "The Annotated Alice: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass," which is $6.95 in paperback. Like all books, records, and cassettes mentioned in this report, it can be found almost anywhere such items are sold.) The mouse in "An American Tail" is named Fievel Mousekewitz, after Spielberg's grandfather, who emigrated from Russia. In the movie, little Fievel the mouse is separated from his parents when he is washed overboard on the trip to America. Landing alone in New York, he has to fend for himself on the lower East Side of this city in the eighteen-eighties, dodging such perils as the wicked Warren T. Rat, who kidnaps children and sells them to sweatshop owners. Bluth insists that the movie isn't too scary—and, after all, many generations of young people have been exposed to the operations of the villainous Fagin without becoming permanently terrified. "Through villains and witches, children come to understand that there is good and evil in the world, and they must see that good wins and evil loses," Bluth explained. "The reason the Disney films are classics is that they are frightening." So far, there is no Warren T. Rat doll to be vanquished, but the Sears stores are selling an eighteen-inch plush Fievel Mousekewitz, wearing a red tunic, blue pants, and a floppy blue hat, for $24.99.

GIFT WRAPPING

A plush animal called Fievel Mousekewitz will surely stand out on the toy counters, where plush animals tend to have such names as Fluppy, Snuffles, and, for that matter, Paddington. A sixteen-inch Paddington, in his familiar duffel coat and sou'wester, is $21 at the Penny Whistle store at 448 Columbus Avenue (82nd). If you're interested in reminding somebody of one of producer Bluth's previous animated films, "Sleeping Beauty," which is about another good character who fended off a lot of wickedness, Schwarz has a sixteen-inch Mme. Alexander version of the eponymous heroine, looking very cool and wearing a pale-blue dress and gold shoes, for $72. And a videocassette of Disney's "Sleeping Beauty" ($29.95) is, according to *Billboard*, the best-selling cassette in the country. Cassettes of interest to children nearly always turn up on the charts involving sales rather than rentals. It is well known that the younger members of the family are often quite happy to sit and watch something over and over and *over*, including—and maybe especially—the scary parts.

Producer Bluth is convinced that the valuable lesson children learn from the sometimes violent struggles between good and evil in animated films—and presumably from the toy versions of the heroes and villains, which often appear simultaneously, as if by magic, in the stores—is confounded by the fact that the toys children demand to be allowed to give houseroom to more often than not seem to represent the forces of evil. The Kenner company, the deviser of the MASK toys (MASK stands for Mobile Armored Strike Kommand; Kenner's motto for these toys is "Illusion is the ultimate weapon"), has tried to resolve the problem by giving friendly faces to its two-and-three-quarter-inch action figures, such as the MASK leader, Matt Trakker, who (children are assured on the box he comes in) is "both compassionate and macho." However, the figures are also equipped with fierce-looking masks, which endow their wearers with various powers—for example, the power to shrink or enlarge people, or to fire supersonic rays in order to thwart the forces of VENOM, the Vicious Evil Network of Mayhem. The VENOM leader, Miles Mayhem, also looks a lot more wicked when he puts on his mask, which allows him to "spit corrosive poison." The real tricks in this illusory world have to do with the four- or five-inch-long vehicles that come in sets with the action figures. Each set, whether on the side of good or evil, includes an innocent-looking vehicle that, with a twist or turn here and a flip there, is transformed into a death-dealing piece of armament, thus creating what the Kenner people call "a total play environment." (One transformed MASK vehicle is even equipped with a miniature shredder, some of the MASK figures being secret agents.) Provided in the MASK Raven Corvette set, which is $22.99 at the Toy Park, is a snappy-looking sports car that can be converted into an armed sea, air, and land fighter vehicle, under the command of the MASK agent Calhoun (Stonewall) Burns—who, with his mask on, can make people shrink. Additional action figures with transforming facewear are available for MASK admirers (it is the fifth most popular toy in the country); two for $6.50 at Mary Arnold Toys, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th). The Mattel people have developed so many evil characters (such as Tung Lashor, who has a two-inch tongue that can be made to dart out and strike the forces of virtue) that their good-guy figures are in serious trouble in the toy-counter Armageddon. Last year, the company held a nationwide Masters of the Universe Create-a-Character contest for chil-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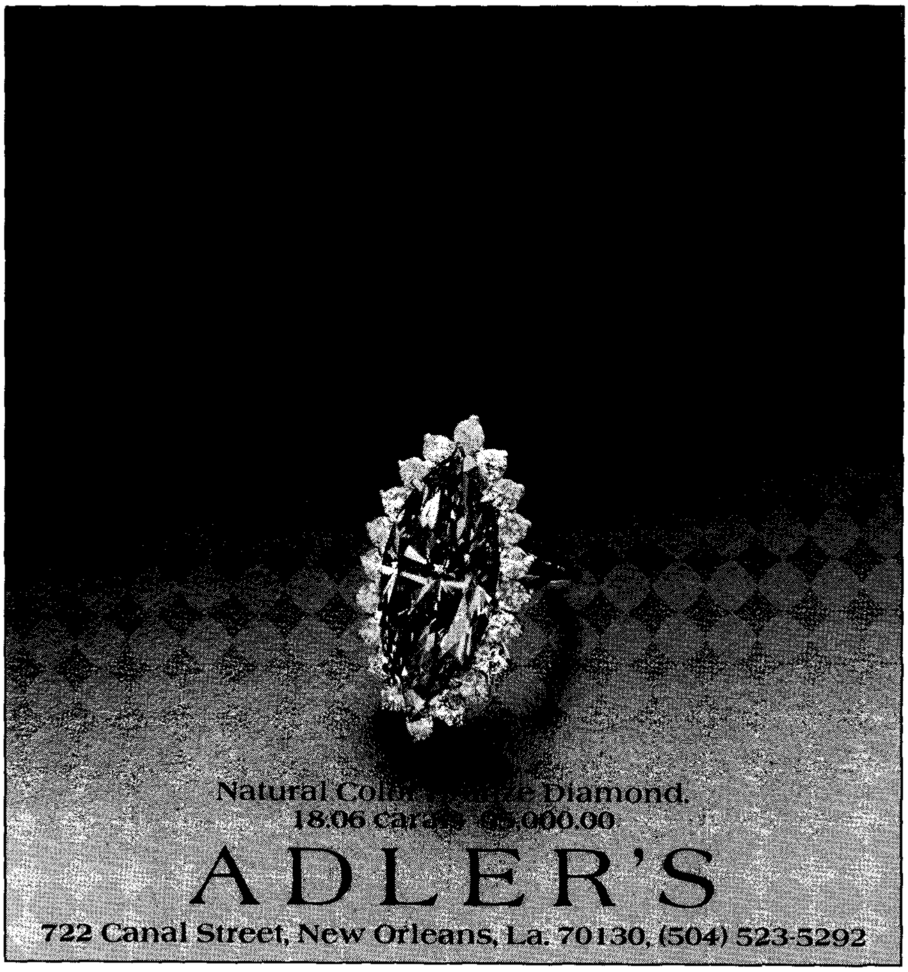

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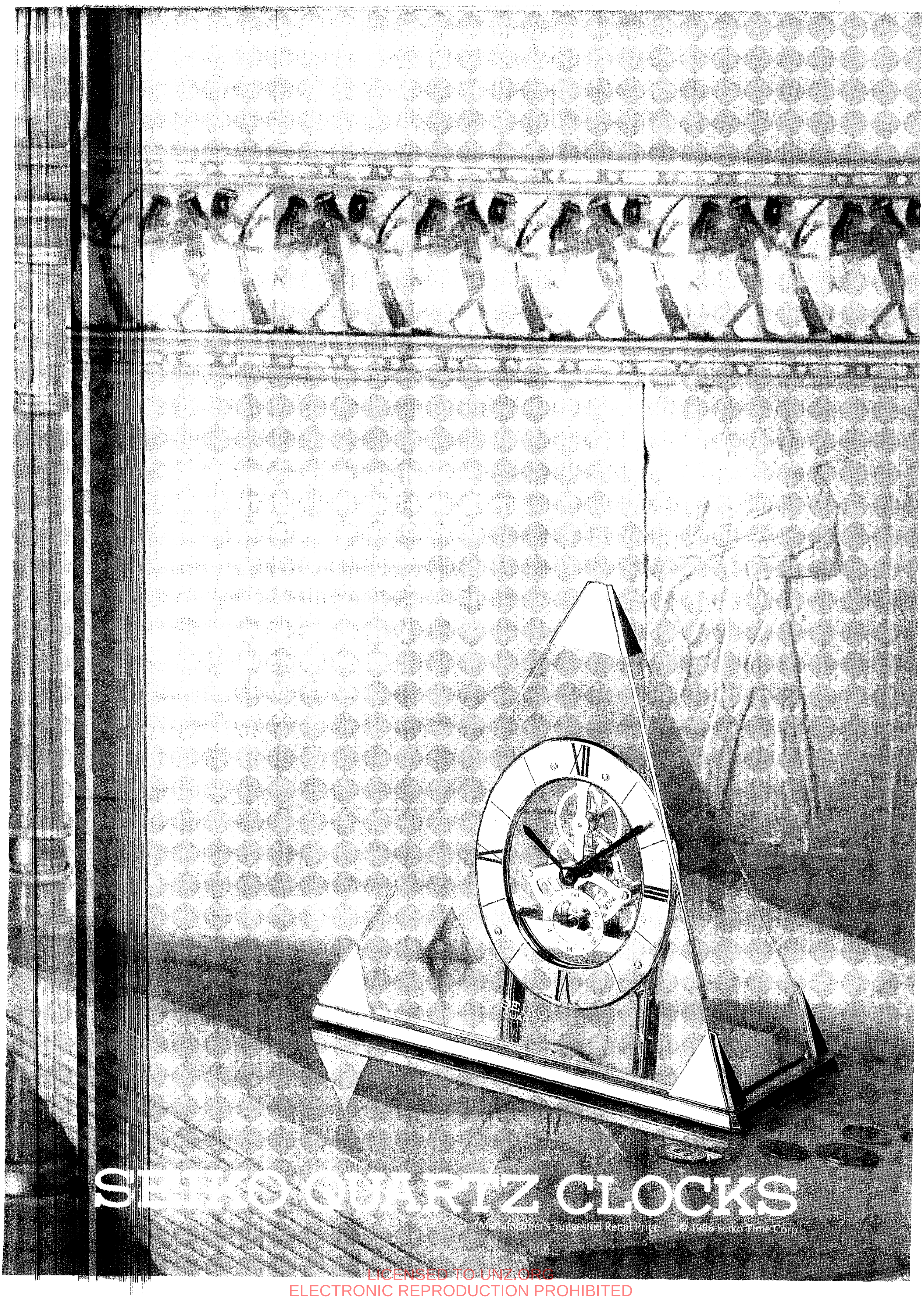
dren. A twelve-year-old Chicago resident, Nathan Bitner, won with a Fearless Photog figure, a heroic cameraman with a chest-plate video screen who focusses on the evil sorts and drains them of their powers. As far as we know, it will be the first time a working journalist plays a role in the world of action figures. However, Fearless Photog has not yet reached the toy departments, and the kids will have to make do with Thunder Punch He-Man, who is about $6 all over town. If it's any comfort, some stores have been offering any purchaser of two Masters of the Universe figures a free can of Slime.

Only two or three years ago, the most popular toys included a smiling little doll named Strawberry Shortcake, along with Rainbow Brite (another pretty smiler) and a line of pastel plush animals, the Care Bears, who sported cheery images—rainbows and such—on what were called their "tummy graphics" to brighten everyone's day. All in all, a sweeter-looking, sweeter-natured crowd you cannot imagine. Strawberry, in fact, was so sweet that General Mills put out a sugary cereal with her name on it. Of course, the worlds these dear little souls lived in—Strawberryland, Rainbow Land, and Care-A-Lot, respectively—were not utterly without shadow. There was a Care Bear called Grumpy. Strawberryland had an unsmiling resident doll called Sour Grapes. In Rainbow Land, there was a villain doll, Murky Dismal, who dressed in gray and whose villainy consisted of "chasing rainbows" and carrying "a bag of gloom." (Strawberry and the Care Bears were devised for their owner, American Greetings, by the Cleveland greeting-card company's licensing subsidiary, known as Those Characters from Cleveland, which is in charge of not only licensing but designing the toys it thinks will appeal to makers of toothbrush holders, lunchboxes, coloring sets, and other items that American Greetings would like to have its toys' names on. Even the most out-of-it surrogate Santa is no longer under the impression that toys are made by the little old toymaker around the corner and yet may find it hard to believe that a greeting-card company is a major power in the toy industry. Believe. For that matter, Rainbow Brite, though manufactured by Mattel, is owned by Hallmark.) Nowadays, Strawberry Shortcake is no longer made, the little bears from Care-A-Lot are not among the toy stars, and Rainbow Brite has fallen so far off the charts that the remaining residents of Rainbow Land are said to be carrying around bags of gloom. The current line of Those Characters from Cleveland includes My Pet Monster and Madballs—Swine Sucker, Splitting Headache, and the rest. A few months back, a toy-industry analyst, David Liebowitz, of the American Securities Corporation, told the toy companies, "There is definitely a trend toward funny-looking, unusual, and ugly toys. It's a logical extension of the Cabbage Patch dolls."

THIS year, during the American International Toy Fair, which is held here every February, the name of the Cabbage Patch Kids came up quite often, and not only in the same breath as the word "ugly." It is true that, with their slightly crossed eyes, pursed mouths, and sometimes hairless heads, they have never been associated with comeliness; however, as far as we know, they have always been well behaved. Now on the market, and described by a press release as "a unique alternative, or perhaps an antidote, to *the traditional sugar and spice dolls,*" are Rotten Kids. These fully jointed soft-sculptured twenty-inch dolls—four inches taller than the Cabbage Patch Kids—wear on their faces a crooked sort of leer that suggests they are up to no good. Like the Cabbage Patchers, each is said to be different from every other Kid of the same sort, but, unlike the Cabbage Patchers, instead of coming with adoption papers a Rotten Kid arrives with a certificate of official guardianship. As the manufacturer explains it, these "misbehaving minors really need someone to teach them positive values and behavior." Apparently, it's a heavy responsibility: the dolls go for $125 apiece. Among the places where Rotten Kids are sold is the Boardwalk gift shop at the Trump Plaza Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City. Whether the doll's official guardian will consider this an appropriate hangout for misbehaving minors is your call.

Before the Cabbage Patch Kids came on the market, in mid-1983, the baby-doll category was in a state of languishment, having been eclipsed by the Strawberry Shortcake and Barbie fashion-doll types. By that Christmas, the demand for the Cabbage Patch Kids among some would-be purchasers verged on hysteria, causing the *Wall Street Journal* to describe doll-depart-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ment aisles as resembling "the streets of Beirut." In 1983, sixty-five million dollars' worth of the dolls and their accessories were sold. In 1984, revenues came to five hundred and forty million dollars, and the total last year was six hundred million. The Kids not only hugely revived the baby-doll field but drained sales from virtually all other doll categories; Barbie fell off the list of the ten top sellers for the first time most toy experts could remember. However, by early this year there were predictions that sales of the Kids for 1986 would come to only three hundred million dollars or less. Some small manufacturers had trouble saying the words "only three hundred million dollars" with straight faces, but to Coleco Industries, the maker of the Cabbage Patch dolls, it was no laughing matter. By December, 1984, nearly twenty million of the dolls had been sold—one for each American child between the ages of three and eight. By the end of last year, the total was well over forty million. It seemed evident that some children had several of the dolls, even colonies of them, and were probably ready to move on to something else, and that the Cabbage Patch saga was about to enter a decrescendo phase. This is a drama that even some observers outside the toy business have found compelling—although so far there has been no move to turn it into a mini-series. If there were one, it would start with Coleco, a company that made home computers, buying the commercial rights to the Kids, which were first made by hand and sold by Xavier Roberts, in Cleveland, Georgia—a place he calls "a two-stoplight town." Though Coleco, for the purposes of corporate diversification, bought the dolls as a sideline (the Hasbro company had turned the opportunity down), the home-computer business soon shrank almost to the vanishing point, while the dolls prospered mightily: high tech saved by a rag doll. In mid-1985, with the predictions that the Cabbage Patch phenomenon might fade, Coleco made arrangements to be saved by another doll—a surefire item called Rambo (which we'll go into later).

At the start, admirers of the Cabbage Patch Kids were happy to lay their hands on just the basic doll. Now numerous versions of the Kids are available almost everywhere, including Kids dressed as clowns and as astronauts—although, for obvious reasons, astronaut toys, which the industry had counted on to be very big this year, have not measured up to expectations. Fourteen-inch Cabbage Patch Preemies—infant types—are $19.99 at the Toys R Us stores. (Some felonious sorts apparently haven't heard that the Kids are losing their popularity. As a six-year-old girl was crossing the street in Wilmington, Delaware, last spring, clasping two Preemie Kids, a man and a woman in a car pulled to a stop, got out, grabbed the dolls, and fled in another car—obviously a well-thought-out heist. Fortunately, the police gave chase, and the Preemies were returned to their frantic mother.) There are also Cabbage Patch All-Stars, dressed in various baseball-team uniforms. A Kid in a Mets outfit is $47.89 at the Toy Park. The Cabbage Patchers known as World Travelers have passports and steamer trunks. Late last year, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that the World Travelers to Russia were hardly selling at all. However, Coleco insisted that it had no intention of dropping that particular doll. The company, which takes its international responsibilities seriously, explained, "It would be an unfriendly act." Diplomatic relations between the Kids and the Kremlin remain intact. Schwarz has a World Traveler set, including an "I Went to Russia" T-shirt, for $50. All the Kids come with not only adoption papers but "personality profiles," and birth certificates with Coleco-assigned names (two per doll). Some we have recently encountered were Arnold Dwight, Chadwick Webster, Nessie Tamara, and Mick Quentin. As they face the task of coming up with a name for the fifty-millionth-or-so Kid, we detect a certain desperation among Coleco's creative sorts.

Another reason that many people who attended this year's Toy Fair talked a lot about the end of an era was the transition of Trivial Pursuit from a phenomenal smash to an ordinary steady-selling game. It was invented by three young Canadians, and was bought by Selchow & Righter, a Bay Shore, Long Island, game company, established in 1867, whose big hits had been Parcheesi, in 1874, and Scrabble, in 1953. When it was first shown at the Toy Fair, in 1983, board games

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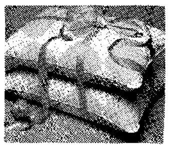

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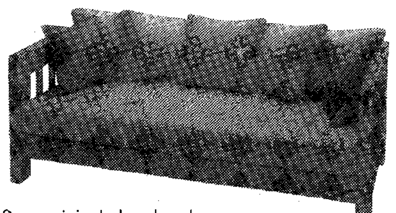

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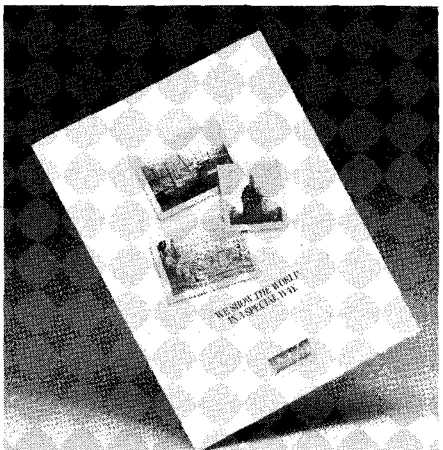
in general were doing poorly, having been rocked for several consecutive years by the popularity of video games. In 1983, a million sets of Trivial Pursuit were sold; in 1984, twenty-two million were sold—four hundred million dollars' worth—and Selchow & Righter was turning out five per second. Last year, however, sales subsided to eleven million. According to some theories, practically every American household with any interest in board games already had at least one edition of Trivial Pursuit by then. With their leading items declining on the charts, the maker of Trivial Pursuit and the Cabbage Patch manufacturer decided to join forces. Last July, Coleco bought the hundred-and-nineteen-year-old Selchow & Righter, for seventy-five *million dollars*. The basic game of Trivial Pursuit is about twenty-five dollars all over town. The latest addition to the series is called the Walt Disney Family Edition. This has two levels of questions ("It's the Kids vs. the Adults!"), a third of them concerning Disney films and characters, the rest of general interest. At the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, 105 Fifth Avenue (18th), it's $19.95, as are other sets, including the Silver Screen and Baby Boomer editions. Although sales of Trivial Pursuit and the Cabbage Patch Kids have dropped off (actually—to the surprise of some toy experts—the Kids, in first place a year ago, are holding steady in sixth place on the charts), there is no doubt that the two items, which virtually no Americans had ever heard of just three and a half years ago, are firmly established in the national life and lexicon. When a Boston group calling itself the Red Sox Revenge Squad kidnapped the New York City flag that, under the terms of a World Series bet between Boston's Mayor Raymond Flynn and New York's Edward Koch, was to fly for a week over Boston's City Hall, the Revenge Squad's ransom demand included the requirement that Koch dress up in a bunny suit and—referring to the Mets' third baseman—scream, "Ray Knight is my Cabbage Patch Twin!" (Koch declined to enter into negotiations, saying, "We will never give in to terrorism.") And during the recent Manhattan trial of the Mafia's ruling commission, there was testimony about one way Carmine (the Snake) Persico, the head of the Colombo organized-crime *faction, occupied himself while he was* hiding out from the law: he played Trivial Pursuit—although not neces-



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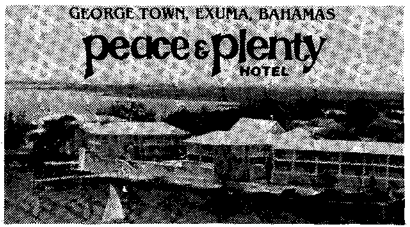

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Christmas in New York

New York's streets and sidewalks are teeming with New Yorkers and their guests enjoying a myriad of holiday festivities . . . tree lightings, fanciful window displays, and the tradition of gift-giving. The upcoming pages will enable discerning shoppers to celebrate the season with ease by pinpointing the locations of New York's prestigious shops. Follow the map, and head straight for the most elegant, imaginative gifts the city has to offer.

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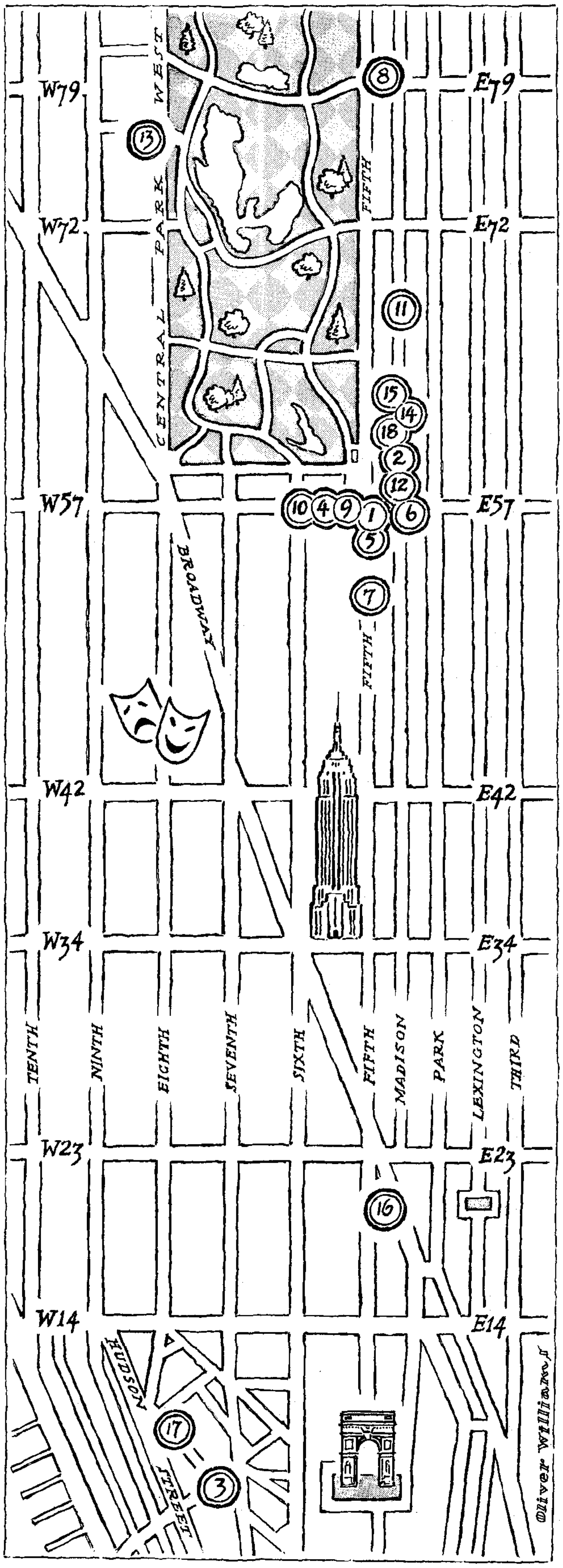
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MADISON
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LEXINGTON
THIRD
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Christmas in New York

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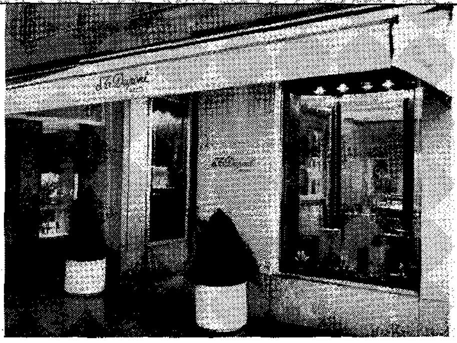

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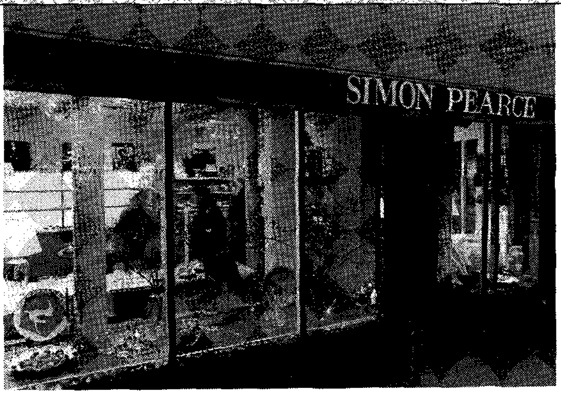

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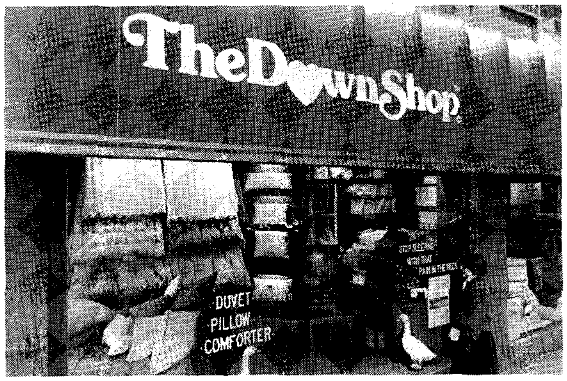

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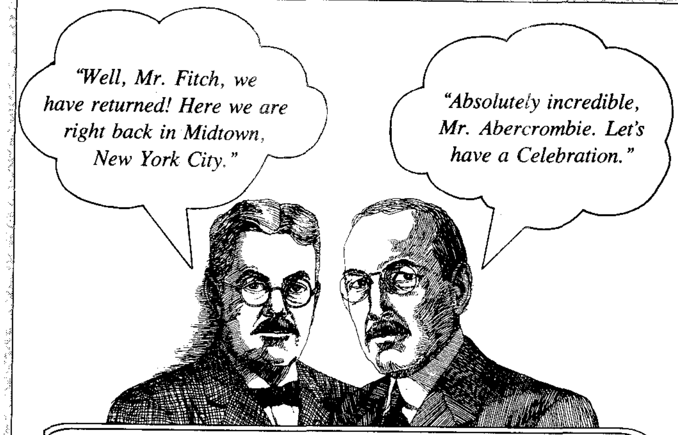
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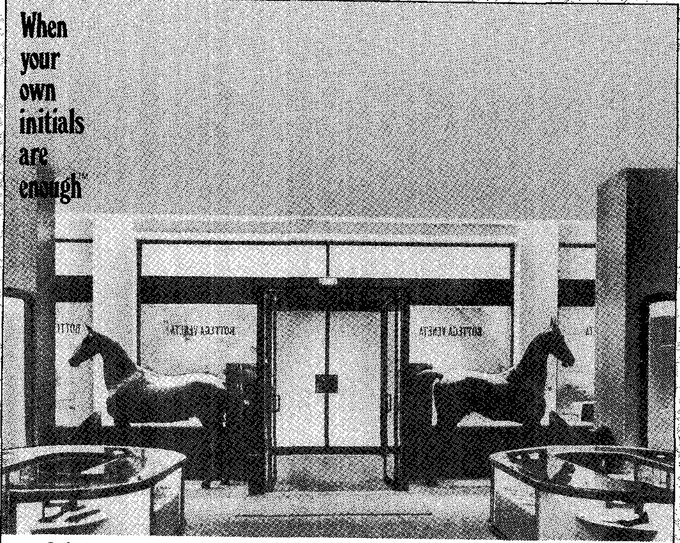
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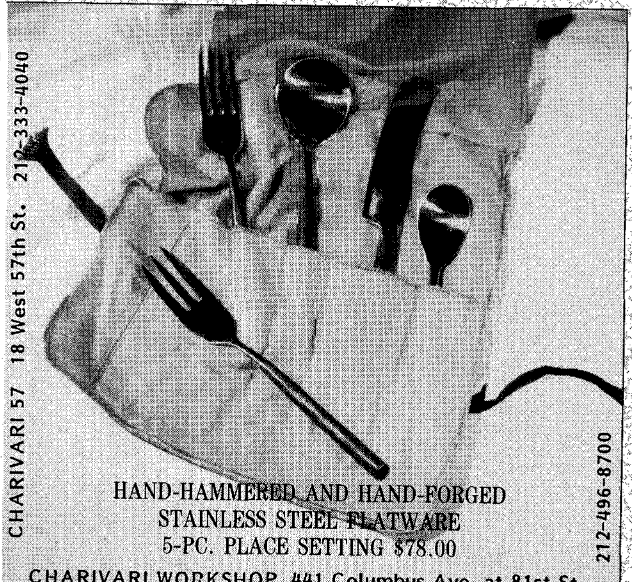

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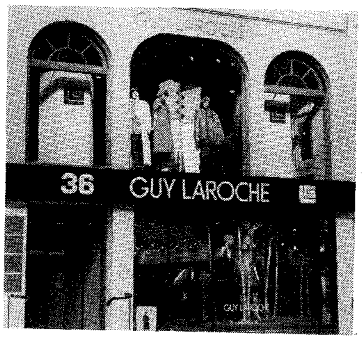
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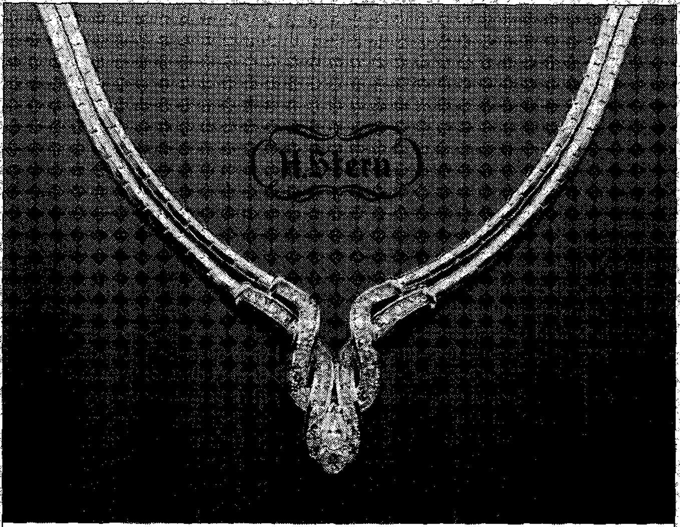

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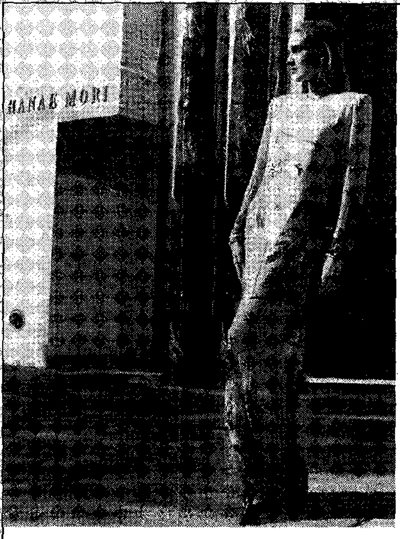

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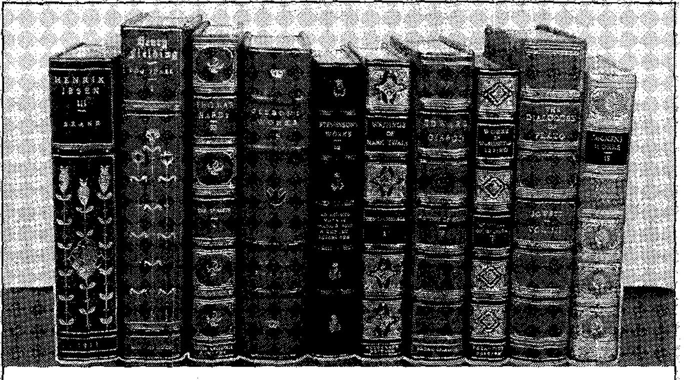

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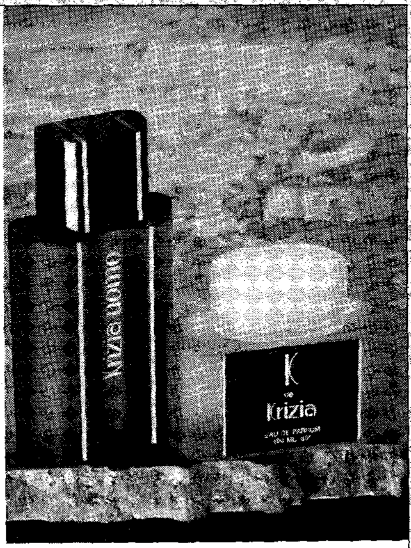

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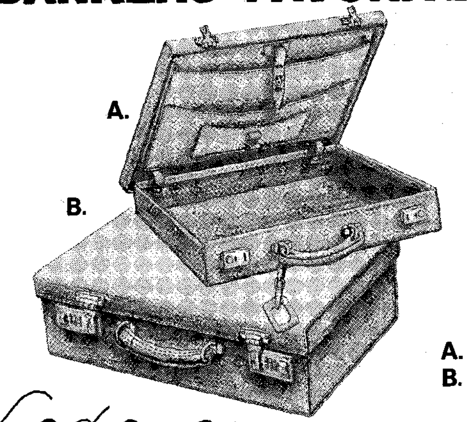

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sarily the Walt Disney Family Edition.

THE "Rambo" movies have been, of course, notable money-makers, and a smash at the White House. You may recall that when the thirty-nine American hostages in the T.W.A. hijacking in Lebanon were finally released, President Reagan said, "After seeing 'Rambo' last night, I know what to do next time this happens." (That, of course, was not what he did next time.) The Rambo doll, a corporate sibling of the Cabbage Patch Kids, reached the toy shelves last spring, and even before that the head offices of Coleco, in West Hartford, were being picketed by members of the War Resisters League, who complained that the Rambo character "promotes the idea that killing is good as long as the hero is indestructible and the enemy is 'evil.' " Rambo, like all the jointed plastic action figures in his line, righteous or evil, is six and three-quarters inches tall and arrives carrying an I.D. card that includes biographical material. (Since the advent of the Cabbage Patchers, the carrying of credentials has verged on the compulsory among residents of the toy world.) Rambo and several available sidekicks represent the Force of Freedom. Their enemies, also available, are members of S.A.V.A.G.E., or the Secret Army of Vengeance and Global Evil. According to the material handed out by the manufacturer, "this nasty crew is well-known all over the globe for their cruel plots and attempted takeovers." (No, no—not *that* kind of takeover. We didn't come across any jointed action figures carrying I.D. cards that said Sir James Goldsmith or Ivan Boesky, and with a plastic terrain labelled W.A.L.L.S.T.R.E.E.T. for them to raid or arbitrage around in. Maybe next year.) The Rambo doll, wearing fatigue pants and combat boots and carrying a "spring-loaded battle-action rocket launcher" (actually, a plain old piece of string is involved), is $9 at Schwarz. Last December, some parents were alarmed to discover that what Coleco calls "America's newest and most universally recognized hero" would be featured in a five-day-a-week television cartoon series. However, Barbara Wruck, Coleco's vice-president for corporate communications, later explained that the cartoon Rambo's "sense of fair play, compassion, and caring will make him a special kind of hero," and, in fact, the Rambo of the series turns out to be a

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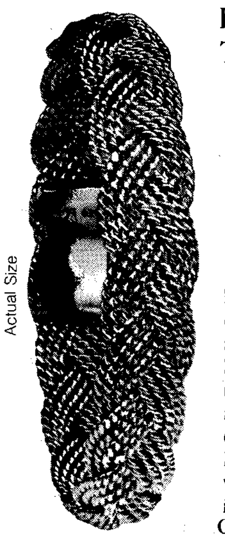

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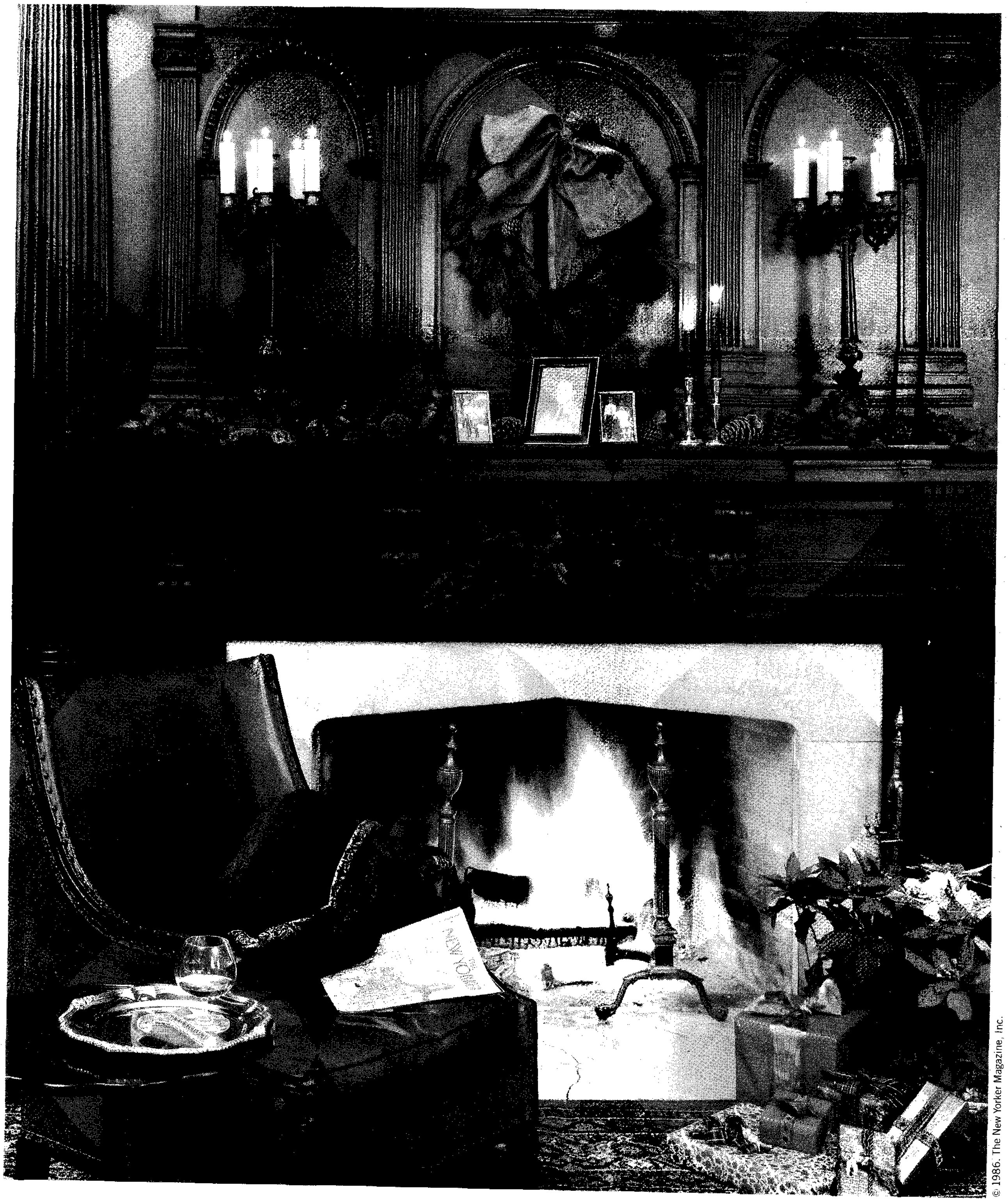
kindly fellow who is nice to animals and most of the time doesn't even carry a weapon—a long way from the blood-spattered avenger played by Sylvester Stallone on the screen.

As matters have turned out, although the Rambo doll was expected to be a hot item its reception has been decidedly lukewarm. It's not even among the top twenty on the *Toy & Hobby World* best-seller list. This development should please, among others, the chancellor of New York City's schools, Nathan Quinones, who complained a few months ago that the Rambo toy encouraged in children "the idea that if you have a problem you eradicate it by eradicating the person who delivered it." What has been described as the "Rambo fizzle" caused layoffs at the company that makes the doll. ("Coleco": Act II, Scene 2?) Some think that the company would have been better advised to put its faith in another toy on the premises—one that is ugly enough, in the current style, but no eradicator. His name is Wrinkles, and we're talking ugly here. This is a plush dog with so many jowls, dewlaps, wattles, and plain old wrinkles that you can hardly see his sad little eyes. Some years ago, a resident of Fergus, Ontario, named Catherine Senitt began making the dogs to amuse her young children. She modelled them on the family hound dog, Old Morris. Coleco now has the American distributing rights to Wrinkles, who in 1985 was named the Canadian Toy of the Year. (There is a lot of talk about invasions of this country from south of the border. North of the border should also be attended to. The Canadian trio that designed Trivial Pursuit has now come up with a new item, called The World According to Ubi. This turns out to be another question-and-answer game, and it has various antic aspects. The pretense is that the game represents the determination of Great Caesar's Ghost to take revenge, after four years of playing Trivial Pursuit, against "the venal Senate hacks who turned the imperial corpus into a patrician pincushion"—good versus evil again, no doubt. The three game designers are shown on the box wearing togas that say "Veni," "Vidi," and "Vici." The game includes boxes that hold seven hundred and fifty questions and answers, all of which involve geography—more or less—since, as you remember, *ubi* is the Latin word for "where." For example, "Ubi palindromically able was I ere I saw?" Puns and other word trickery are involved, in the spirit of fun; the player who gets to go first is the one whose birthday is closest to the Ides of March. This game is $35 at Macy's.) As for Wrinkles, each dog comes with a numbered, individualized dog tag, and no two of the dogs are alike. (Sound familiar?) Each dog has an opening at the back of its neck which allows children to move its head and mouth about, hand-puppet style. A seventeen-inch Wrinkles is $24.99 at Alexander's.

WE didn't mean to suggest that all the fashion dolls had been driven off the toy counters by soft, slightly cross-eyed baby dolls. A couple of years ago, little girls whose brothers were having a high old time with the Masters of the Universe action figures brought angry charges of discrimination. Why weren't girl action figures being allowed to save the cosmos from the Evil Horde, they wanted to know. He-Man was immediately provided with a sister, She-Ra, the Princess of Power, whom Mattel describes as the most powerful woman in the universe. The fastest-selling version of She-Ra this year is Starburst She-Ra; $11.99 at the Toy Park. This five-and-a-half-inch blond doll comes with a shield, a sword, a golden cape, a filmy skirt, and a comb for her long hair. A shield, a sword, and a comb! This girl has it all. Naturally, numerous other fashion outfits are available. Also at the Toy Park, for $54.99, you'll find She-Ra's Crystal Castle, a fourteen-inch pink plastic structure that includes several rooms, a throne, and a treasure chest filled with pretend jewels. But how about this! As far as we know, He-Man doesn't have a single change of clothes. And if She-Ra is supposed to be fighting the Evil Horde how come she's nowhere near the Slime Pit? No, sir. She's off there in her Crystal Castle. Do you think there might be a reverse-discrimination case here?

And then there's a newcomer to the fashion-doll world, twelve-and-a-half-inch Jem. "We're about to face one of the biggest challenges we've ever faced, and that's going against Barbie next year," Stephen Schwartz, a Hasbro senior vice-president, told the Washington *Post* last December. Jem is the result. She is the first doll we know of who is described on the box as "Truly outrageous!" "She happens to have pink hair, and makes Barbie look like Phyllis Schlafly," said



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Schwartz. "That's the whole idea." Just like those action figures which are convertible into something else, Jem leads a double life. Part of the time, she is supposed to be Jerrica Benton, the do-gooder president of a record company, who, in her off-hours, manages a home for runaway girls. One of the two outfits that come with her is relatively conservative-looking. The other getup is a slinky Shocking-pink dress, which she wears in her incarnation as Jem, lead singer of a rock group called the Holograms. The transformation allegedly takes place when a child pushes a lever at the back of the doll's neck, lighting up her pink earrings. (Two one-and-a-half-volt button-cell batteries are provided.) She is $20 at Schwarz. Of course, numerous extra outfits are available for this doll, in both her phases, as well as some residential accessories. You didn't really think there would be a *plastic home for runaway girls with* little jointed guidance counsellors, did you? No, but for Jem the rock star there's something called the Rock Backstager. It's really a loudspeaker, through which Hologram cassettes (available) or any other cassettes can be played. Opened up, it turns into a dressing room for Jem's clothes and other paraphernalia, or, as it says on the box, "everything a rock star needs for an outrageous performance!" Schwarz has the Backstager for $30. The conflict in Jem's world doesn't involve only personality and career changes: there are good and bad characters here, too. According to the story line that comes with the doll (in the past, a child relied on his or her imagination to decide what toy figures might be up to; now story lines are spelled out on the box or inside it), an unworthy rival rock group called the Misfits is trying to muscle—or M.U.S.C.L.E.—in on the Holograms. If you want to encourage this fashion-doll confrontation, twelve-and-a-half-inch figures representing both the good rockers and the bad rockers are available for about the same price as Jem, at most stores where she is sold.

Any encounter with Jem-like dolls is bound to set off plaintive questions from some quarters about the golden oldies—questions like "What ever happened to Raggedy Ann?" Raggedy Ann, along with her brother Andy, is right here, there, everywhere you look in the toy stores. She was even a balloon in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. Hasbro's Stephen Schwartz was reminded some months ago that

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his company had bought the corporation that makes Raggedy Ann, and had thus saved her from being consigned to "the big toy heaven in the sky," as he put it. "A lot of people get emotional over that," Schwartz said. He added, however, that if the sales of a toy to which many Americans were emotionally attached—he mentioned Raggedy Ann and Mr. Potato Head, another Hasbro item—were to fall off he would consign it to oblivion, albeit "with a heavy heart."

Raggedy Ann has had an interesting couple of years, having been the central figure in a musical of the same name, about what a Raggedy Ann doll meant to a sick child. The play's book was written by the playwright William Gibson, and the music by Joe Raposo, the composer of the "Sesame Street" theme song. A few weeks ago, an enterprising librarian in the Massapequa, Long Island, public library held a contest for five-to-eight-year-olds based on the old "Name That Tune" television show, trying to stump the children by playing parts of thirty-four songs and of nursery rhymes set to music. Nobody recognized "Mary Had a Little Lamb;" one eight-year-old recognized the theme from "Charlie's Angels;" and everybody knew the "Sesame Street" theme song. Few children on your list will need to have their memories jogged, but if they'd like to hear the song, and other songs from the same address, over and over and *over* whenever they feel like it, you can arrange this by investing $7.98 in the record called "Sesame Street Fever" (C-79005). The musical "Raggedy Ann" was a 1984 production at the State University's Empire State Institute for the Performing Arts, in Albany. It was then chosen by a representative of the Moscow Musical Theatre for Children to be performed in the Soviet Union as part of a cultural-exchange program. *Izvestia* gave it terrific reviews last year ("Captivates with its inexhaustible inventiveness and fantasy, craftsmanship, grace and airiness"). Moscow audiences presented the cast with flowers at every performance. There is said to be a move to make it an official part of the Soviet theatre repertory. Last September, it did well in another national capital: Washington. On Broadway, in October, it lasted just five performances. " 'Raggedy Ann' is pretty much what you would expect a musical about a rag doll to be—limp," began the impolite review in the *Daily News*, below

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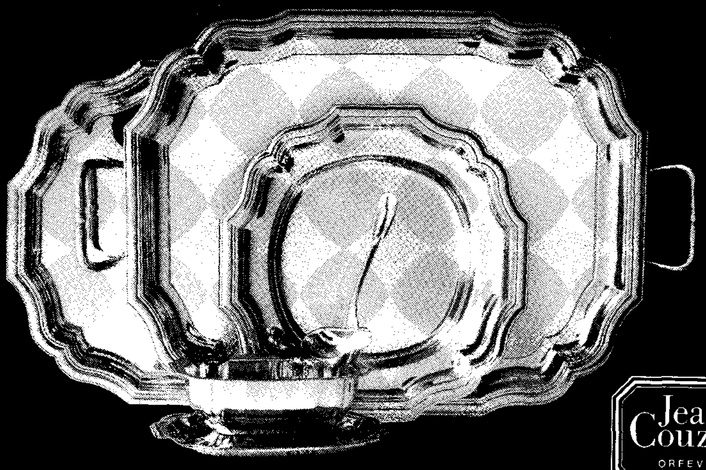

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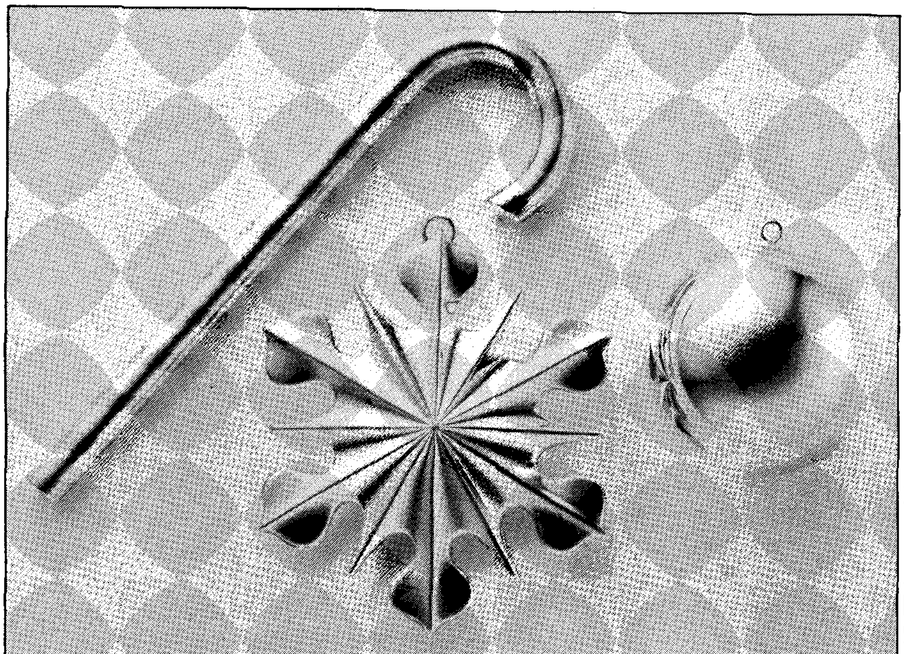

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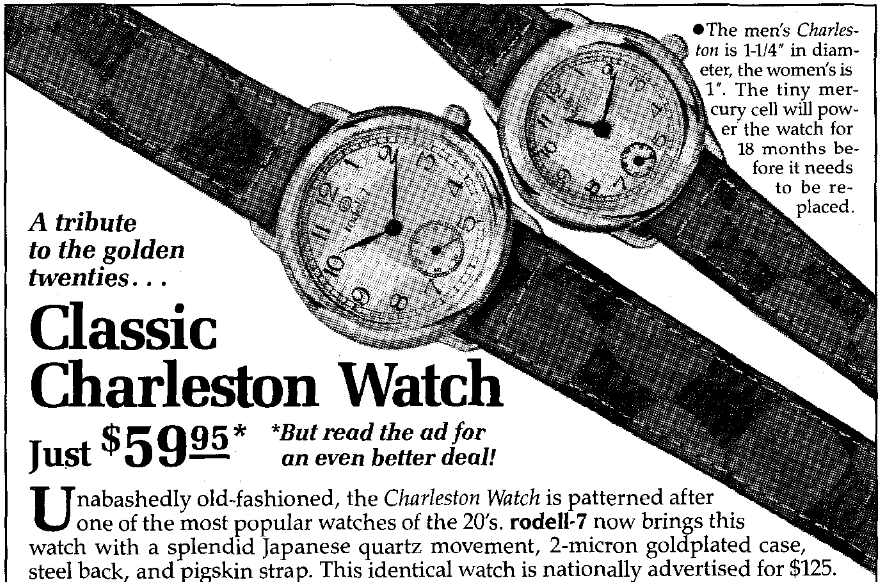

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a headline that said, "THROW IT BACK INTO THE RAG BAG." In the *Times*, Frank Rich's report was similarly unappreciative. Taking note of the show's big success in Moscow, he wrote, "If only the visit had been a few months later, the Americans could have offered to take the show back in exchange for the release of Nicholas Daniloff." (Ah well, Fievel Mousekewitz's tale—that is, tail—was also poorly received by the critics. The headline over the Washington *Post* review was "MOUSE OF ILL REPUTE.") Anyhow, Raggedy Ann is clearly a doll in need of cuddles just now. She and brother Andy are $15 apiece in the fourteen-inch size at Schwarz.

THOUGH Raggedy Ann is still around, the large number of new toys on the market (not only the "truly outrageous" ones but all the talkers, which we'll get to in a minute) inevitably brings to mind the numerous items, now off in the big toy heaven in the sky, that only a handful of years ago many children were persuaded that they couldn't live without. These include not only Strawberry Shortcake and E.T. but Holly Hobbie, the little blue plush Smurfs, and dolls based on "Annie," the Fonz, Cher, and Wonder Woman. Sometimes their departure from the scene involved a certain amount of violence. A few years back, for example, the Wonder Woman doll was hot, whereas the Cher doll, which had been the country's best-selling toy, wasn't doing so well. Both were manufactured by the Mego company (also now out of business, although no violence was involved in this case), and as the Christmas rush got under way the company set an assembly line of workers to twisting the heads off Cher dolls and replacing them with Wonder Woman heads. (Fortunately, no little girls were watching.) Also now virtually absent from the toy scene are the action figures based on "Star Wars" and its sequels. The fact that the term "Star Wars" has vanished from the toy charts doesn't, of course, mean that it has disappeared from the national discourse, although George Lucas, the "Star Wars" producer, went to court last year to try to bring that about. Demonstrating that his objections were not politically based, he sued to enjoin both groups that opposed and groups that supported the Strategic Defense Initiative—as President Reagan would prefer to have the project called—from using the term in their television pitches. The suit, which alleged trademark infringement, unfair competition, misappropriation, and disparagement, was rejected by United States District Court Judge Gerhard Gesell. "Not so long ago, in a studio far, far away from the policymakers in Washington, D.C., George Lucas conceived of an imaginary galaxy where fantastic creatures and courageous knights battled an evil empire," began Gesell's memorandum announcing his decision, which held that "plaintiff has no property right in the use of words commonly found in the English language." (Toy people are a notoriously litigious crowd. The Fisher-Price company, which parents hold in high regard for its well-made preschool toys, has a new line of stuffed toys it calls Puffalumps, which are $32 at Schwarz. Nice, very soft armfuls, they are fifteen inches tall and represent various animals—bears, pups, cats. They have pink noses, tufts of yarn hair, bright sewn-on eyes, and delicate-looking romper outfits, and the wonder of it all is that they can be washed in the washing machine. Fisher-Price has been running advertisements warning against trademark infringement. They show six of the Puffalumps, with their eminently benign expressions, under a headline that says, in large black letters, "KNOCK OFF FISHER-PRICE AND TAKE YOUR LUMPS.") Among the other items that have beaten a retreat from the toy departments, incidentally, are robots, which seemed to be in charge of nearly everything there last year. The most prominent robots that remain on the scene are the Transformers—four-inch action figures that can be converted into cars, tanks, helicopters, and the like. (Their slogan is "More Than Meets the Eye!") Alexander's, among other places, has a good supply of these for $2.99 each.

Toys whose manufacturers want to remind us that they're still very much around often do it by publicly marking significant anniversaries—always a good excuse for celebration. This year, the Tonka company, of Minnetonka, Minnesota, is celebrating the fact that forty years ago the first Tonka toy truck went on the market. Tonka (the word means "great" in the language of the Sioux tribe that lived around Minnetonka) has branched out in recent years. It came out with GoBots, another line of robots that turn into vehicles, which are about $5 everywhere, and with Pound Puppies, eighteen-inch velours pups with soft-sculptured heads. The latter, one can report gratefully, also go right into the washing machine. Each Pound Puppy is different, they all come with registration papers, and until very recently they were the best-selling toy in the country. However, Tonka's major celebration this year is in honor of its trucks, of which a hundred and seventy-five million have been sold. As you may know, they are made of steel and are very sturdy. Tonka once arranged to have a two-ton elephant step on one; he didn't leave a dent in it. The Toy Park has a seventeen-inch Mighty Tonka Dump Truck, bright yellow, with big rubber wheels, for $27.69. The people at the Ohio Art Company, of Bryan, Ohio, were suddenly so keen on giving a party for their Etch A Sketch drawing toy—it's that framed glass screen on which, by turning knobs at the lower corners, children can draw horizontal and vertical lines, forming figures and landscapes and more elaborate designs—that they celebrated its silver anniversary this summer, even though it's been around since 1960. Youth at Play

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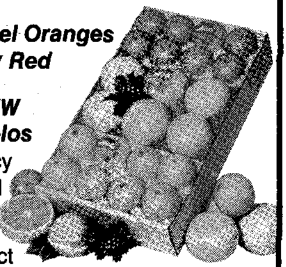

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has it for $11.99. And out in Joliet, Illinois, International Games, the maker of the card game called UNO, is celebrating not longevity (the game is only fourteen years old) but numbers: the fifty-millionth deck of UNO was sold this year. UNO consists of a deck of a hundred and eight cards, some labelled Reverse, Wild, Skip, and Draw Four; the Penny Whistle stores have it, for $6. Somewhat resembling the old game of Crazy Eights, it was invented by a barber in Cincinnati. Some people think of the toy industry as one in which the corporate presidents and vice-presidents spend most of their time flying back and forth between the coasts. Clearly, there's a lot going on in the non-bicoastal toy world—a point that Those Characters from Cleveland would doubtless be happy to elaborate on.

It's no special anniversary for "Sesame Street" (a local product and a local address), but the continuing existence of that program is cause for celebration anytime, any year, in families with young children. Anna Quindlen, the mother of two little boys, is a former deputy metropolitan editor of the *Times* who now writes a weekly column ("Life in the 30's") for that paper. She recently described the consternation—indeed, outrage—at her house over the fact that "during a week in which the rain stopped so seldom that mothers of toddlers were locking themselves in the bathroom to get away from their kids" the officials in charge of public television decided to preëmpt "Sesame Street" in order to cover the Senate confirmation hearings of Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist. This terrible mistake, she said, caused her to want to do to the officials responsible "what Oscar did to Luis the day he tricked him into looking into the trash can." As a result of the decision, she said, children throughout America, including one of her own, were saying "He not Cookie Monster" as they pointed accusatory fingers at the man who—though probably not on that ground—was eventually confirmed as Chief Justice of the United States. Of course, there are a great many "Sesame Street" toys, made by various companies, on the market; in fact, two-thirds of the cost of the program is paid for through such licensing arrangements. Sesame Street Start-to-Read books, which are $4.95 each, feature the characters at the famous address and some of their Muppet friends, and have titles that might strike some children as just

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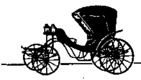

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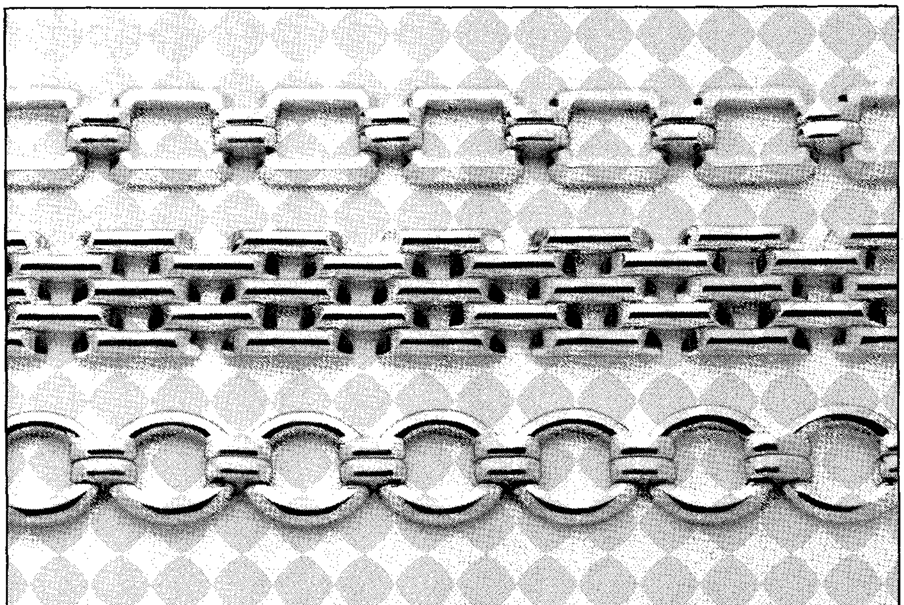
right on a particular day, such as "Why Are You So Mean to Me?" and "It's Not Fair!" Another title that might strike some families as just right at a particular time is "Susan and Gordon Adopt a Baby." (Big Bird makes a real pest of himself over the new arrival.) This is $3.95, which is also the price of another Sesame Street book, "Oscar's Rotten Birthday." Maybe that was the day of the incident of Luis and the garbage can. We also found Ernie's Rubber Duckie, for $3.95, at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex. Guess what it says on the box: "All vinyl." And for $21 at Schwarz there's a very nice "Sesame Street" quilted wall hanging, about eighteen inches wide and two feet high. It shows a wagonful of chocolate-chip cookies, and, beside it, who else but the Cookie Monster. (He not Chief Justice.)

The "Sesame Street" people, of course, are as on top of new developments as the smarties on the next block, and one of their regulars has joined the electronic talkers that are making the toy counters noisy this season. The "Sesame Street" contribution is called Big Bird Story Magic. Big Bird is a plush figure eighteen inches high, and he needs four AA batteries to do his stuff. The batteries, like the cassette that comes with him—it's called "Big Bird Can Share"—are inserted in a compartment in his back. When the cassette is playing, Big Bird's beak moves and his eyes flutter so that he truly seems to be doing the talking. Included is a book version of the cassette for read-along purposes. The voice is wonderfully familiar, and if you're going to have a toy talker in the house there's much to be said for its being an old and valued friend. He's $85 at the Gingerbread House, 10 Christopher Street. Numerous other cassette-and-book sets are available, for about $12, at many of the stores that carry this Bird.

Similar arrangements are made for most of the other toy talkers that are essentially cassette players with some animation added. The most famous of them is Teddy Ruxpin, a plush bear, twenty inches tall, who moves his mouth and eyes as the cassette inside him plays. A problem with these articulate sorts is that on account of all the necessary machinery in their midsections they are about as huggable as food processors. At Ben's for Kids, 1380 Third Avenue (79th), Teddy R. is $99.95 plus the cost of four C batteries. (The way things are going,



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the first words some children say in the future may be "only $99.95.") A twenty-five-inch blond doll named Cricket has a mouth that moves and eyes that look from side to side as she tells jokes in a high, piping voice and sings to her new owner, from time to time asking, "Are we having fun, or what?" She's $120 at the Toy Park, not including batteries: four Cs and one nine-volt. The talkers who are not part cassette player seem to be electronic descendants of the dolls of fifteen or twenty years ago who could say maybe a dozen phrases at random when a child pulled a string at their backs. Now, through the miracle of microchips, they have many more things to say. The talking version of our new friend Wrinkles is said to have a vocabulary of a thousand phrases—a claim we can't vouch for. However, if you provide four AA batteries this sixteen-inch plush talker will say quite a few things. He doesn't move his mouth as he talks; since he is also a hand puppet, his new owner takes care of that. Though Coleco describes him as "interactive," most of his remarks seem to be of the random variety, and a large percentage of them have to do with food. ("Don't you want to have lunch? Again.") But what did you expect a talking dog to talk about—existentialism? (Actually, one of his questions is "Are you happy?") Speaking in a rather eerie, metallic voice, and barking every now and then, he doesn't rattle on and on but pauses regularly to let his new playmate say something. If he isn't talked to or handled for a short while, he simply says, "Bye," starts snoring, and shuts himself off. We can imagine that parents of somewhat hyperactive children might like to have him around as a role model. He's $100 at Mary Arnold. Bingo Bear ($85 at Altman's) is another plush talking hand puppet. He's sixteen inches high, takes four AA batteries, is much lighter and softer than most of the other talkers, and claims to say four hundred words, ten of which, delivered in response to being hugged, are "In my neck of the woods, we hug a lot."

AND now for the miscellaneous roundup. In the matter of Lionel trains, you may know someone who is gratified that the Legend Lives On. The new Lionel Cannonball Express, with a steam engine and four cars (the gauge here is O27), is $130 at the Train Shop, 23 West 45th Street. Some old-timers may be surprised to

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learn that Lionel isn't the biggest toy-train company. Tyco is much larger. A Tyco HO-gauge train called the Chattanooga Choo Choo has a steam locomotive (pretend smoke is provided), and is $69.95 at Madison Hardware, 105 East 23rd Street. At the Gingerbread House, you'll find a wooden train set from Brio, for $45. Brio, incidentally, has been playing the acronym game for a long time. The name of the company stands for Brothers Ivarson of Osby—the people who founded it, in 1884. Also at the Gingerbread House, for $45, are V.I.B.s, or Very Important Bears—those twenty-inch bears who purport to represent celebrated types such as Lauren Bearcall and Douglas Bearbanks. Bearbanks wears a silky smoking jacket, a foulard tie, and a haughty expression. If you gotta getta Gund, Bloomingdale's has, for $24, a twelve-inch white bear made by that company. Anyone with nostalgia pangs may be comforted to know that charades are back. In a game called Incognito (the Toy Park has it, for $30), the players act out names or titles in various categories—movies, sports, etc. In a game called Pictionary, the players don't act anything out but try to draw representations of words on pieces of paper—a picture of "turbulence," for instance. Neatness doesn't count. This is $24.95 at the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex. The Caedmon people have brought out a series of audiocassettes for children, for $8.95, on which stories are read aloud to accompanying music. Patricia MacLachlan's "Sarah, Plain and Tall," the book that won the 1986 Newbery Award, is read by Glenn Close (CP 1793). Peggy Cass reads James Duffy's "The Revolt of the Teddy Bears" (CP 1791). Actually, we can't imagine what the Teddy bears have to revolt against just now; they seem to have the plush-animal world pretty much in paw. However, the Gingerbread House does have, for $52, a handmade plush vulture, about three feet high, which we mention because we'd never seen a cuddly vulture before. And at Schwarz, for $25, you'll find Opus, the irreverent penguin in the Bloom County cartoon strip. He's twelve inches high and looks quite respectable, in a striped tie and button-down shirt. The rocking horse at the Gingerbread House is of wood, with a white yarn mane. He's only a foot high, to give a very little equestrian a sense of security along with his sense of adventure; $39.95. A

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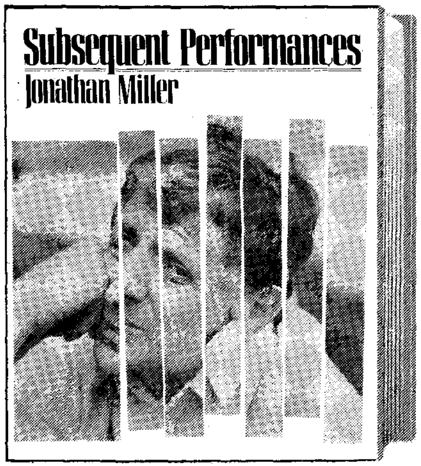

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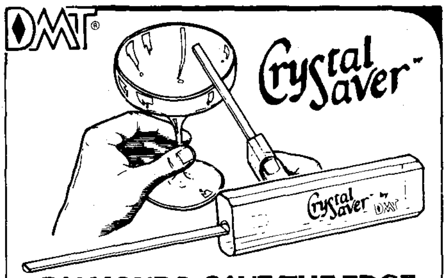

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brightly painted metal go-cart at Conran's is fifteen inches long, and extendable to nineteen inches as the child gets bigger. It has big plastic wheels and a hooter horn, and goes for $49.95. Easy to assemble, says Conran's. (Uh-huh.) The Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 East 91st Street, has snow globes. The prices vary (from $6.50 to $24), as do the sizes and the scenes within; one shows a snowman holding a bunch of tiny balloons.

Surely there are parents who were pleased to learn that the advent of the Rambo doll did not turn the toy aisles into something resembling the streets of Da Nang, but some of them could have been taken aback by another development. While the response to one-man guerrilla-war efforts has been tepid, regular Army operations are more of a smash than ever on the toy shelves. The G.I. Joe doll came on the market in 1964, in an eleven-and-a-half-inch size, and before long the color of the boys'-toys department seemed to be khaki everywhere one looked. As the national malaise over the Vietnam War grew, however, G.I. Joe's sales declined, and eventually the line was discontinued. In 1982, he was reintroduced as G.I. Joe, Real American Hero, in a just-under-four-inch size, and he has prospered. His new popularity is a major reason that his manufacturer, Hasbro—the sixth-largest toy company three years ago—is now the largest and a member of the Fortune 500. (You've heard of the military-industrial complex.) G.I. Joe and his friends and enemies are about four or five dollars everywhere. Many of the enemies he now confronts are terrorists, and both good guys and bad guys come with dossiers. The personality profile for one bad guy—Dr. Mindbender, Master of Mind Control—begins, "Dr. Mindbender was at one time an excellent orthodontist, and a very kind and honest man. . . ." Mary Arnold has the Doctor for $4.95. (After we read, in mid-November, that one of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North's colleagues had described him as "a real American hero," we wondered whether he would turn up in next year's company of G.I. Joes. In view of more recent developments, this seems unlikely—and not only because there are no shredding accessories for the G.I. Joe action figures. Still, one never knows in the toy intelligence world. One Washington commentator has now compared North to G. Gordon Liddy. Referring to a new G.I. Joe figure with a mous-

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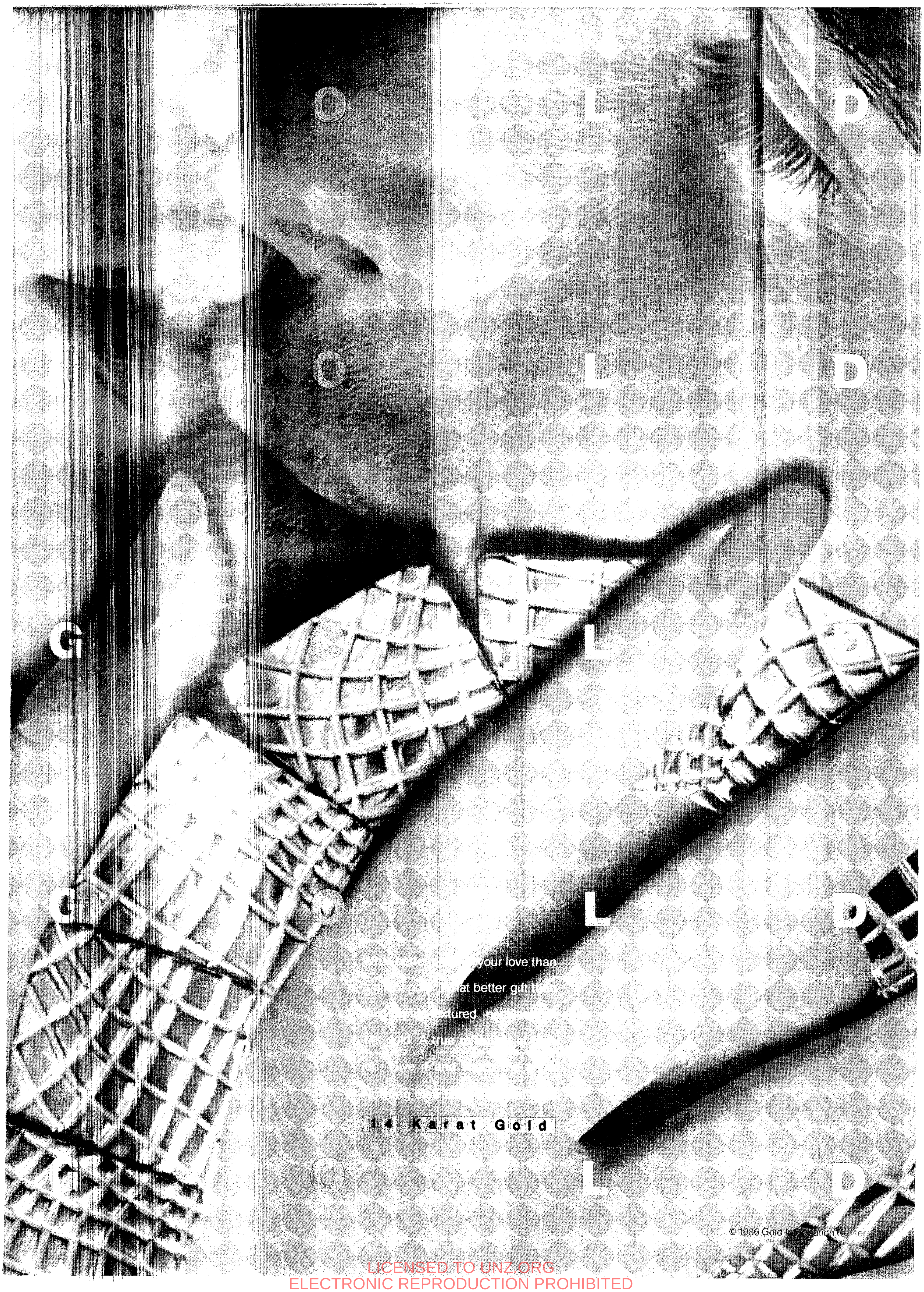
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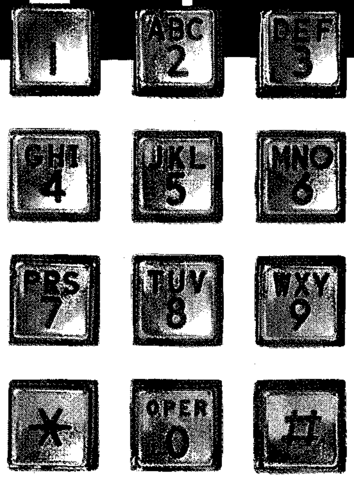

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tache, *Toy & Hobby World* said last month that his "resemblance to G. Gordon Liddy is purely coincidental.") With all the scary-ugly toys around, it was nice to know through the summer and fall that the country's best-selling toys were the sweet little Pound Puppies. Last month, G.I. Joe knocked the Puppies off the top of the list. Meanwhile, Barbie had been knocked all the way off the charts by the Cabbage Patch Kids. However, you can't keep a good girl down. (We use the adjective advisedly. Over the years, some fashion-doll rivals—all of them now extinct—passed around the word that the original Barbie was brought to the Mattel company by someone who had encountered the doll as a party favor in a bordello in Berlin, although as far as we know there is nothing to this.) Barbie is now selling at her former fast pace. Schwarz has Magic Moves Barbie, who can comb her own hair; $26. In the December issue of *Toy & Hobby World*, we are told, Barbie will move into second place on the best-seller list, right behind G.I. Joe. It's just like old times, with these two golden oldies of the baby boomers—many of whom are now parents, prowling the toy aisles in search of the perfect gift—once again king and queen of the toy hill.

So, what are some of the lessons of this Christmas Present, children? That, in the country where the assembly line was invented, the fact that no Cabbage Patch Kid, Wrinkles, Pound Puppy, or Rotten Kid—any more than any real kid—is exactly like any other has become a prized commercial quality. That, on the other hand, dolls or toy animals are nobodies unless they carry proper papers: birth certificates, dog tags, personality profiles, passports. (Next year, maybe green cards?) That, nonetheless—illusion being the ultimate commodity—whatever something seems at first to be, with a twist here, a turn there, a lift of the mask, it may turn out to be something entirely different. ("More Than Meets the Eye!") And that, one more time, this is a magical season. Right, Millions of Unusual Small Creatures Lurking Everywhere? M.E.R.R.Y.C.H.R.I.S.T.M.A.S!

•

If he were to visit the University of Virginia today, Thomas Jefferson would be pleased. Or perhaps not. University officials really aren't certain.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Daily Progress.*

But a meeting is set for next Wednesday to make a final decision.

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MAY SARTON: A SELF-PORTRAIT Edited by Marita Simpson and Martha Wheelock. Sarton reflects on her life and work and presents a selection of poems with commentary on each. "Sarton's readers will welcome her revealing remarks."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Photographs, $9.95

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

Cities on a Hill, by Frances FitzGerald (*Simon & Schuster, $19.95*).

It is a quintessentially American notion, says Miss FitzGerald, that one can re-start one's life from scratch when partway through it, and she here examines four contemporary American communities—Rancho Rajneesh, a guru-led commune in Oregon; Jerry Falwell's Liberty Baptist Church, in Lynchburg, Virginia; the Castro, a largely homosexual neighborhood in San Francisco; and the retirement town of Sun City, Florida—that have publicly and self-consciously attempted the feat.

Dating Your Mom, by Ian Frazier (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $11.95*).

Mr. Frazier, jester and, in a manner of speaking, essayist, here makes his début between hard covers. His title piece is as instructive as it sounds, and he also tells the *real* story of the 1977 blackout and recalls the time when the North Vietnamese took over his Waverly Place apartment.

American Musicians, by Whitney Balliett (*Oxford, $22.95*).

"Here, under one roof, are all my biographical pieces on jazz musicians. They form a gapped history, a sort of highly personal encyclopedia, a series of close accounts of how a beautiful music grew, flourished, and (perhaps) began the long trek back to its native silence." Thus Mr. Balliett in an introductory note. Fifteen of the Profiles have never been collected before.

Offshore, by A. Alvarez (*Houghton Mifflin, $15.95*).

The offshore of the title is the open North Sea between the Shetland Islands and Norway, a place of ferocious bad weather above and vast oil reserves beneath, where tough, expert crews, confined on man-made islands, wrestle petroleum up from almost two miles below the seabed. Mr. Alvarez chronicles a system in which grinding brute force is combined with elegant, delicate technology, and in which the personnel work in a science-fiction setting where physical danger, or even death, may be around any corner.

Monkeys, by Susan Minot (*Dutton, $15.95*).

A portrait of a troubled family—Gus and Rosie Vincent and their three sons and four daughters. The children are in grade school when we first meet them, skating in Massachusetts; a few years older when we spend a rainy afternoon with them in Bermuda; and almost grown when we leave them, on a boat off Maine in the eighties. Three of this novel's nine chapters appeared as stories in our pages.

The Progress of Love, by Alice Munro (*Knopf, $16.95*).

The subject as stated, though the progress is difficult in almost every case; the background is Canada. Five of the eleven stories in the collection ran originally in this magazine.

Sea to Shining Sea, by Berton Roueché (*Dutton, $18.95*).

A volume of eighteen travel reports, written over the past forty years or so. A trip by boat (with Eskimos) on the Bering Sea, a journey on the double-decker Amtrak Empire Builder from Chicago to Seattle, and a voyage aboard a barge on a river in France are among the many pleasures herein recorded, all in the company of our correspondent, who, no matter how far-flung, is always at home with himself.

Another Marvelous Thing, by Laurie Colwin (*Knopf, $13.95*).

Eight linked short stories, four of them ours, about a happily married young woman who has a happy affair, enjoying more than a modicum of guilt, with an urbane older man. The background is this city.

A Missing Plane, by Susan Sheehan (*Putnam, $18.95*).

In March of 1944, an American B-24 bomber with twenty-two men aboard crashed in the mountains of New Guinea, and it lay there for thirty-eight years before being discovered. Mrs. Sheehan traces the efforts of a team of Army experts to identify the remains of the passengers and crew after so long a time, and describes the intricate combination of archeology and detective work involved; her own detective work leads her to a reconstruction of the abbreviated life of the plane's pilot, a young Midwesterner typical of so many Americans who went off to war and did not return.

Transactions in a Foreign Currency, by Deborah Eisenberg (*Knopf, $15.95*).

Miss Eisenberg's heroines, whether in the East Village or in Montreal or in some Latin-American country, are worldly yet innocent, wary yet always open to what comes next, and they are engaged, more often than not, in the pursuit of love. There are seven short stories here, and four of them first ran in *The New Yorker.*

The Men Will Fear You and the Women Will Adore You, by William Hamilton (*St. Martin's, $5.95*).

Colloquies among the well-heeled and self-approving are on display in this album of eighty-seven cartoons. Many of them first appeared in these pages.

Reckless Disregard, by Renata Adler (*Knopf, $16.95*).

Two of the most celebrated libel trials of the decade—Westmoreland v. CBS et al. and Sharon v. *Time*—provide Miss Adler with a canvas on which to illustrate in detail not only the substance of each case but also the peculiarities of contemporary libel law and the methods employed by news media in constructing and, later, defending controversial stories. CBS and *Time* were represented by the same large, aggressive law firm, whose style of litigation in the pretrial phase as well as in the courtroom became an important element in the disposition of each suit. A coda discusses the reactions of CBS and *Time* to the articles—first published in this magazine—that form the body of the book.

Collected Stories 1948-1986, by Wright Morris (*Harper & Row, $17.95*).

Of the twenty-six stories here assembled, fourteen have not appeared in any of the author's previous collections, and twelve originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Rising from the Plains, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $15.95*).

In the third of his Annals of the Former World, Mr. McPhee turns his attention to the geology of the high plains of Wyoming, where the land forms a history of the prehistoric earth, for those who can read it. Perhaps chief among these historians is Mr. McPhee's guide, David Love, of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Love, who was born in Wyoming in 1913, is directly connected to the region's pioneers. His mother came to the state as a teacher, fresh from Wellesley; his father was a Scottish-emigrant cowboy and sheepherder. The Loves' story of repeated triumphs and disasters in this harsh country is interwoven with the earth's own story, which has resulted in an area of rugged surfaces and underground wealth.

The News from Ireland, by William Trevor (*Viking, $16.95*).

A young Englishwoman works as a governess on a large Irish estate in 1847, during the Great Famine; an elderly English widower and his daughter spend a vacation in Venice, which she last visited with her lover; an American woman in Florence, having arranged to meet an English bachelor for cocktails, disappears; two matrons, one British, the other Irish, meet in the cathedral in Siena thirty-five years after their friendship as little girls in Ireland during the war. Many of Mr. Trevor's characters are displaced persons, if only temporarily, and in almost every story the past encroaches on the present, sometimes enveloping it. Five of the twelve stories first ran in these pages.

In Southern Light, by Alex Shoumatoff (*Simon & Schuster, $17.95*).

Two highly personal voyages into the world of the rain forest. A trip up the Nhamundá River, a tributary of the Amazon which is longer than the Hudson, takes the author in search of the legendary Amazon women. The second exploration goes deep into parts of the Ituri Forest, in the heart of Zaire, where white men have seldom, if ever, been before.

One Way or Another, by Peter Cameron (*Harper & Row, $15.95*).

A short-story collection, the author's first. Mr. Cameron's characters tend to be young people just on the verge of maturity, and the stories deal with their ambivalent feelings about what the grownup world seems to be asking of them. Eight of the fourteen stories first appeared here.

Spring Jaunts, by Anthony Bailey (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $16.95*).

Reports on a number of jaunts and journeys, many of them on foot. They include a walk around the Isle of Wight, with a lot of stop-offs; a visit to the Promenade des Anglais, in Nice, twenty years after Mr. Bailey's honeymoon there; and a *promenade de Massachusetts à Maine*, along the eighteen-mile coast of New Hampshire. Needless to say, in every instance the traveller's heart and mind and memory are as engaged as his eyes and ears and boots.

At the Gentle Mercy of Plants, by Hildegarde Flanner (*John Daniel, $10*).

A slim volume of essays and poems, many of them celebrations of the botanical world. Two of the essays originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Whites, by Norman Rush (*Knopf, $14.95*).

The whites are mainly Americans in Botswana, many of them there on official or academic business. In these short stories we see them vis-à-vis the citizens—mainly black—of that country, bearing or shifting or ignoring burdens of guilt, or just walking the inevitable tightrope. "We like it here," says one of them. "It's because it isn't our country and we can't help what happens." Of the six stories in the book, three first ran in this magazine.

Bitter Victory, by Robert Shaplen (*Harper & Row, $16.95*).

The author, who has covered Asia for more than forty years, made an extended visit to Indo-China in 1984, after a nine-year absence. His chronicle of that visit covers his experiences in postwar Vietnam and Cambodia, and his meetings with famous and obscure survivors of the conflict, some of whom he had known during the war years. It also includes his description of the sometimes unexpected results of the war in both countries, and his estimate of what the future holds there.

Where You'll Find Me, by Ann Beattie (*Simon & Schuster, $14.95*).

Fifteen stories, several of them in an especially quiet and attentive mode, which may signal a new departure for this writer, and all of them displaying her characteristic eye for detail and ear for speech. Nine of the stories were originally published here.

Sound-Shadows of the New World, by Ved Mehta (*Norton, $17.95*).

When Mr. Mehta was fifteen, he flew alone from India to the Arkansas School for the Blind. This, the fifth volume of his autobiography, is a detailed report on the three years he spent there. At the end, he lights out—not as a piano tuner, to name one career that had been suggested for him, but as a student, able to take his own bearings—for Pomona College, in California. To be continued.

22 Stories, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Dodd, Mead, $19.95*).

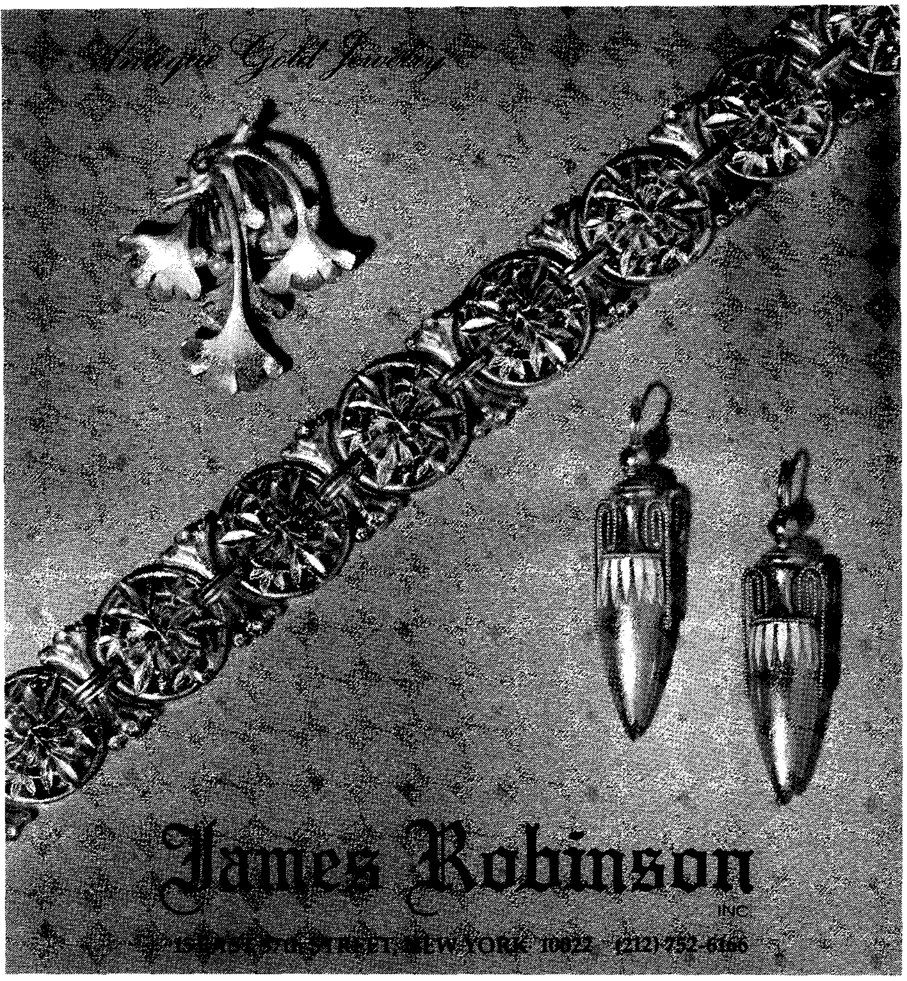
The author's choice from among the fifty stories that have appeared in her previous collections. Most of the twenty-two made their first appearance here.

Minor Monuments, by Howard Moss (*Ecco, $20*).

The poet as critic. Marcel Proust, Eudora Welty, Constantine Cavafy, Elizabeth Bishop, and Jean Stafford are among the writers considered in this volume of twenty-seven reviews and essays. Ten of them first ran in our Books columns.

Out of India, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (*Morrow, $16.95*).

Fifteen short stories selected by Mrs. Jhabvala from those in her previous collections. Ten of them were published in this fortunate magazine.



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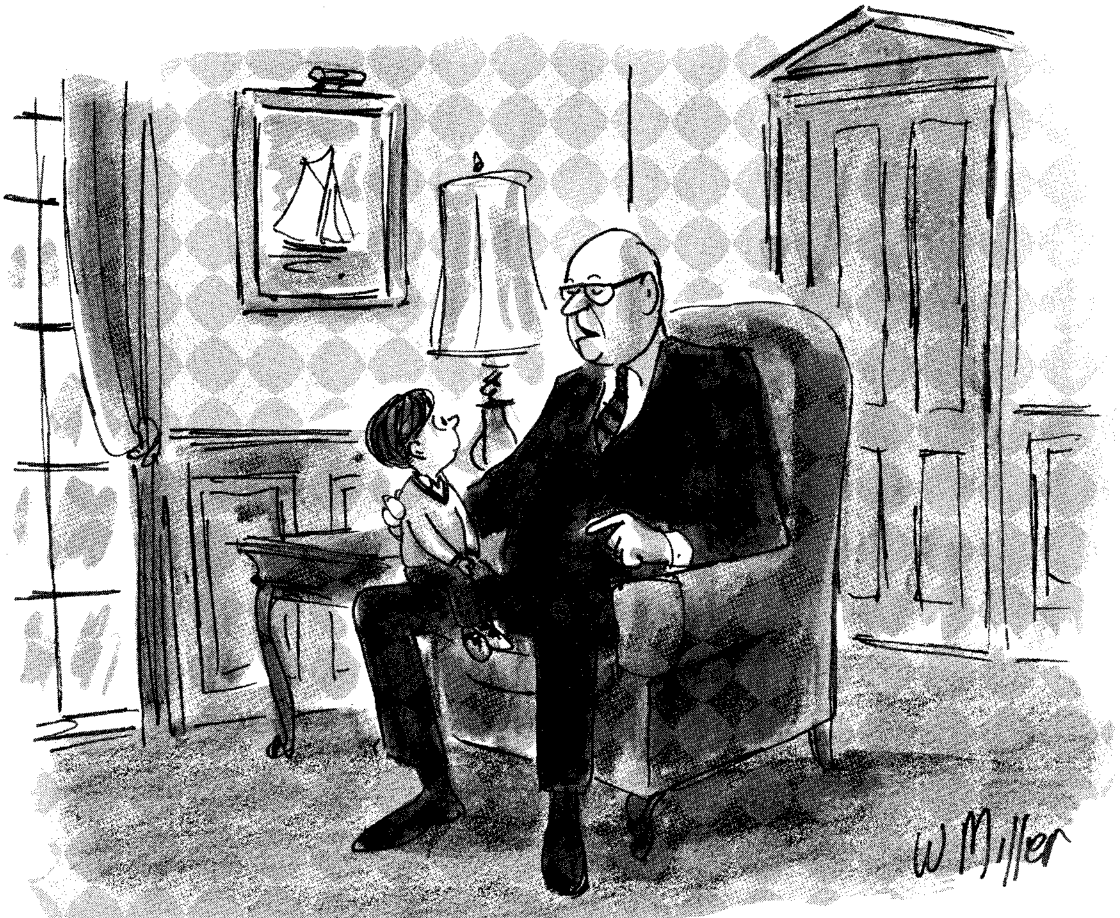
THE THEATRE

Low Life in Chicago

WHENEVER "The Front Page" is revived, reviewers feel an obligation to apologize for liking the play, and I am no exception. It is indeed a ramshackle affair, flung together with more scaffolding than structure and containing more funny lines than clever ones, but there is also at the heart of its pretense of heartlessness an air of youthful, ignorant high spirits that we cannot fail to find endearing. If its authors, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, had known more about writing plays, they would surely have written a worse one; like two literary Elizas, they keep leaping from one shaky ice floe of plot to the next, always in peril of their lives and yet always laughing. Walter Burns, the second-most important character in "The Front Page," doesn't make his appearance until the play is two-thirds over—an error that any proper teacher of playwriting would birch his pupils for committing. Nevertheless, our untutored authors have done exactly right by doing wrong: Burns, the dreaded cynical, ruthless managing editor of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, would be hard to put up with for an entire evening. As for the chief character, Hildy Johnson, who is the star reporter of the *Examiner* and Burns' slave, he is a vain, noisy, drunken, and unscrupulous lout, and would also be hard to listen to for long, but again ignorance triumphs: Hecht and MacArthur, seemingly unaware of how expensive a big cast is, fill their stage with such a host of characters—twenty-five in all—that we are never given an opportunity to lose patience with any individual among them. Though reputedly drawn from real life, they are without exception one-dimensional; whenever they get a chance to speak, they nearly always say what they said before, or a close variation of it. This economy of language is applied throughout the play without regard to whether the speaker is a slovenly newspaperman, a crooked politician, a bedevilled prostitute, a middle-aged housewife, or a condemned murderer.

If the play is the cobbled-up comic claptrap I have described, how does it happen to have survived so successfully for sixty years? To me, the answer is an unpleasant one, so a second apology is in order for liking the play; this time the reason is not its faulty craftsmanship but the point of view that lies behind its knockabout melodramatics and is the unexamined source of its energy. Which is to say that "The Front Page" is a classic embodiment of the still prevalent American male fantasy about the nature of paradise: a place—whether a pressroom, a locker room, or a club—where men can sit around and drink and tell adolescently dirty stories; a place where a woman, if she should make the mistake of entering it, would be abused and ordered away (when the prostitute in "The Front Page" attempts suicide by jumping from a window of the pressroom, the reporters present feel neither sympathy nor interest: a prostitute committing suicide is not news); and a place, finally, where even the love that boozy middle-aged men may wish to offer one another is expressible only in terms of vulgar pranks.



"There are the arts, the sciences, agriculture, and commerce. Stick with commerce, if you know what's good for you."

Having offered this indictment of the construction of the play and of what I see as its lamentable cultural provenance, I am obliged to add that "The Front Page" delights every audience before which it plays—audiences at least half of which are made up of women. (Why women are amused to see themselves depicted as stereotypes—virginal girlfriend, good-hearted prostitute, mindless mother-in-law, and the like—would require a parenthesis far longer than this one.) The audiences at the Vivian Beaumont measure up to the usual standard—or perhaps ought to be said to exceed it, because the production they applaud is not a very good one. The two main characters are radical examples of miscasting. Richard

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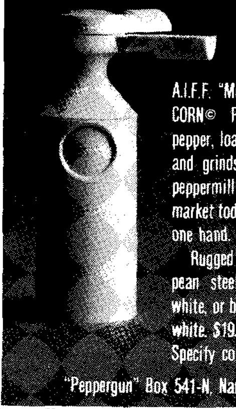

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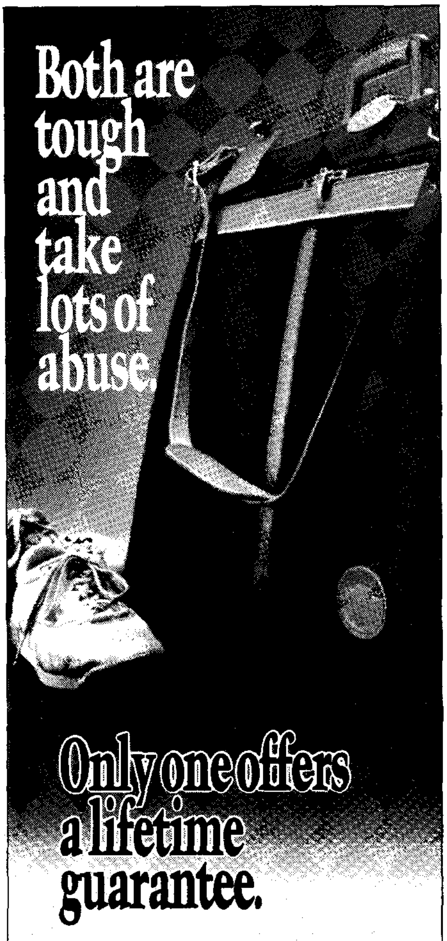
Thomas plays Hildy Johnson as if in imitation of James Cagney playing George M. Cohan, with a cocky strut and a high-strung manner that make it difficult for us to believe in him as a charming, hard-drinking reporter desperately in love with a pretty girl and eager to abandon his career on her behalf. As for John Lithgow as Walter Burns—Mr. Lithgow is a marvellous actor, but a venomous misanthropy that would make Iago blanch is evidently beyond his capacity to depict. Jerry Zaks has directed with an exceptionally heavy hand. Richard B. Shull is funny as the bumbling sheriff, and so is Jerome Dempsey as the crooked mayor, but Mr. Zaks has made no effort to curb their too obvious pleasure in squeezing more humor out of their roles than the roles possess. When Bill McCutcheon, in a small but crucial role as a virtuous nitwit, struggles to understand the simplest instruction, one can almost hear him counting the beats before he changes expression; telegraphy on this scale of obviousness has long been obsolete on any stage.

Also in the cast of "The Front Page" are Jeff Weiss, Julie Hagerty, Mary Catherine Wright, and Jack Wallace. The welcomely realistic set —the pressroom of the old Criminal Courts Building in Chicago (the building has been preserved, though the pressroom has vanished)—is by Tony Walton, the costumes are by Willa Kim, and the lighting is by Paul Gallo.

A MUSICAL called "Smile," with music by Marvin Hamlisch and book and lyrics by Howard Ashman, has come to the Lunt-Fontanne. The source of the musical is a screenplay by Jerry Belson, which Michael Ritchie turned into a creditable movie back in 1975; the subject matter—a teen-age beauty contest in Santa Rosa, California, which we are supposed to perceive as a metaphor for Real Life, with all its hopes and betrayals—proves a thin reed upon which to balance the weight of a full-length musical. Equally thin and tiresomely repetitious is Mr. Hamlisch's music; Mr. Ashman's lyrics, though conscientious, lack zest, and his book attempts to pose and resolve more ethical problems than its rickety structure can successfully contain. The cast includes Marsha Waterbury, Jeff McCarthy, Anne Marie Bobby, and Jodi Benson; the settings are by Douglas W. Schmidt; the costumes are by William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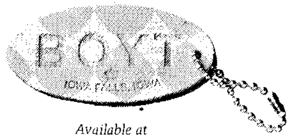

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Ivey Long; and the lighting is by Paul Gallo. Mr. Ashman directed.

"OH COWARD!," a medley of Noël Coward songs accompanied by snippets of dialogue and biographical data, had its first production fourteen years ago, in an Off Broadway theatre, and I remember it with delight, as I remember—my delight mingled with sadness—the sight of Coward himself being carried, cradled in the arms of friends, up the steps of the theatre to his seat. He was then only a few months away from death; massive doses of cortisone had swollen his once handsome face to the point where he resembled, so he proclaimed, a diseased Chinese mandarin. Nevertheless, he enjoyed himself immensely that evening. Roderick Cook, the inventor of "Oh Coward!," has now brought his lively act of homage to the Helen Hayes, assisted by Catherine Cox and Patrick Quinn. Perhaps inevitably, a certain atmosphere of embalmment is discernible in the present production. Moreover, I fear that younger members of the audience will be at a loss to understand what many of the targets of Coward's mockery were. His homosexual world was simultaneously secret and open, and as a performer in the conventional, heterosexual world he was taking chances that no longer look like chances; the razor's edge he walked has become a boulevard. The result is that much of his wit has lost its point and the calculated mindlessness of his songs ("Some day I'll find you,/ Moonlight behind you") has become incomprehensible.

The settings of "Oh Coward!" are by Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana, and the costumes are by David Toser.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Monterey* (*Calif.*) *Herald*]

The party announced Friday that Maureen Reagan is in line to become co-chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Her road to that post was smoothed recently when RNC chairman Frank J. Fahrenkopf Jr. met with the president who, in the words of the party statement, "indicated he was supportive of the candidacy of Maureen Reagan."

At the moment, Fahrenkopf realized that Ms. Reagan, 45, also was his choice for the co-chairmanship.

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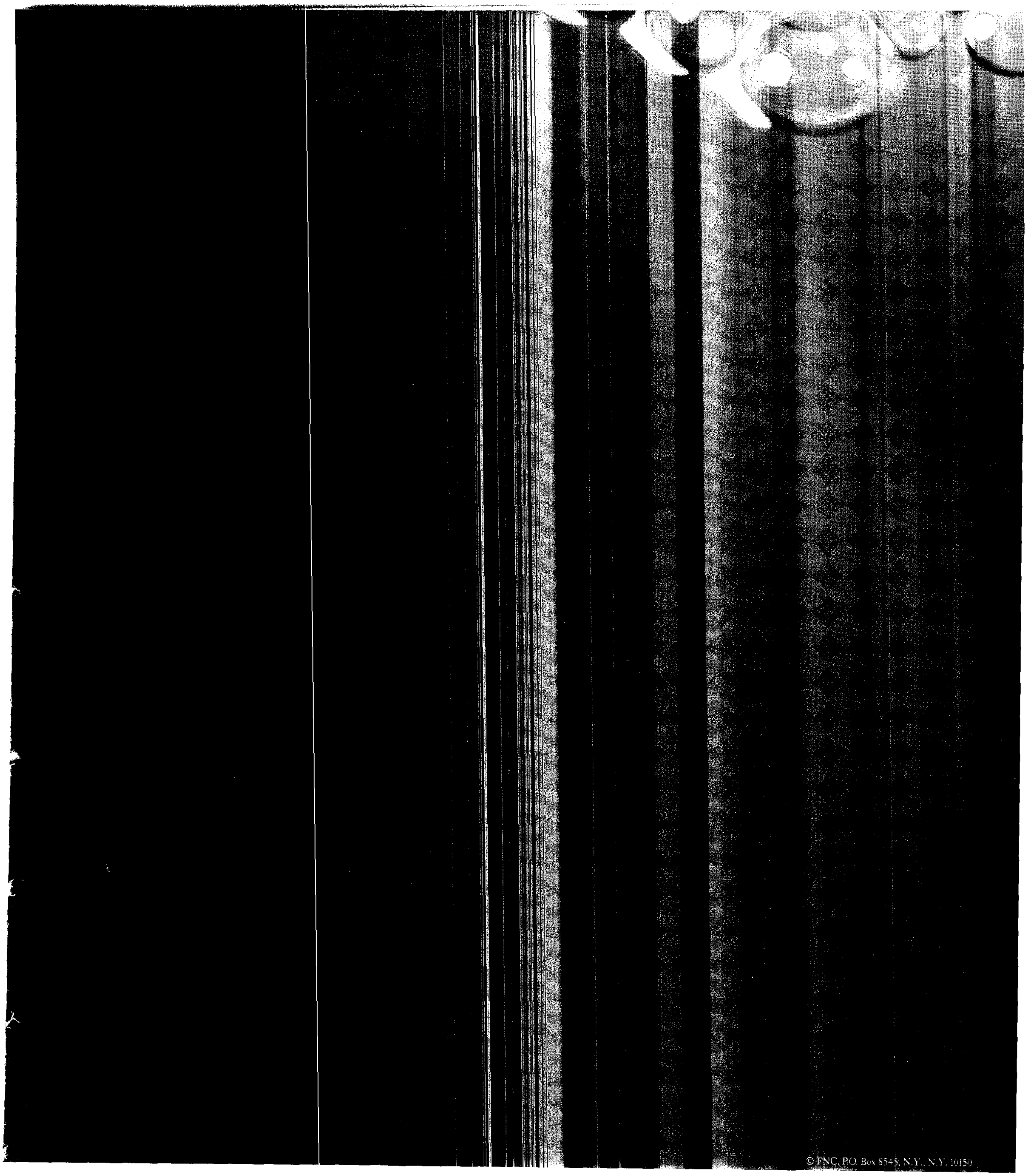
—*Scranton* (*Pa.*) *Sunday Times.*

Non.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MUSICAL EVENTS

Alternatives

St. Paul's Chapel on the Columbia campus, a Byzantine-Renaissance church in brick and stone, is one of New York's warmest, most resonant acoustical spaces. There, last month, the New York New Music Ensemble played Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Awake" and Peter Maxwell Davies' "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." "Awake" ("Wach") is one of seventeen short poems that make up the collection "For Times to Come" (1968-70)—texts to inspire and guide "intuitive" music-making. Intuitive *music-making is an alternative to a* faithful rendering of the kind of score in which a composer has prescribed every detail of the performance as precisely as notation allows. "We should have many ways of making music, not just one," Stockhausen said; after working on such "completely determined" scores as "Mantra" and "Trans," he went back to writing pieces that must be composed anew at each performance, with "now-or-never" tension. The performer in an intuitive-music piece "must react very quickly, on the spot, and, even with a sixth sense, anticipate what the other musician does and integrate any heterogeneous elements that are thrown in."

The New Music Ensemble performance of "Awake" had a prelude: a long clarinet solo, by Jean Kopperud, stealing through the spaces of the chapel. She was up in the balcony of the north transept, invisible. She played haunting strains. (A sudden, possibly unintentional echo of the "alte Weise" in "Tristan" brought a moment of too specific reference.) The other players—Jayn Rosenfeld (flutes), Elizabeth DiFelice (celesta), Cameron Grant and Daniel Druckman (percussion), and Robert Black (synthesizer)—gradually joined in to create the first strophe of "Awake":

Star constellations
with common points
and falling stars
with secret wishes.

Each player was at a different station: the church was filled with shimmering, mysterious music. We passed to the second strophe:

and nocturnal forest
with dialogues.

A chance heterogeneous element was the recurrent banging of a door—the loudest noise in the piece, and a shock effect that proved hard to integrate.

Abrupt end

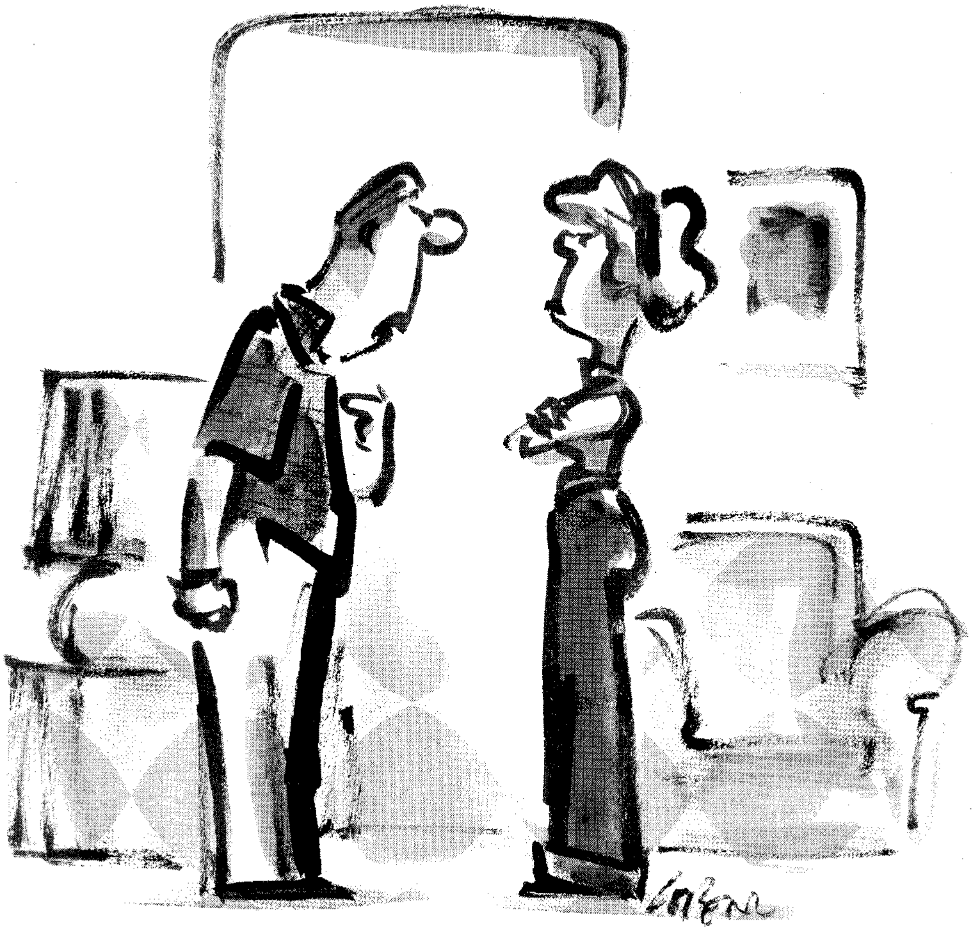
was rendered by the crack of an orchestral whip.

Almost every week, I am sent records, unasked for, mainly of Californian origin, on which musicians play flutes, oboes, cellos, violins, guitars, synthesizers, exotic Indian instruments while contemplating sunsets, the sea, the desert, the stars, the universe. They tend to have such titles *as "Conferring with the Moon,"* "The Last Day at the Beach," "In Search of the Turtle's Navel." Life is short, life is earnest, and so I generally pass these on to people who want music to meditate by, to do the dishes by, to run by, to ride the subway by: modern man, it seems, needs music wherever he goes, whether he's really listening to it or not. Is Stockhausen's "Awake"—falling stars, secret wishes, nocturnal forest—really any different? Yes, it is when played by such musicians as those of the New Music Ensemble. Their performance prompted attentive listening. They had evidently decided in advance on certain harmonic controls—"parameters" used to be the jargon—and if one player transgressed these the others had to take note. Stockhausen noted the perils of intuitive music-making:

> We can all sit around playing, and it doesn't matter too much what sounds we make, we're all having fun together. This has a therapeutic function, getting it out, making no demands, saying everything is fine, no matter what it is. But there's no challenge, and you become very lazy, actually. That's why musicians should switch between these two aspects—and composers too.

And listeners, too, he might have added. I don't want to spend much of life listening to intuitive music-making—or, for that matter, to "intuitive" composing. But twenty minutes or so now and again can be refreshing.

Davies' "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (1978) is even tauter than Massenet's: the old tale of Our Lady's juggler presented here by the "Pierrot" instrumental quintet plus percussion, a tumbler, and a baritone. Flutist, clarinettist, and percussionist are



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also actors. The violinist plays Our Lady: a statue until she takes up her fiddle and in flowing melody accepts the juggler's offering. (The cellist and the pianist are by the nature of their instruments kept in one place.) The New Music Ensemble production, directed by David Ostwald, threw more emphasis onto the juggler—the "physical comedian" Tom Murphy—than previous productions, and gave the instrumentalists less to do: their quirky solos tended to accompany his antics. (But there were funny moments during the laundry scene when Brother Philip—Miss Rosenfeld—with fierce piccolo notes popped the enormous soap bubbles that the juggler insisted on blowing.) The big solos—each brother's offering to the Virgin—were eloquently played: especially Brother David's (Miss Kopperud's) clarinet rhapsody, which turned the spaces and resonances of the chapel to expressive use. Mary Rowell, the violinist, played beautifully. The baritone, Nathaniel Watson, as the Abbot, sang too loud, sacrificing sense to volume; like most American singers, he should study Frank Sinatra's and Joan Morris's vocal-verbal technique. All in all, this was a pleasing performance of some excellently composed music. The Horace Mann School provided the children's band whose tricky, catchy 7/8 march opens and ends the entertainment.

IN 1957, when Europe's composers, doffing the straitjacket of total serialization, were debating, testing, and refining the uses of aleatory, or chance, elements in otherwise disciplined compositions, there appeared at Darmstadt two important piano pieces: Stockhausen's Klavierstück XI, played by Paul Jacobs, in late July, and Pierre Boulez's Third Piano Sonata, played by the composer, in September. Klavierstück XI is a sheet of nineteen musical fragments over which the performer's eye ranges at random to find a starting point. Instructions at the end of each fragment prescribe the tempo, dynamics, and touch that he must apply to the performance of the next fragment upon which his eye may light. When any fragment has been heard three times, the work is deemed to be complete. Boulez's sonata has five movements that may be assembled in any of eight different configurations, and within each movement (or *formant*) there are choices, of varying kinds, for the performer. Only two of these movements—"Trope" and

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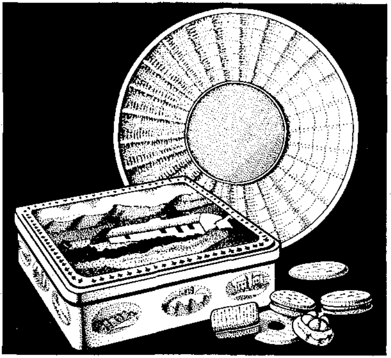

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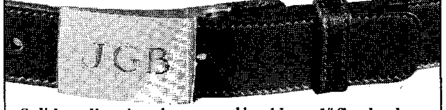

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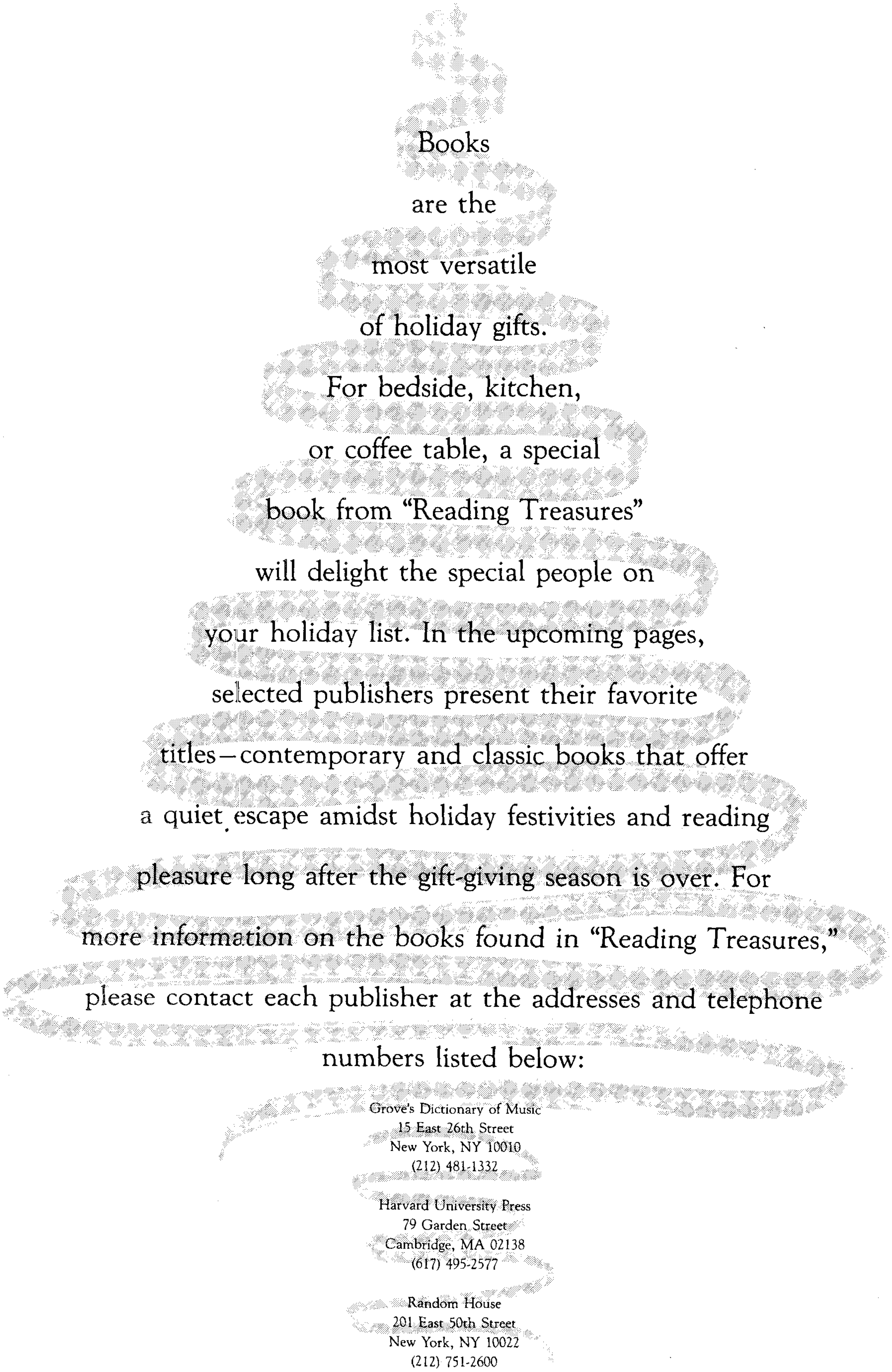

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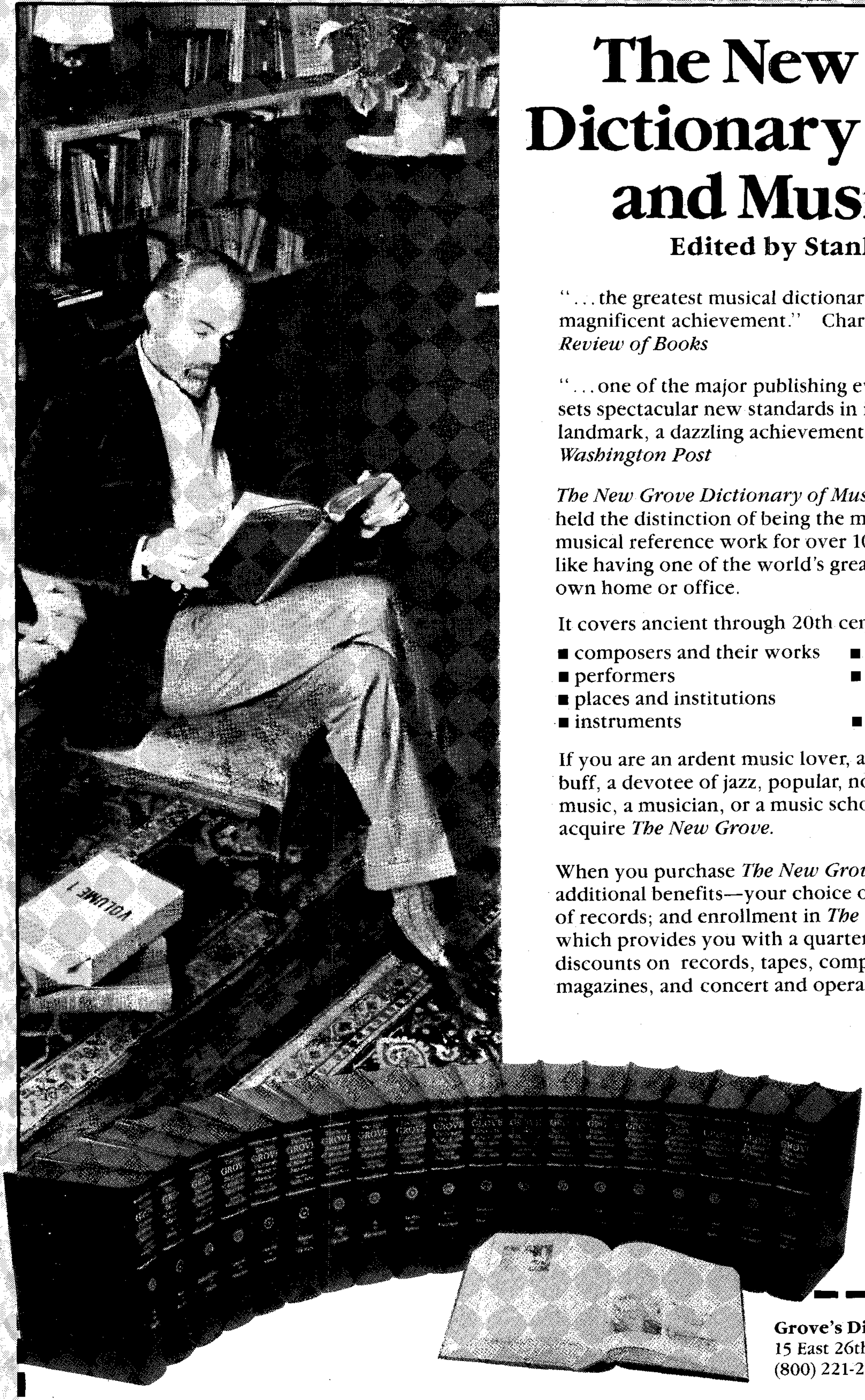

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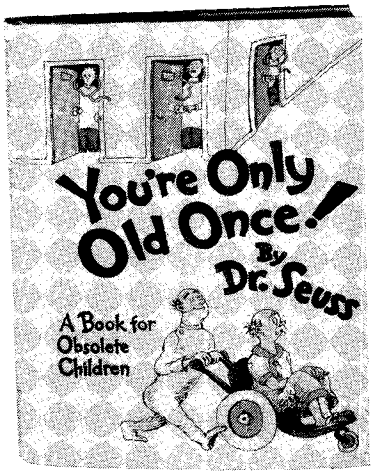
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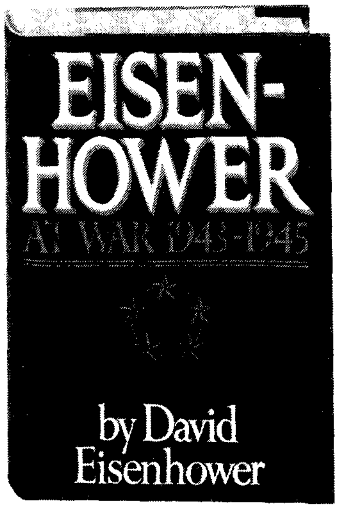
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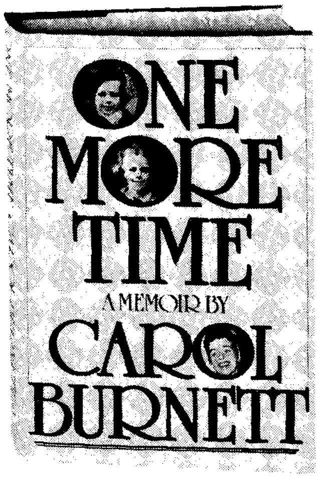
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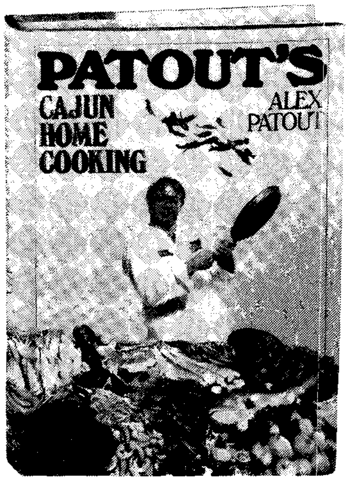
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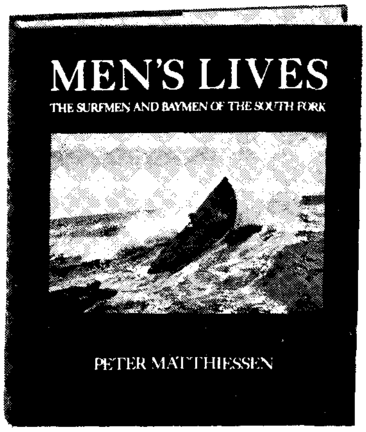
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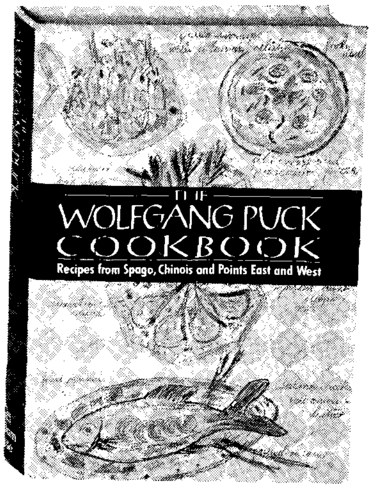
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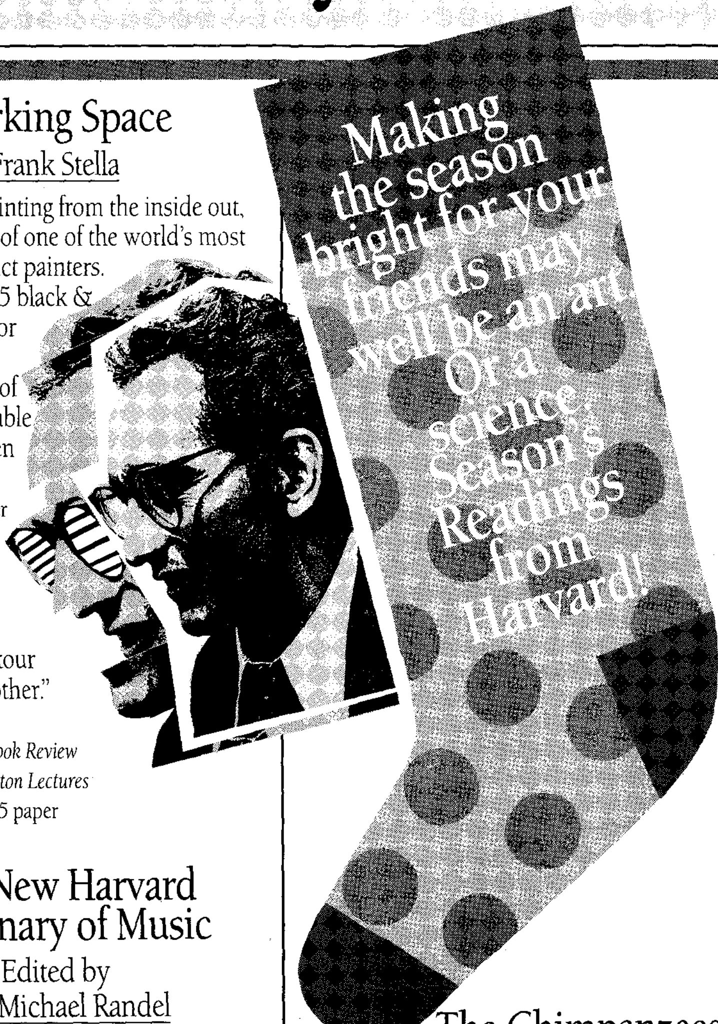
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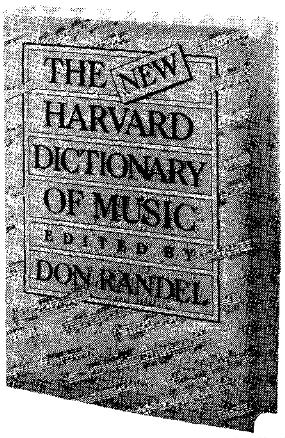

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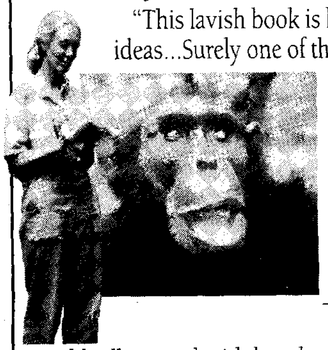

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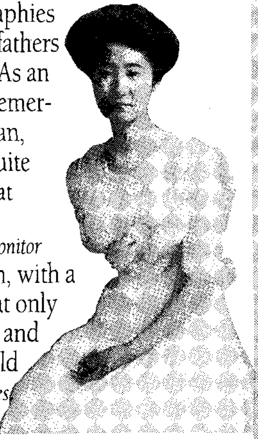

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"Constellation-Miroir" (a setting out of "Constellation" with its units in reverse order)—have been published in full; the others have been waiting thirty years for amplification and revision. So performances of the sonata, after early ones given by the composer himself, have been partial: "Trope" (which can be the first, second, fourth, or fifth movement of the full work) followed or preceded by "Constellation" or "Constellation-Miroir" (which remains the still center in any of the eight configurations). Charles Rosen has recorded a masterly performance. The disk (Columbia), issued in 1973, has been allowed to go out of print; later recordings by Claude Helffer (Astrée) and Herbert Henck (Wergo) are less cogent. Helffer's has the interest of presenting "Constellation" unmirrored but lacks the lucid command of space, time, and timbre shown in Rosen's. Henck's version is slow and heavy. Last month, Aleck Karis gave a colorful, gripping performance in the auditorium of the Guggenheim Museum.

The Klavierstück and the sonata have been much discussed. They were, in effect, authoritative but divergent pronouncements by the two leaders of European vanguard musical thought on the validity and value of John Cage ideas. Of Stockhausen's piece, Boulez (reported by Antoine Goléa in his "Rencontres Avec Pierre Boulez," 1958) said, "The manner in which he hands over the reins to the performer merely produces a new sort of automatism—one which, for all its apparent opening of gates to freedom, has only let in an element of risk which seems to me absolutely inimical to the integrity of the work. The performer proceeds as it were haphazardly." (In practice, I believe, most performers do nothing of the kind but plot their difficult paths in advance; they're not supposed to, however, and so the theoretical objection holds.) Of fully uncaged, Cagean freedom, Boulez said (in his 1957 essay "Aléa"), "The individual does not feel responsible for his work, but merely throws himself, by unadmitted weakness, by confusion, and for temporary assuagement, into puerile magic." Boulez's ideas exemplified in the Third Sonata about rationally controlled chance—the creator foreseeing and taking into account the possibilities—were developed in his 1960 essay "Sonate, Que Me Veux-Tu?" (This has reappeared in "Orientations," a fat collection of sixty-eight important fugitive pieces

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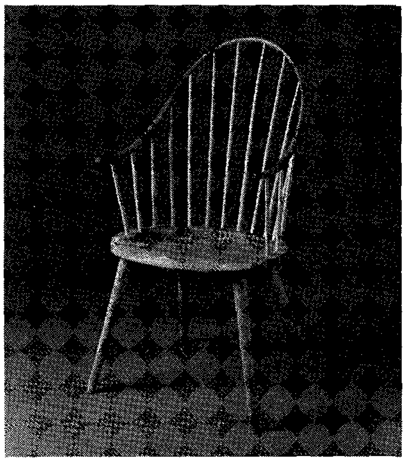

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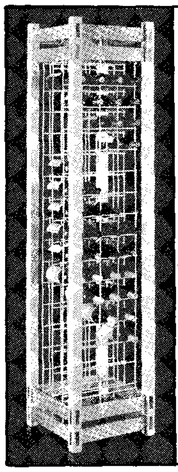

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by Boulez—magazine articles, program-book essays, record-album notes, obituary tributes—now corralled between covers, translated into English by Martin Cooper, and published by Harvard.) To mere chance Boulez opposed form as Joyce and Mallarmé reformed it; the metaphor of a maze; the image of a city remaining unaltered although visitors traverse it by different routes, each observing different aspects.

Modern music's waves of successive fashions—viewed with disdain by the blasé but plunged into eagerly, if not uncritically, by the curious—produced some masterworks that have lasted: among those for moderate forces Stockhausen's "Kontra-Punkte," "Gesang der Jünglinge," and "Mantra" and Boulez's three piano sonatas, "Marteau sans Maître," and Mallarmé improvisations. (Perhaps in years to come some masterworks of minimalism and neoromanticism will likewise prove to have lasted.) The absolute merits of these works transcend any once urgent polemical concerns. Mr. Rosen, in a new essay on Boulez's piano music—a valuable chapter of "Pierre Boulez: A Symposium," edited by William Glock and published by Eulenburg/Da Capo—declares roundly that the fortuity of the famous first piece in "Structures," the Third Sonata's predecessor, "has no interest." Although the interaction of series determines the order of events, beyond the composer's direct control, "the structure of the piece is not aleatory . . . because the structure is not conceived as temporal." Similar considerations apply to the Third Sonata, where the performer (within guidelines) must determine the order of events. In Mr. Karis's performance one admired the richness and range of the piano writing (Boulez's "use of register is more idiosyncratic than any other composer except Debussy," Mr. Rosen remarks), the elegant, logical progressions of "Trope" (each of its four sections coherent, in whatever order they are played), the beauty of the inventions that shine in "Constellation." In concert-hall performances of "Constellation," I confess, I tend to lose my way, and am content to enjoy the sequences of contrasted "blocks" and "points" as sensuous sound. At home, with a record, one can spread out the score (twenty-one and a half inches high, nearly eleven and a half feet long) and with ear and eye at once accompany the pianist on his enchanted journey.

At the Guggenheim concert, Boulez's sonata was followed by Jean Barraqué's ". . . au delà du hasard," played by the Prism Orchestra, conducted by Robert Black. The composer, who was born in 1928 (three years after Boulez) and died in 1973, held apart from fashion, pursued a lonely path to which Beethoven, Debussy, and Hermann Broch had pointed him. ". . . au delà du hasard" is the first of three completed works ("Chant Après Chant" and "Le Temps Restitué" are the others) in a series inspired by Broch and his "The Death of Virgil;" Boulez conducted the first performance, in Paris in 1960. For decades, Barraqué has been something of a cult figure, trumpeted by a few enthusiasts, but his reputation grows steadily wider. The text on him in the new Thames and Hudson Encyclopaedia of 20th-Century Music, by Paul Griffiths, is as long as that on Berio, longer than that on Xenakis. I can't better Mr. Griffiths' phrases: "unique in his use of the highly variegated materials of post-1945 serialism within structures of large span and grand rhetoric . . . eloquent expression of turbulent creativity and despair . . . [The Broch pieces] are works of powerful, urgent development despite their chopped and circuitous forms; the command of a Romantic largeness of gesture is as sure as in the earlier works, and there is the same tension between extremes of beauty and negativity." What Barraqué needs now is more performances; it's frustrating to read of exciting music and not be able to hear it.

His champions in this country have been Gunther Schuller (whose music-publishing house, Margun, distributes the scores) and, latterly, Robert Black, who played the Piano Sonata in 1982 and, in 1984, with Prism, conducted "Chant Après Chant" and the Clarinet Concerto. ". . . au delà du

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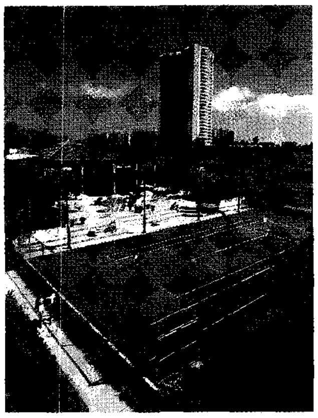

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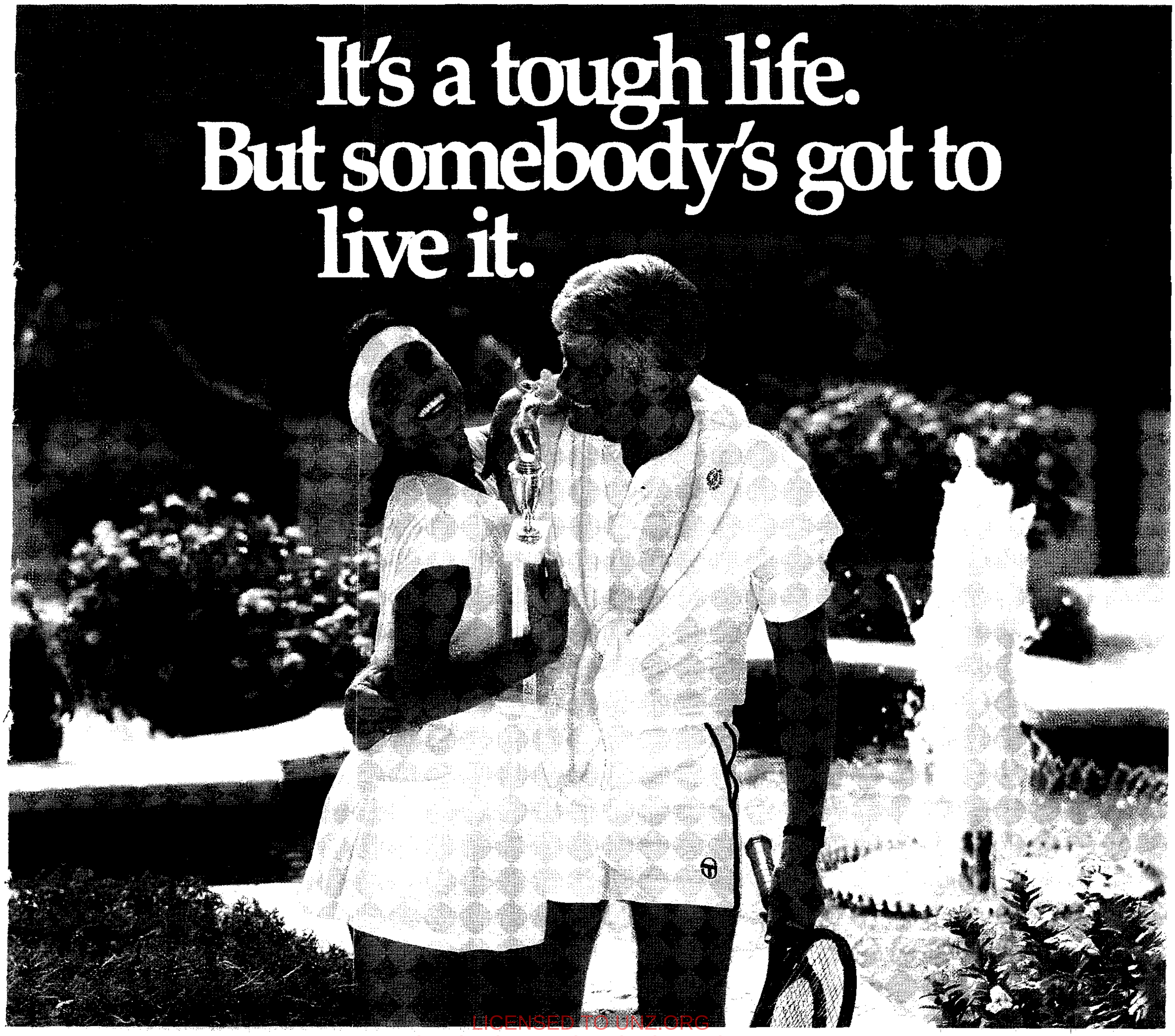
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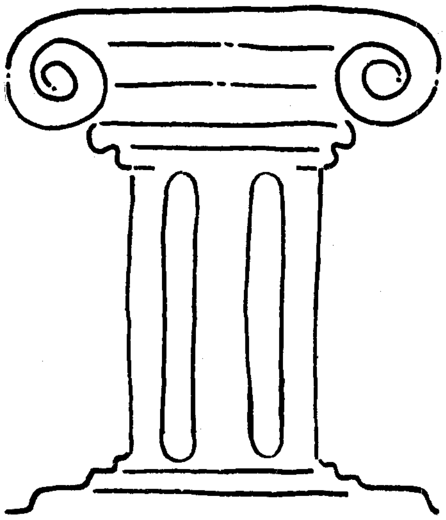

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THE Boulez-Barraqué concert was the second in a series of three, on successive days, put on at the Guggenheim in connection with the show Angles of Vision: French Art Today. I missed the first, given by the cellist Alain Meunier and the pianist Alain Planes. The third brought the New York débuts of two dazzling performers, the harpsichordist Elisabeth Chojnacka and the percussionist Sylvio Gualda. The first half contained Martial Solal's Pièce pour Clavecin et Percussions and François-Bernard Mâche's "Anaphores," for the same forces. They were all right, if a shade long-winded; Mâche's intelligently made compositions are always worth hearing. Any clear memories were obliterated by the impact of the second half: four Xenakis compositions written over the last decade for one or both of the duo—"Naama" (1984), "Psappha" (1975), "Khoaï" (1976), and "Komboï" (1981). Xenakis has been a loner rather as Varèse and Barraqué were: not a reactive or assimilative composer responsive—whether creatively, critically, or both—to the speculations of others but a composer single-minded in a pursuit of heroic ideals. New sounds, new techniques matter only insofar as they can give more potent and more precise voicing to a personal vision of "eternal truths." Xenakis shunned fashionable controversy. Nouritza Matossian's book on him reproduces some remarks of Herman Scherchen's urging the composer to present his ideas at a 1961 Gravesano conference. Scherchen treads cautiously: "A Xenakis clique would be as ridiculous to me as the Boulez one. I hold you in much higher esteem and love you too much to permit you to place yourself on an equal footing with these prizefighters of art, that is to say with their aggressive personal influence." And Xenakis ac-

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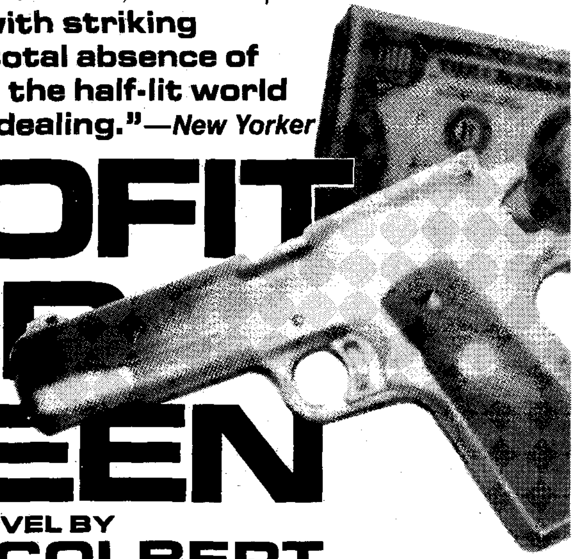

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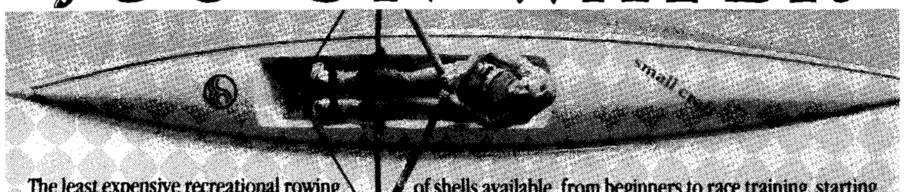

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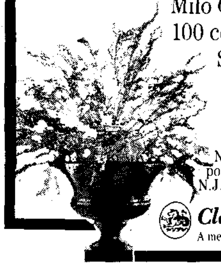

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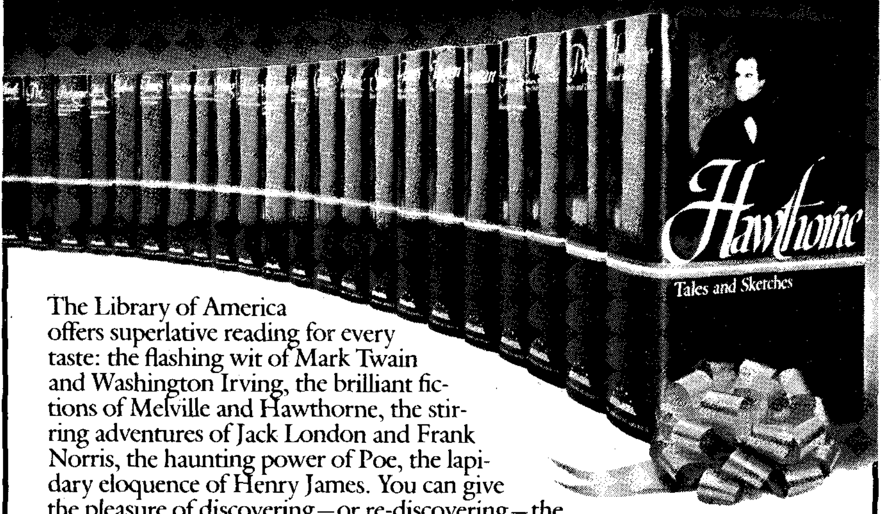

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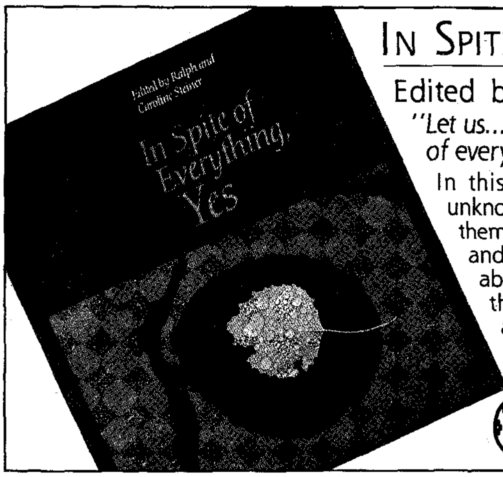
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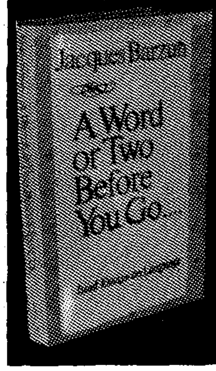

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cepts, grateful that "you don't want me to be entangled with the 'prize-fighters of art.' "

Miss Chojnacka played a powerful, electrified Neupert harpsichord. For Couperin, Rameau, Bach it would be a brutal machine: for Xenakis it became an organ, a drum, a xylophone, a box of sweet, shrill pipes, a bed of nails—a thrilling precision instrument. "Khoaï," a fifteen-minute harpsichord solo (the title, Xenakis says, "means offerings of wine or water poured into the earth as well as pledges made to the chthonian deities"), was a stupendous feat of virtuoso performance—the most exciting I've heard in years. When Mr. Gualda whacked his big bass drum in "Psappha," an eighteen-minute percussion solo, the walls of Frank Lloyd Wright's subterranean auditorium shivered in sympathy. It wasn't unbearable noise such as subways and amplified minimalist concerts make: it was awe-inspiring. Crackling electric storms, whirlwinds, locust clouds, rivers in fierce, sudden flood, earthquakes, the crash of breakers on crags were the phenomena evoked—but not picturesquely, and not by onomatopoeia. Rather, there was a sense of elemental forces channelled into timbres, rhythms, and densities. It wasn't all loud. There were many fine, delicate passages. There were tense silences. Each of the four pieces—the other two for the duo—was distinct in character. In sum, they provided an unforgettable adventure.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

FIRE

I think of myself as dust of bones
mornings when I awake
to find the fine white ash
lining the bottom of my box stove.
Each night I slide in
logs thicker than the circle
of my thigh, and watch them all
blaze for a while,
because I'm about to sleep,
and know that what I'll see encircles me
as if I were having no dream
but it were having me.
With the fire, in the darkened room,
my life can start not to be my own,
a pulse of watery blue transparencies
inside jagged flames
that die and flare again
while on the underside begin
orange coals that should seem
so cool and delicious on the tongue,
and all of it nothing by morning.

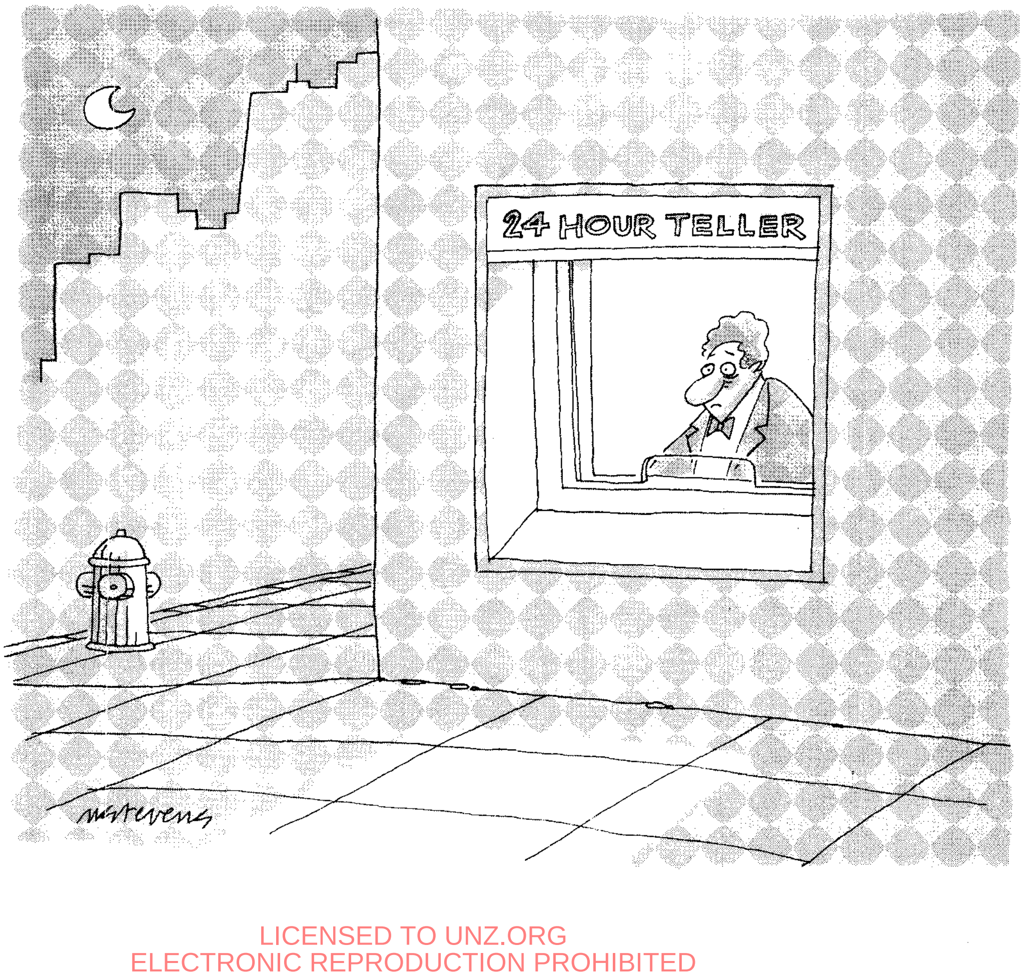
—MICHAEL RYAN

BOOKS

Pro

THE note about the author at the end of Jerome Weidman's famous, shocking 1937 novel "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" reads, "Jerome Weidman was born in 1913 in New York City. He attended DeWitt Clinton High School, College of the City of New York, and New York University where he is now studying law at night school. He began working while still in high-school and has held jobs as newsboy, soda-jerker, mail clerk, delivery boy, printer, operator in a necktie factory, hot-dog dispenser at Coney Island, switchboard operator, and stenographer. He is now an accountant and when he is not busy with his job or studying law, he writes short stories for *The New Yorker*, *Scribner's*, *American Mercury*, and many other magazines. In 1927 he won the *New York Times* oratorical contest and spent the $50 prize on a typewriter. *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* is his first novel." The book, written in about a month by Weidman the whirlwind, was followed in 1938 by its almost equally famous sequel, "What's in It for Me?" Weidman has never slowed down. Since then, he has put out twenty novels, seven collections of short stories, four nonfiction books, several film scripts, and five plays, among them "Fiorello!" and "Tenderloin." And now he has published a memoir, "Praying for Rain" (Harper & Row; $18.95). It reads like one of his novels, which are neat, old-fashioned, realistic, canny, comic, moralistic, and full of narrative pull.

Weidman's early novels were part of the outpouring of semi-satiric urban fiction that began appearing in this country in the thirties and was written by John O'Hara, J. P. Marquand, and James Gould Cozzens and by Daniel Fuchs, Henry Roth, and Arthur Kober. Their books had to do with old blood and money and with new blood and poverty. They were sharp and carefully written, and they had few literary pretensions. The best of them—"The Late George Apley," "Appointment in Samarra," "Men and Brethren," "Call It Sleep," and Weidman's first two books—remain fresh and accessible. ("I Can Get It for You Wholesale" and "What's in It for Me?" are really one novel in two parts, and should be reissued as such.) "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" knocked everybody out. In "Praying for Rain," Weidman tells us that Hemingway called him the American Balzac, and said in a letter, "Don't let them get you down, kid, because I think you can write just a little better than anybody else that's around." Rebecca West said he was a "brilliant novelist, a true satirist, and a deadly wit." He was widely referred to as the new Ring Lardner. Weidman also tells us that his Aunt Sadie, who lived in New Haven, telephoned long-distance to his mother, who lived in the Bronx, and said, "I hear Jerome has written an anti-Semitic book called 'I Can Get It for You Wholesale,' " to which his mother, who was illiterate, replied, "I haven't had a chance to read it yet, but if it's good enough for Simon & Schuster, it's good enough for me." The book, written in the first person, is headlong and monochromatic, and it chronicles the passage through the garment business of a young embezzler named Harry Bogen. It is told almost entirely in dialogue, broken by wise-guy Groucho Marx asides from Bogen to himself. We never understand how Bogen got the way he is, but the portrait of his mother, clearly based on Weidman's own mother, is consummate. "You crazy dumbbell without shame!" Bogen's mother says. "So *that's* what's eating you! You're a Jew yourself, aren't you? Haven't you got a little feeling in you? What are you, ashamed of what you are? What are you going to do, go around hiding from people what you are? Don't think you're so smart, Heshie. The world is smarter. . . . They only have to look at you to know. You can try all you want, you stupid dope, you, but it won't help. I'm glad for once that your father is dead. He shouldn't have lived to hear a son of his talk like that, I'm glad." And here is Weidman's mother, talking to him in "Praying for Rain" just after "Fiorello!" has won a Pulitzer Prize: "That a college like Columbia University, when they decided to give you a prize like this,



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they should go and pick a day to do it that it's the twelfth anniversary of the founding of the State of Israel, if you listened to me and became a lawyer a wonderful thing like this it never could have happened."

Much of the early part of "Praying for Rain" is given over to the saga of "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." The novel was rejected by at least six publishers (some found its language, which includes four-letter words, offensive; only four years had passed since Judge Woolsey lifted the ban on "Ulysses"), and after its sudden and surprising success a group of Hollywood producers attempted to suppress it, because of its supposed harshness toward Jews. Weidman gives us shrewd and affecting portraits of Richard Simon and Max Schuster, the young visionaries who, with Harold Guinzberg, Donald Klopfer, Bennett Cerf, and Alfred A. Knopf, were revolutionizing the book business. He devotes a quarter of the memoir to his devil-may-care experiences in the Second World War. (This section bogs down, and is too long.) The rest of "Praying for Rain" concerns his growing up on East Fourth Street (celebrated again and again in his fiction); his parents (his Austrian father and his Hungarian mother met on the lower East Side); and his success at the age of seventeen as a short-story writer. (Twenty-three of his stories appeared in this magazine between 1936 and 1946, including "Monsoon," which, like Eudora Welty's later "Where Is the Voice Coming From?," deals indelibly with racism.) Along the way, there are incisive, unsentimental pictures of Somerset Maugham, Wolcott Gibbs, Walter Winchell, the littérateur Burton Rascoe, Robert Sherwood, Bennett Cerf, the columnist Sidney Skolsky, Dashiell Hammett and Lillian Hellman, and George Abbott. Weidman does not seem to reveal much about himself until we realize that a full portrait of him is slowly and matter-of-factly falling into place. He is a speaking part of many of the scenes in the book, and the man who emerges is quick, honest, tough, kind, indefatigable, and sometimes obtuse. (He unwittingly raises with Hammett the subject of his celebrated writer's block.) But we would like to know more about his wife, Elizabeth Ann Payne, a Philadelphia Main Liner who is also a writer, and about his sons—Jeffrey, an art historian, and John, a New York lawyer and the author

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of the musical "Pacific Overtures."

Weidman is a good writer (although his images don't always work: "He reminded me of a firecracker impatiently waiting to be ignited"). He is also a subtle observer: "With that odd and insincere self-deprecation common to many members of my profession—as though I were announcing that I stole pennies from the cups of blind men, not because I liked to do it or because I was particularly adept at it but because I had to make a living—I said I was a writer." It is the professionals like Weidman who clean up after the amateurs and eccentrics and revolutionaries—who put out the garbage and set the breakfast table, and then write about it.

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Peckham's Marbles, by Peter De Vries (Putnam; $17.95). A comic novel in a mode that might be called old-fashioned postmodernism. Earl Peckham, Mr. De Vries' hero, is himself a writer, though one of sash-weight seriousness and pretension. (His most recent book has sold three copies.) The plot examines his uncertain career, both literary and amorous, in a fashion so antic and clever and silly that it is bound to withstand even heavy-duty deconstruction. Dedicated semioticians may want to ponder, nevertheless, such fine points as the psychosexual significance of the phoneme "ee" in the names of the women Peckham becomes involved with: Nelly Del-Belly, a wealthy, Rubenesque rest-home owner; Binnie, her bibulous niece; the young potboiling author Poppy McCloud; and Mrs. Spinelli, Nelly's cook and the social-climbing wife of a local electrical contractor. And even amateur graduate students will note with pleasure Mr. De Vries' virtuoso display of literary puns, parodies, and allusions, taking in everyone from Marvell to Tennyson and Swinburne to Eliot and the two Fitzes—Edward and F. Scott.

Sorcerers, by Jacob Needleman (Mercury House; $16.95). "Some people say that Philadelphia is a place where nothing ever really happens"—so begins this entertaining moral fable, set in the early nineteen-fifties, and Eliot Appleman, its fifteen-year-old hero, shares this estimation of his native city. That is why, when he happens to catch the Fourth Annual Show of the Sorcerer's Apprentices, in which "young men his own age seemingly defy the laws of nature and the human mind," he is immediately hooked. The reader happily follows the course of Eliot's new vocation, watching him struggle with an apprentice's difficulties (ineptitude, hubris, envy), and picking up some tricks of the trade concerning Svengali Decks, linking rings, and Flag Blendos. There are theatrical pointers as well: "Everybody in the audience . . . comes prepared to see the impossible," and "When something goes wrong . . . make it *really* wrong." Early in the novel, Eliot flubs a card trick that he's trying out on his father's pinochle buddies. During his elaborate attempts to make it *really* wrong, he discovers that he is telepathic—a discovery that drastically affects both his life and his magic. Eliot is far more disconcerted by this turn of events than the reader, however, who has been skillfully prepared for the impossible from the very first sentence.

Style and Substance: A Comedy of Manners, by Judith Martin (Atheneum; $15.95). The face that launched a thousand ships is at the heart of this effortful novel, set in Washington, D.C., about three eligible women—an archeologist, a journalist, and the president of a cosmetics company—who launch a loan show of ancient frescoes unearthed on a Greek isle, including what may be the vestige of a pretty profile. Never mind that it was painted more than two hundred years before the Trojan War: the cosmetics counter by the museum's gift shop hawks "The Helen Face." Meanwhile, a statue of Athena and a lot of replicas keep surfacing and vanishing, thereby complicating the question of where treasure hunting leaves off and fortune hunting begins. There is an inspired early scene in which suitcases led around on leashes are likened to "freeze-dried pets;" it is imitated later, when a stuffy curator is likened to one of the "freeze-dried animals in a Smithsonian exhibit," but it remains unmatched.

The House on Moon Lake, by Francesca Duranti, translated from the Italian by Stephen Sartarelli (Random House; $15.95). An arid little fairy tale about a secretive, intolerant Italian translator. His

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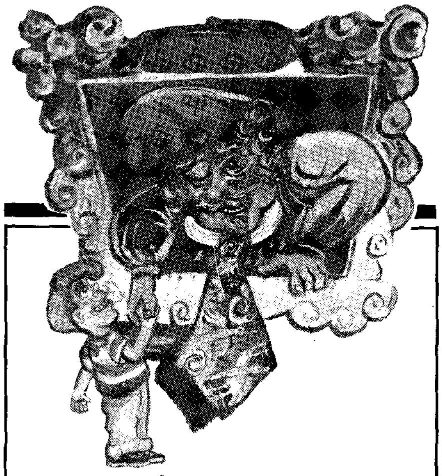

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dream of becoming an eminent Germanist seems about to come true when he tracks down and translates the long-lost fifth, and last, autobiographical novel of a previously forgettable turn-of-the-century Austrian novelist and then is asked to answer the public's demand for a biography of the novelist. The trouble begins when he hears from a woman who claims to have inherited love letters written by the novelist to his mistress: a mistress whom the translator-biographer, frustrated by a dearth of documents, invented. By the end, having been reduced to a figment of a figment of his imagination, he might as well be dead. Francesca Duranti, a translator, has won three prizes in Italy for this, her third novel. It has been translated into English such as this: "His mortal shell had turned into a slow, viscous slug."

GENERAL

VOLTAIRE, by A. J. Ayer (Random House; $19.95). This brief analytical study might seem a summary way to deal with such a prodigy of achievement as Voltaire—a man who practiced with equal skill and style all the literary genres and whose collected works run to seventy-two volumes. However, A. J. Ayer contrives to suggest both the breadth of Voltaire's influence on his time and the variety of his interests. He agrees with Lytton Strachey that Voltaire was a master of narrative but was too concerned with running down Christianity to be a good historian. Voltaire's philosophical writings, he argues, are wanting in originality of thought. He admires Voltaire's moral courage, and he gives us a full discussion of "Candide," which of all Voltaire's books is the one still widely read.

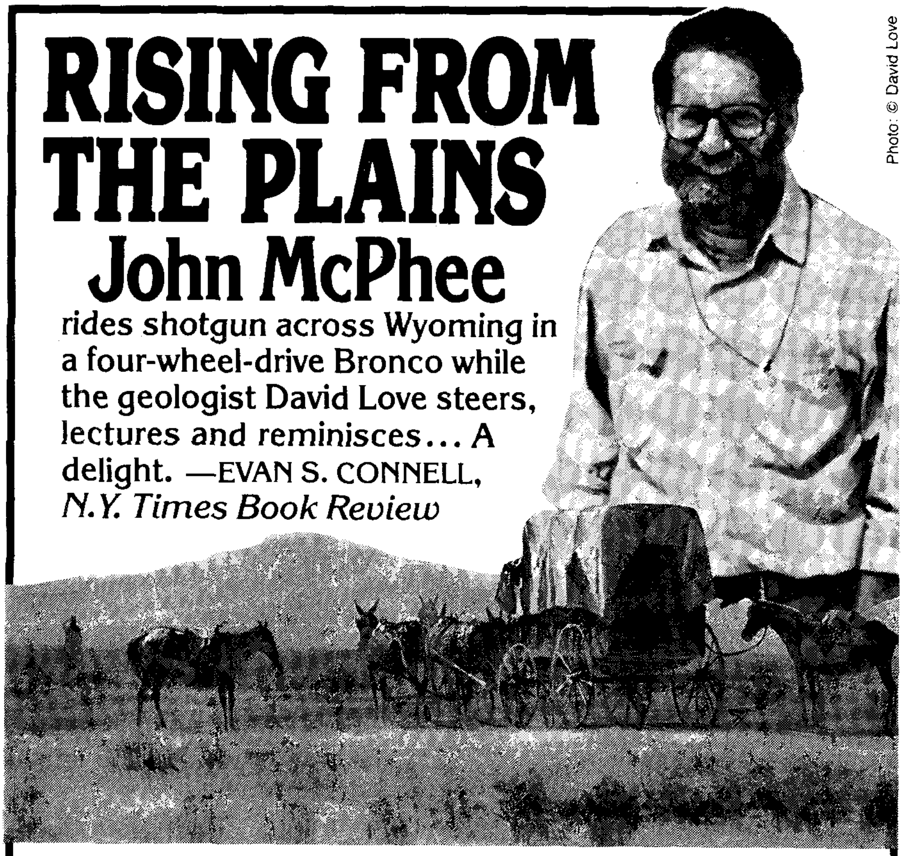
CRY HUNGARY! UPRISING 1956, by Reg Gadney (Atheneum; $16.95). A chronicle in words and photographs of the thirteen-day revolt of the Hungarian people in October and November of 1956. The author, an English novelist and screenplay writer, tells how the people of Budapest rose, seemingly by a kind of spontaneous combustion, against the occupation of their country by the Soviet military and, for a moment, appeared to have succeeded in winning some degree of freedom and relief. Photographs show the first days of elation as Russian troops pulled out of the city and countryside, and the vengeance that long-oppressed citizens took on their former masters. Then Russian tanks reënter the city, and, at the orders of Chairman Khrushchev, crush the insurrection as the rest of the world looks the other way. Mr. Gadney writes of what he considers the betrayal of the Hungarian rebels—the indifference of the British government, for instance, and the cynical behavior of Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America, which urged the rebels to take more and more desperate action without the slightest intention of coming to their aid.

OBBLIGATI: ESSAYS IN CRITICISM, by Anthony Hecht (Atheneum; $18.95). These critical pieces are, as the poet mentions in a preface, diverse in length, source, and date. In essays that were originally short reviews—of Elizabeth Bishop, Richard Wilbur—Mr. Hecht displays the intimacy of a contemporary yet manages to keep enough distance or perspective to see each poet's achievement. The opening essay, at once sober, original, and mischievous, examines the concept of the pathetic fallacy; in an extended piece on Emily Dickinson, Mr. Hecht finds not only new poetic depths but unexpected poetic antecedents; and two studies of Shakespeare—of "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice"—offer readings that challenge the imagination.

SKYWRITING BY WORD OF MOUTH, by John Lennon (Harper & Row; $12.95). Read sparingly, this posthumous collection will amuse and provoke readers who grew up with sixties-inspired witticisms and criticisms in which everything was fair game. The book opens with "The Ballad of John and Yoko," a dated, somewhat petulant account of courtship and marriage, and moves on to wordplay and mini-stories that remind us, among other things, of the days of J. Edgar Hoover and President Nixon. Puns are stacked one on top of another: "Carefully filing his fingers under 'F,' Maurice Danzing caught a maverick trolley car to downtown S.F. After living in the shadow of his wife for less than five years, he decided to move her." At other times, sentences run on and on. Most of the bits included here are from the seventies. Yoko Ono says in an afterword, "John wrote *Skywriting* at a time when the world was wondering whatever had happened to him. Why wasn't he writing songs anymore? Well, this is what he was busy doing." How he would have chosen to complete the book remains a question.

Traveller Through Time: A Photographic Journey with Freya Stark, by Malise Ruthven (Viking; $19.95). Freya Stark, who is now ninety-three and living in Asolo, Italy, is an Englishwoman, an autodidact who knows seven languages, and one of the finest travel writers of our century. A woman with a gnawing curiosity about the world and the people in it, she saw in travel an ideal way to pursue truth. She was a pathfinder, who ventured into remote and perilous and even forbidden places, and seemed always able to talk herself out of the most dangerous fixes. "The nicest way to know people," she once said, "is not to be important or wealthy," and that may have been the secret of a seemingly charmed life. This book, by her godson, tells the story of her adventures with the help of some of the more than six thousand photographs she has taken—of Burmese pagodas, of ancient monuments in inaccessible places in the Arabian desert, of a horse-drawn streetcar in Baghdad, of a peaceful side street in the Iranian holy city of Qum. The book recalls how nourishing and invigorating travel could be in the days before airliners and look-alike airports, and international Hiltons strung out all in a row.

Chicago, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon; $15.95). A rumination on the author's home town—a tribute of sorts, but not one that the Chamber of Commerce could wholeheartedly endorse. Mr. Terkel mulls over the people and events that have given his city its unique flavor—Jane Addams and Al Capone, the glorious night when news came to black Chicago that Joe Louis had knocked out Max Schmeling in the first round, and the infamy of the Memorial Day Massacre of 1937. He mixes anecdote and civic history, personal reminiscence and the thoughts of writers like Mike Royko and the late Nelson Algren, praise for the energy that drives the city and blame for its tolerance of poverty, meanness, and crooked dealing. "Janus, the two-faced god," he says, "has both blessed and cursed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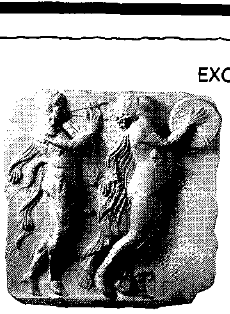
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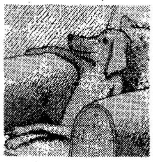

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•

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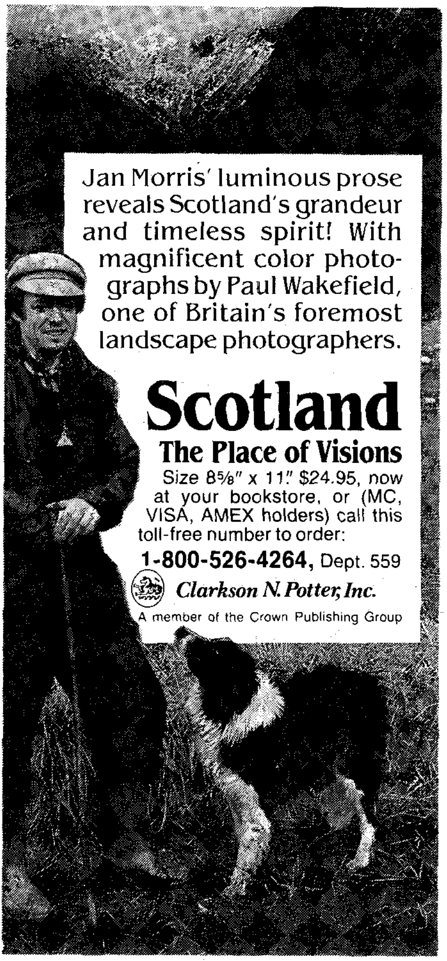

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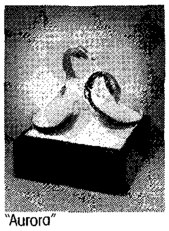

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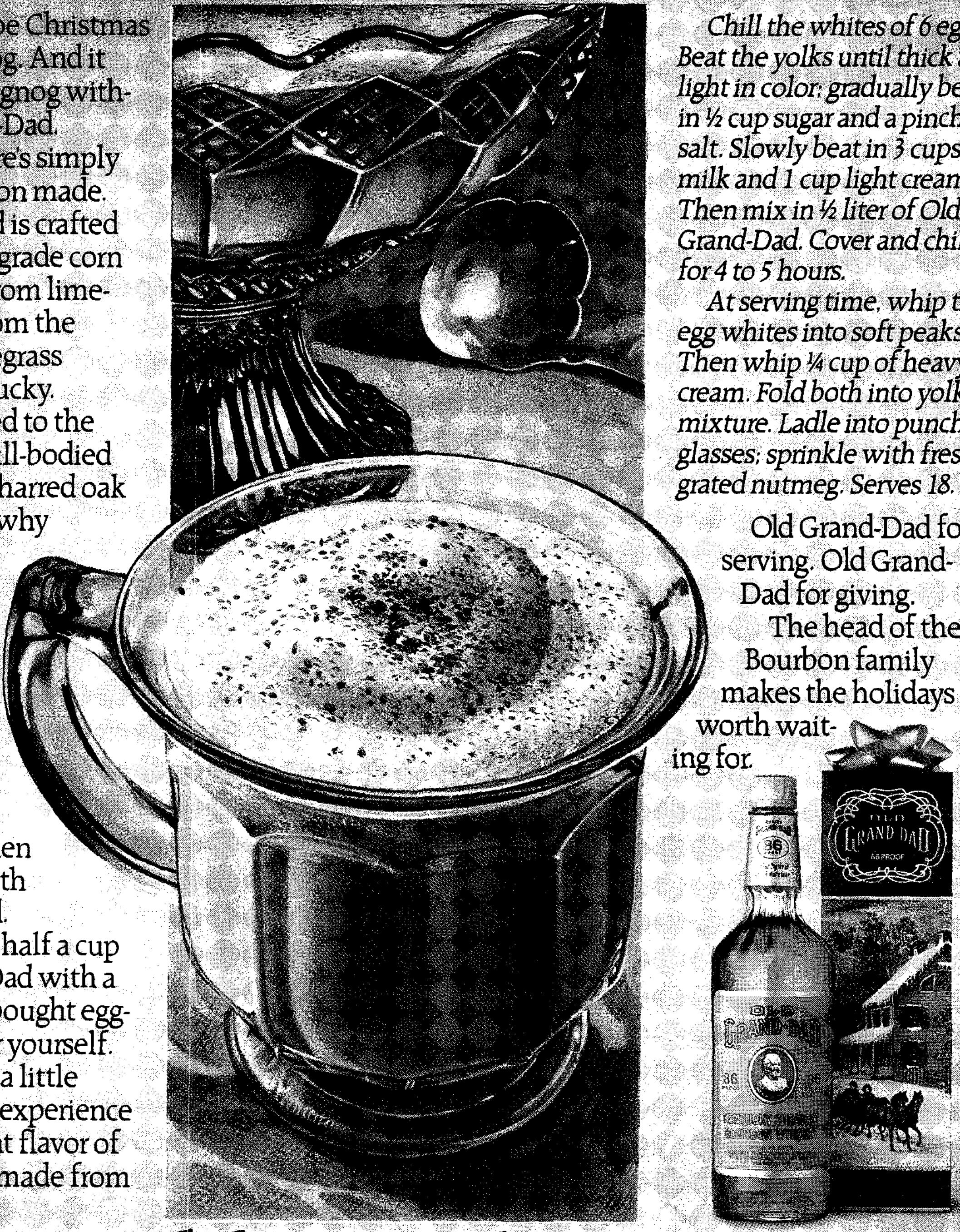

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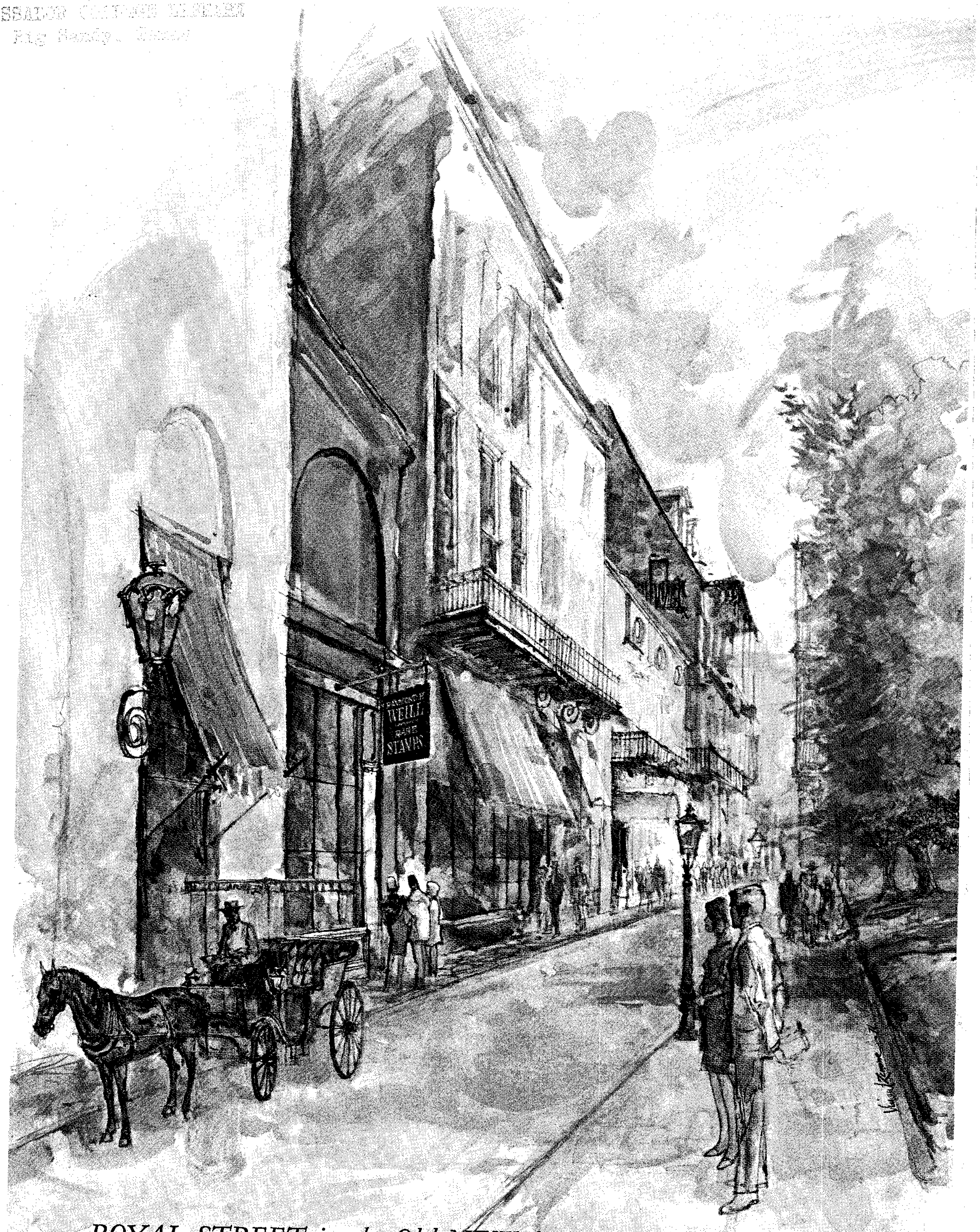

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